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HUSTLER

volume 17 number 11

may

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HUSTLER MAY 1991 VOLUME 17 NUMBER 11

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Cover photo by Matti Klatt

BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

If shit didn't stink, then the world would be running according to the personal vision of Neil Bush, emblematic business failure, 35-year-old son of United States President George Bush and HUSTLER Asshole of the Month for May 1991.

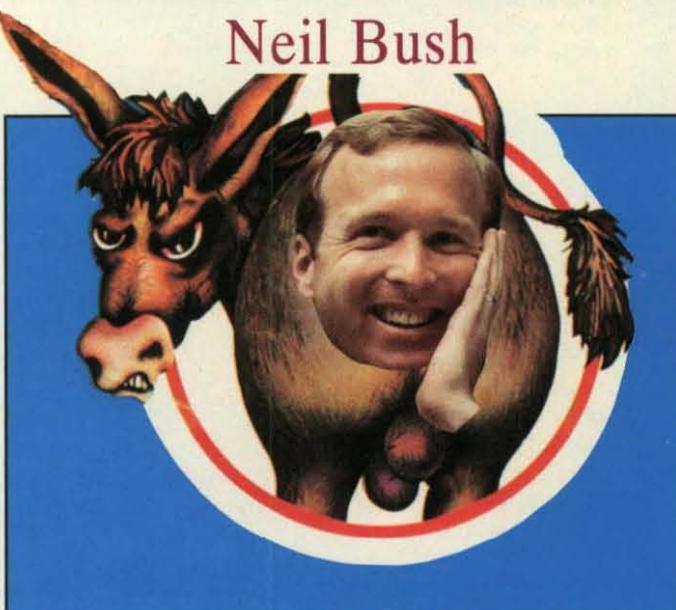
In a case of the cesspool calling the sewer aromatic, Neil Bush's mouth continuously pleads innocence and political persecution to deodorize the avarice rotting his soul. The stench of decomposed integrity cannot infiltrate the sniffy nostrils of Neil Mallon Bush, a raised and pinched set of inhalers that refuse to admit olfactory evidence that their owner has shat his pants. Neil Bush would sit alone in a sealed automobile, suffocating in a cloud of his own candy-ass flatulence, rather than crack a window and fess up to himself that he'd cut the cheese.

"The fact that he's the President's son probably hasn't simplified his life," explains George Bush in an attempt to minimize his third son's inability to distinguish right as being significantly different from wrong.

"I did nothing wrong," mewled Neil in response to the Office of Thrift Supervision initiating investigations of his self-described "incredibly sweet" deals as a director of the gutted Silverado Banking, Savings and Loan Association. The charges against him, Neil insisted, were "insignificant." In truth, taxpayers are expected to shell out only an "insignificant" \$1 billion to bail out Silverado, as opposed to a significant \$500 billion for the S&L debacle on a whole.

Salman Rushdie: Rushdie's attempt to reap the publicity of his controversial *Satanic Verses* blew up in his Muslim face. He made a camel-load of bucks, but had no way to spend it. Now, Rushdie wishes to join the hordes who persecute free expression. Salman just wants to be an Asshole among Assholes.

Andre Agassi: Though pulling in beaucoup loot through "Just Do It" advertising campaigns, tennis champ Agassi is just not doing



Neil Bush

And, actually, compared to nailing Jesus Christ to a cross, what is really wrong with Neil receiving a \$100,000 "loan" from high-roller Ken Good, with no obligation to pay the "loan" back? After all, Good was a big-fish shareholder in JNB Explorations, Neil Bush's oil-exploration company, the one that successfully drilled 30 wells without ever striking oil. Sure, Neil later petitioned his Silverado board fellows for a \$900,000 line of credit extended to Good International. Okay, so Neil forgot to mention the money was to be used in joint venture with his own JNB. Does that make him bad, like Hitler? Good did weasel out of \$32 million in loans from Silverado while Bush kept mum

about Good's promise of \$3 mil for JNB. Good did subsequently raise Bush's JNB salary from \$75 grand to \$125 long and pony him a \$22,500 bonus. That's no conflict of interest, at least not to the interests of Neil Bush. Neither were the \$106 million in Silverado loans approved by Neil for another heavy JNB investor, Bill Walters. Granted, Neil never formally disclosed his relationship with Walters, but would an up-front, honest presentation have helped recoup a single penny of the \$106 million, every cent of which Walters defaulted?

"[Barbara Bush] hates it when people beat up on her kids," snivels imitation-adult Neil. "I'm not going to be bullied by an overzealous agency of the United States

government," blusters mama's-boy Bush, stung by big, bad government's request that he agree not to violate thrift regulations in the future, harsh punishment for a little boy who's weathered the hardship of being spawned by one of America's most privileged families.

"It is inconceivable Neil Bush did anything wrong," proclaimed Representative Jim Leach (R-Iowa), a member of the House Banking Committee. Does this sound like a campaign of politically motivated harassment against Neil?

Neil's fruitless endeavors have always attracted long sums of venture capital, perhaps—as Neil would have it—not solely because he is the President's son. However, Neal's latest fiasco, Apex Energy, an oil-exploration firm, attracted \$2.3 million in government-guaranteed loans from New York City financier Louis Marx Jr. Marx, who mongered the majority of his funds from the federal Small Business Administration, also contributed more than \$100,000 to Papa Bush's campaign. Predictably, Marx's money factories were declared insolvent, triggering a \$25 million bailout. Once again, taxpayers are looking forward to underwriting a Neil Bush venture.

During his pre-hostilities trip to Saudi Arabia, President Bush proudly indicated our soldiers and said they were "just like" his sons.

The President owes the servicemen an apology. His number three son, known as Mr. Perfect in the family circle, is flawless in one respect—he's the perfect Asshole.

FARTS IN THE WIND

it. Agassi backed out of Munich's Grand Slam Cup, and right into an Asshole nomination.

Mikhail Gorbachev: Celebrating his winning of the Nobel Peace Prize by having 20 Balts killed and 100 more wounded by his Red Army, Gorbachev is rushin' for Asshole status. **Dan Quayle:** The Vice President didn't notice he was at an all-white country club until

someone told him. He didn't notice he was unwelcome with the Persian Gulf servicemen until the press told him. He hasn't noticed what an Asshole he is, but we have.

The Simpsons: Ubiquitous, yes. But irreverent? Fearless? The fucking Simpsons are everywhere, except in nuclear reactors. The show has backed off from poking fun at the nuclear-power industry, a target too hot for cartoon Assholes.

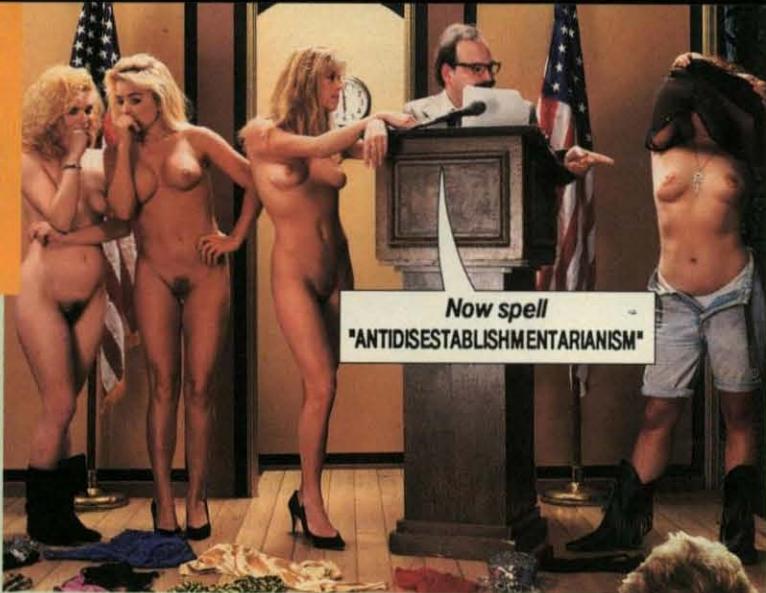
NEW SPRING BREAK ESCAPADES

Ever wonder what sex-crazed antics those cooze-crazy college kids are up to today? HUSTLER discovered these rude activities while undercover in Florida.



STRIP SPELLING BEE

With our educational system's collapse, a learning contest is the fastest way to get girls naked.

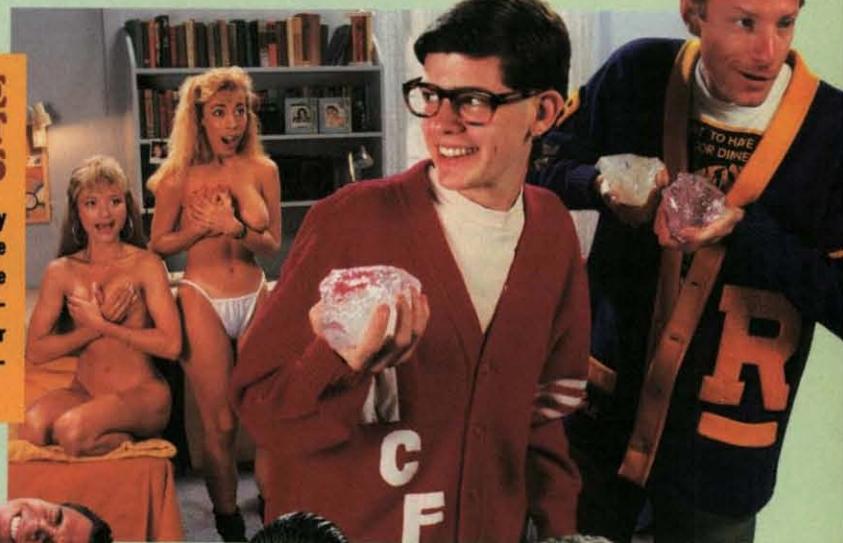


POLE CLIMB

Get hard and climb up! First girl to the top gets to come all the way down.

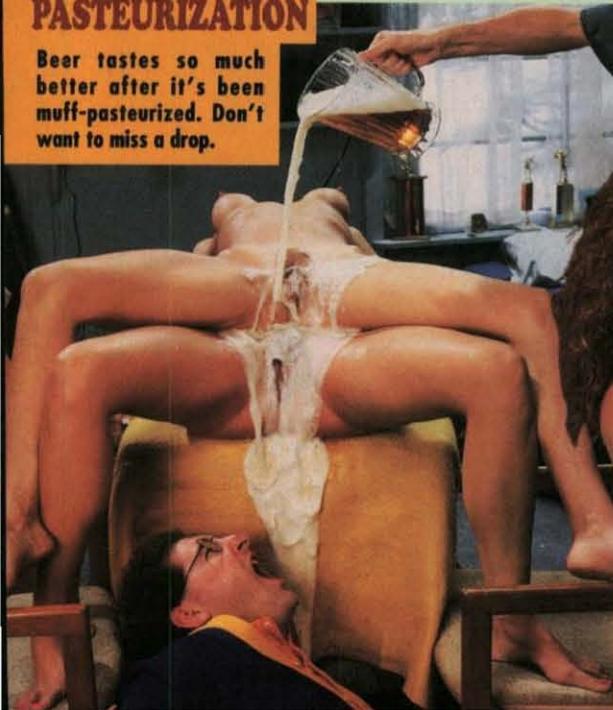
SILICONE IMPLANT RAIDS

Panties are too easy to grab. Getting these sacks takes a little more surgical expertise. A real popular activity on med-school campuses.



PITCHER PUSSY PASTEURIZATION

Beer tastes so much better after it's been muff-pasteurized. Don't want to miss a drop.



CONDOM CRAMMING

Telephone booths are a thing of the past — rubbers are the real challenge! Have fun and safe sex in one.



Parody. Not to be taken seriously. These numbers are all fake.
Best off to the magazine. Remember, in HUSTLER
you can at least see what you're not getting.



REAL PHONE SEX

A FREE SAMPLE OF WHAT YOU WILL HEAR:

"Oh, baby, I'm going to send you a big bill in the mail.
Ooooh, it's gonna be so big and cost so much, ooooooh!"

1(900) BIG-BUCKS

PLUS, TALK TO DEANNA THE DOMINATRIX—
YOU WILL DO AS SHE COMMANDS!

"I demand that you give me your
Visa number, then lick my pussy, slave!"

1(900) DO-MENOW

MORSE-CODE SEX—SAFE SEX WITH ONE HAND ON
YOUR DICK AND ONE ON THE TELEGRAPH

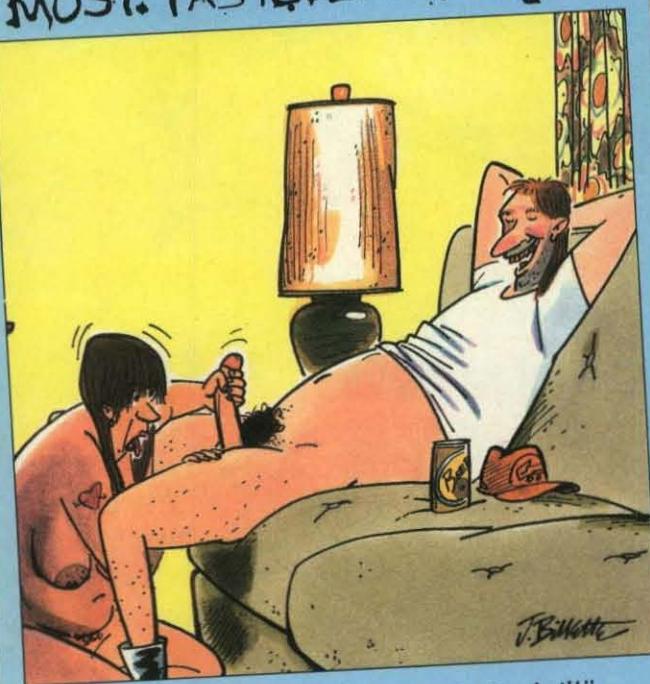
"Beep-beep, beeeeep, beep-beep-beeeeep, beep, beeeeep!"
We'd like to show more beeps, but it's too hot already!

1(900) RIP-OFF

Call NOW!



MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"Of course I ain't got three balls—that's a boil!"

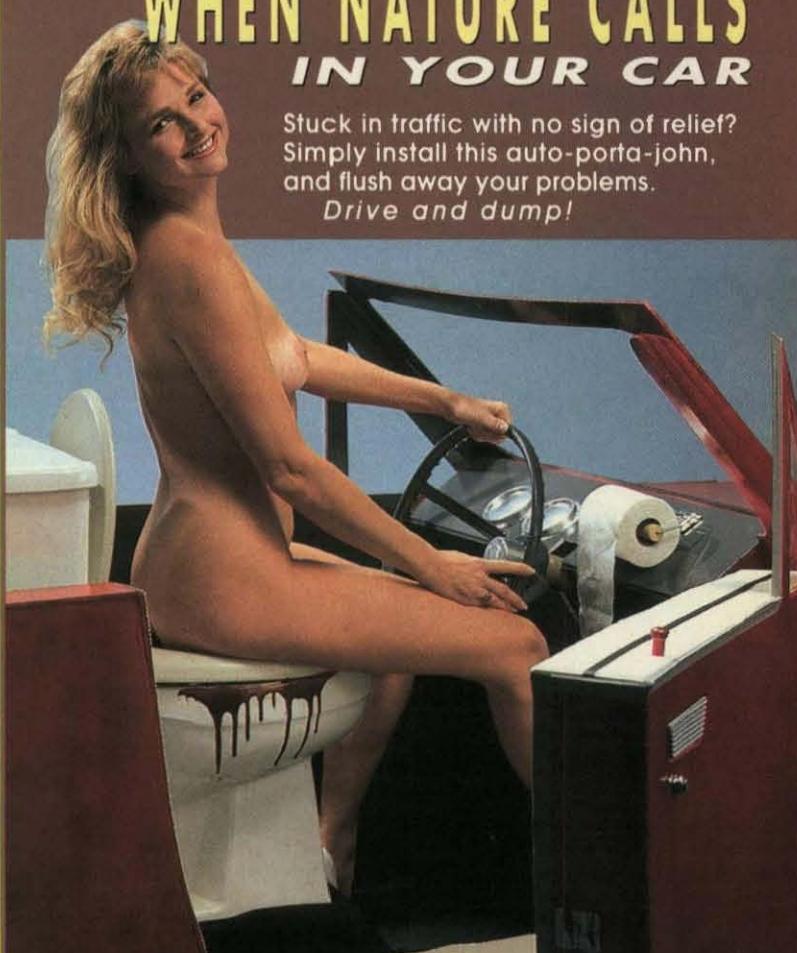
PORN FROM THE PAST



Picnic in the nude! We'll pay \$150 for any photo we use. Send your classic smut to "Porn from the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want to have your material returned. For this month \$150 goes to Kerry Lisney.

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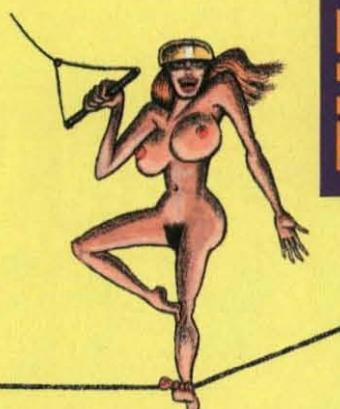


REAL HOT SEX

(with coals)

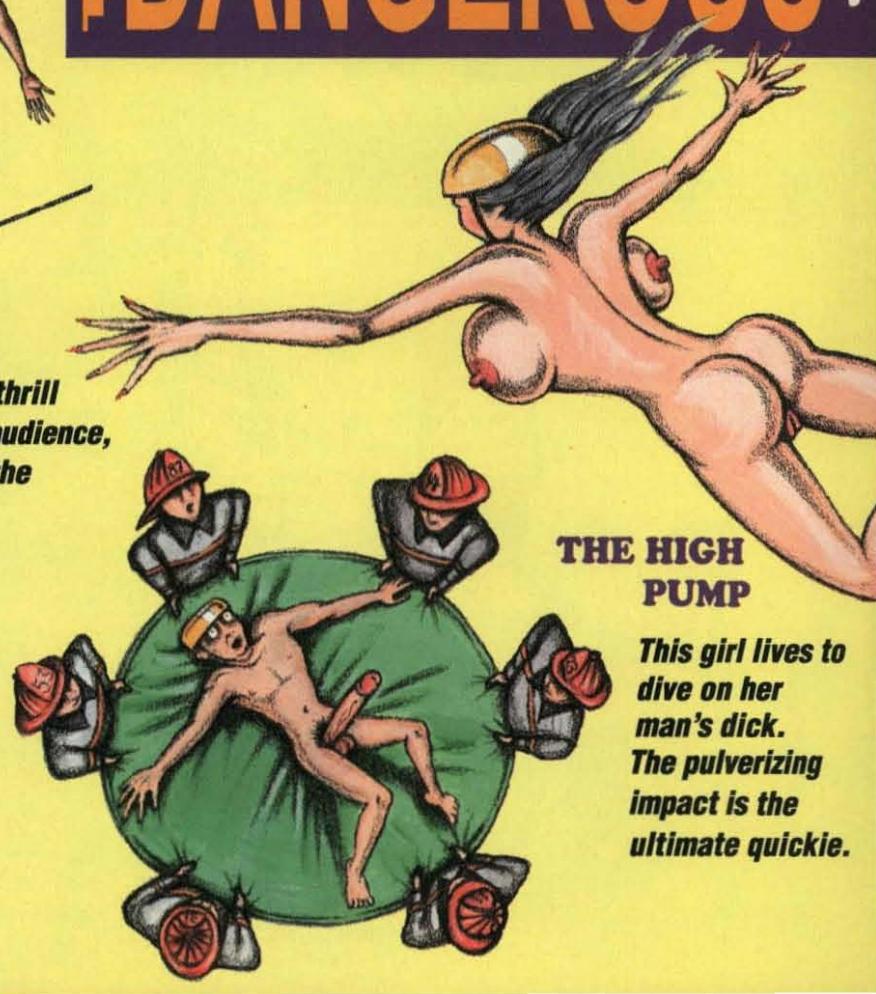
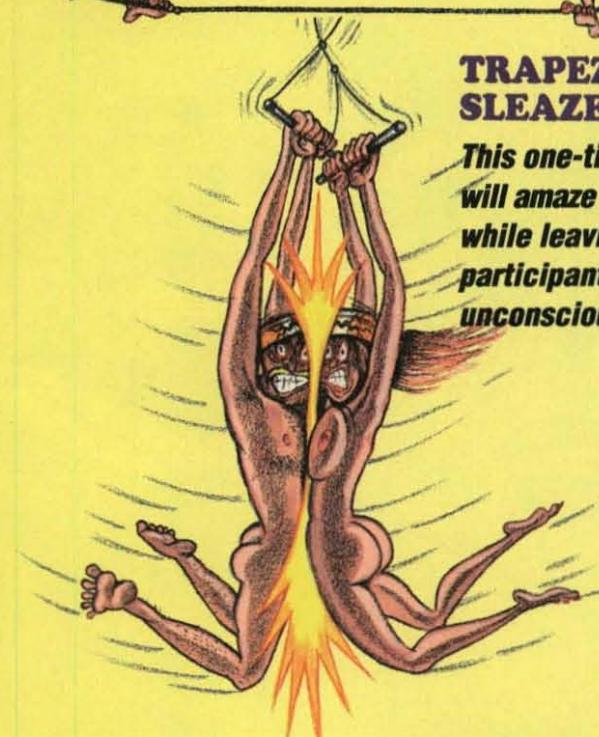
*Fucking on fire
really works up a sweat.*

THE DANGEROUS



TRAPEZE SLEAZE

*This one-time thrill
will amaze an audience,
while leaving the
participants
unconscious.*



THE HIGH PUMP

*This girl lives to
dive on her
man's dick.
The pulverizing
impact is the
ultimate quickie.*

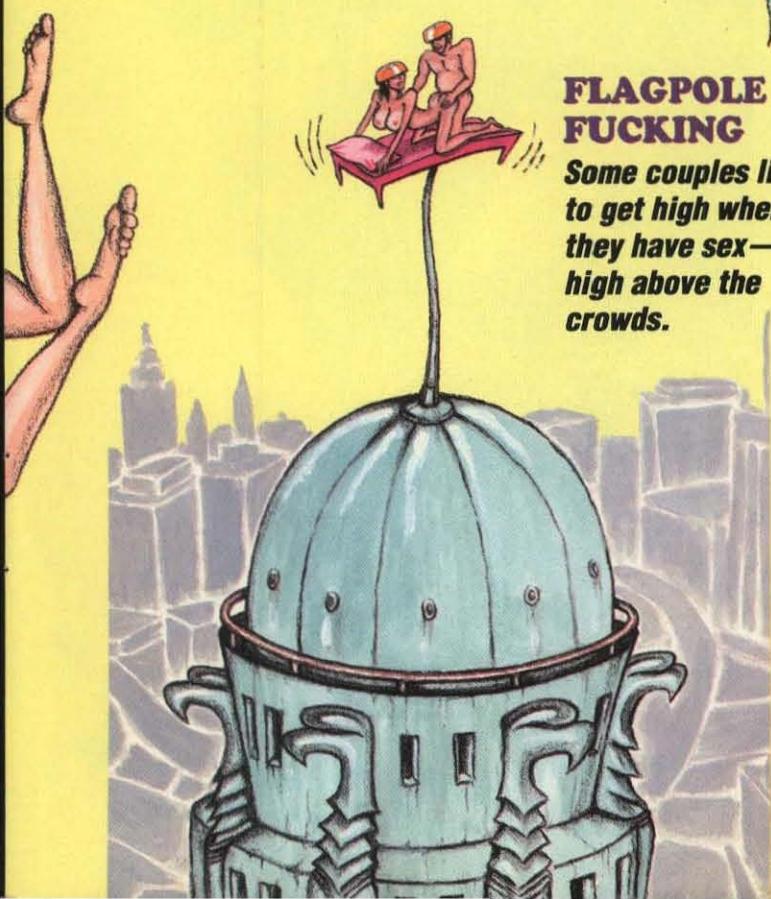


DAISY CHAIN of DEATH

Eat or be eaten! Sex-crazed lunatics do both—to the death!

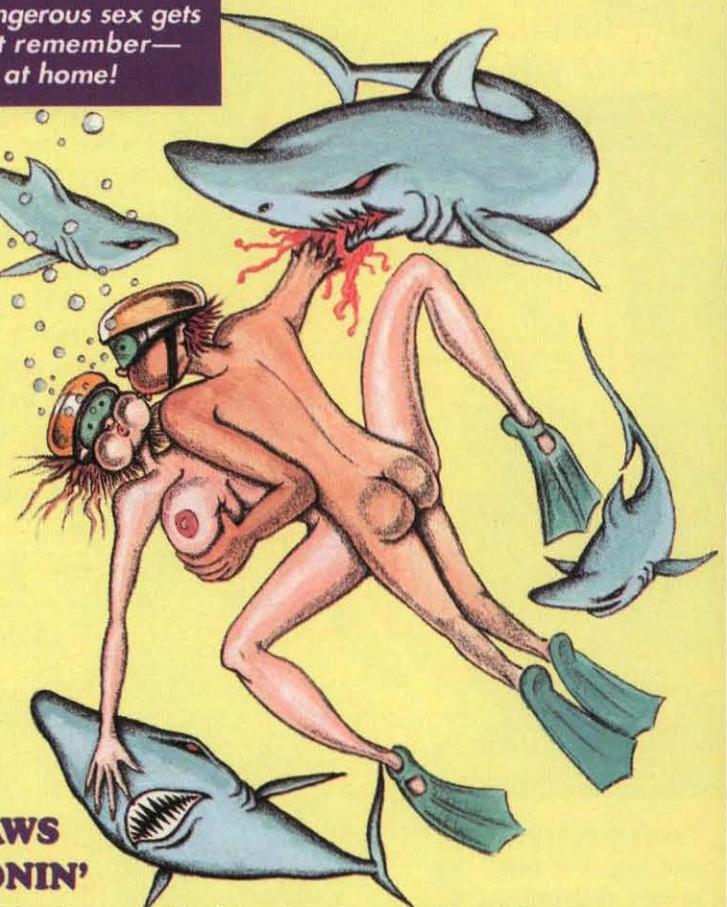
SEX CLUB

When safe sex loses its thrill, fucking fanatics look for excitement with hazardous humping. Dangerous sex gets them off, but remember—don't try this at home!



FLAGPOLE FUCKING

Some couples like to get high when they have sex—high above the crowds.

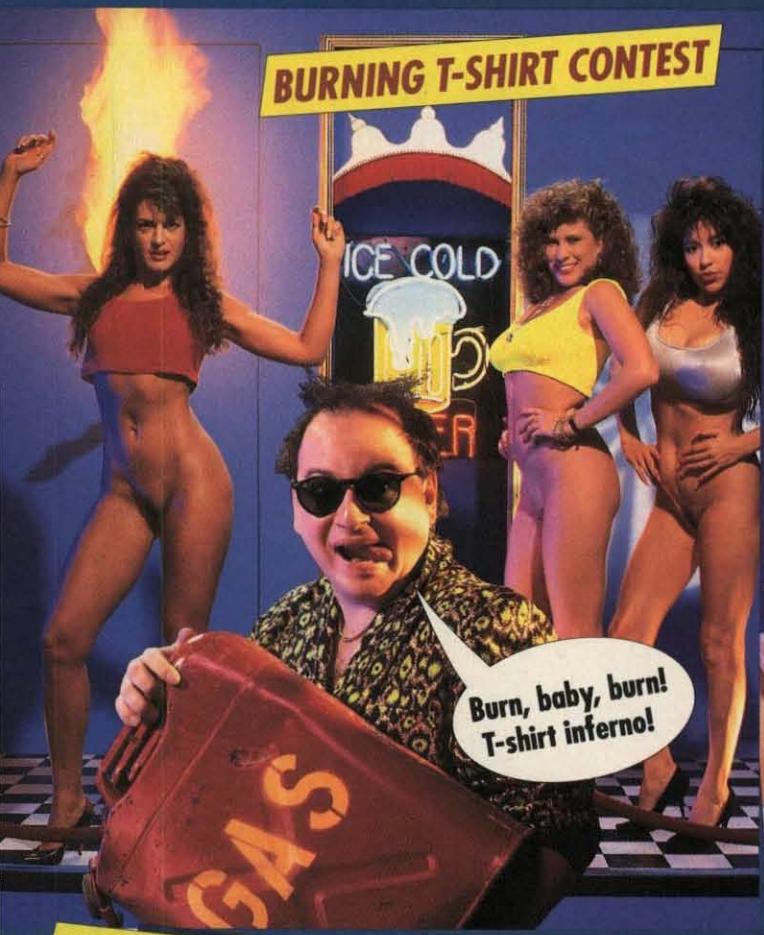


JAWS BONIN'

Making love on the beach is for pussies; playing shark bait is the exciting way to end a relationship!

STRIP-CLUB TRENDS FOR THE '90s

Strip-club owners are always looking for new ways to get our readers into their bars. **HUSTLER** predicts new fads turning up at naked venues on the cutting edge.



BURNING T-SHIRT CONTEST

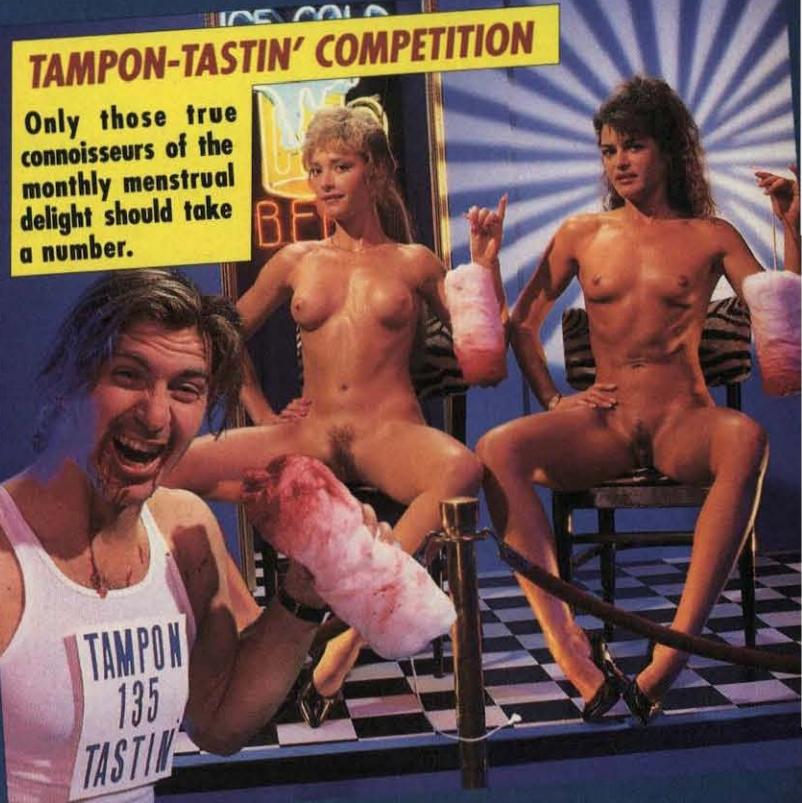
X-RAY THEATER



Beauty goes beyond skin deep. Get down to the real nakedness with a contest for the best-looking internal body parts.



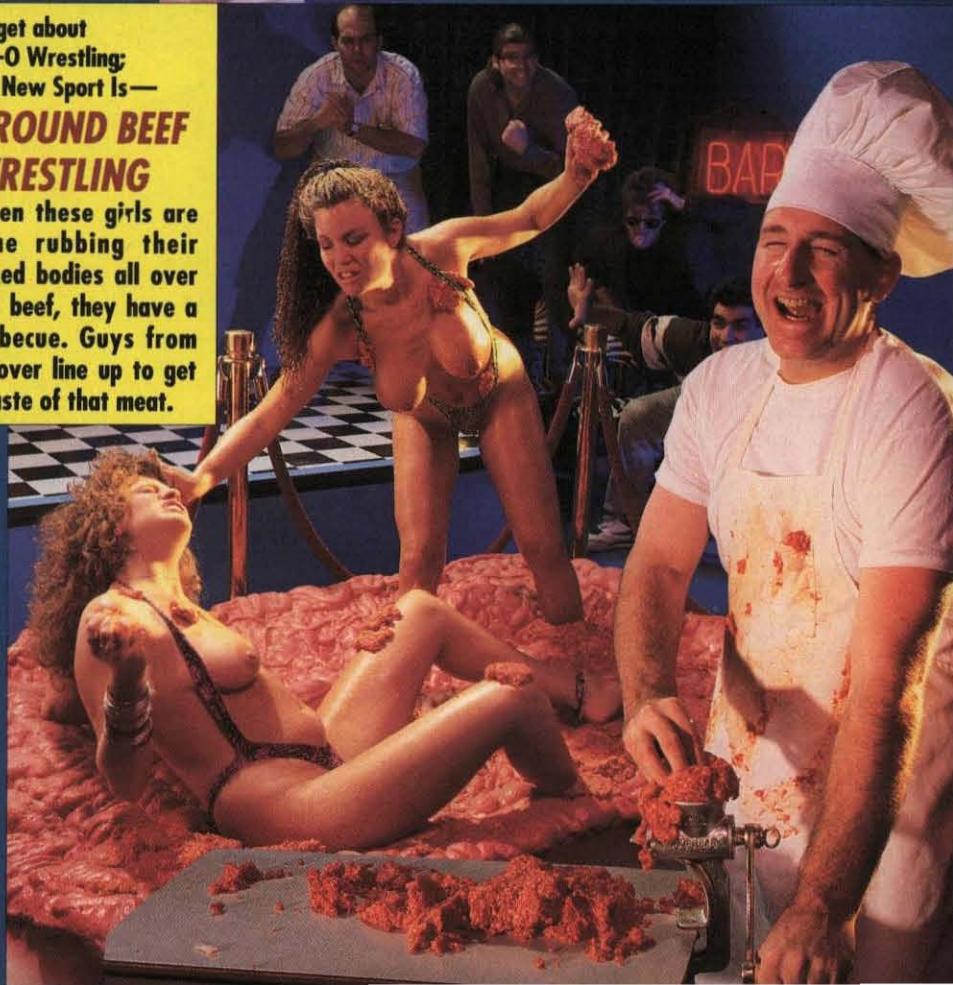
Only those true connoisseurs of the monthly menstrual delight should take a number.



Forget about Jell-O Wrestling; the New Sport Is—

GROUND BEEF WRESTLING

When these girls are done rubbing their naked bodies all over this beef, they have a barbecue. Guys from all over line up to get a taste of that meat.



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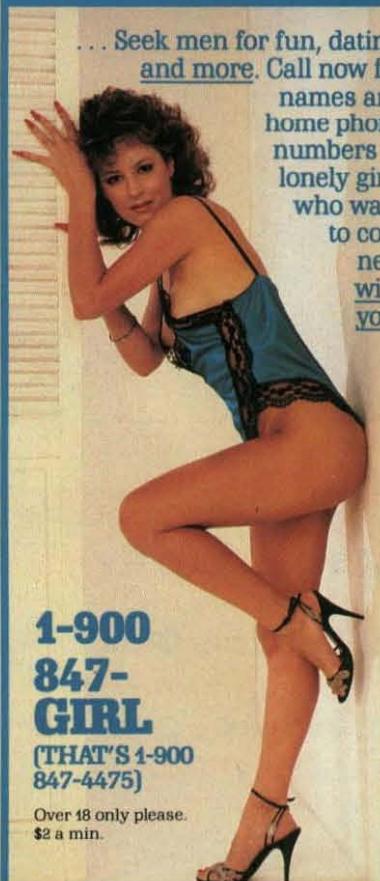
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**LONELY
GIRLS**

... Seek men for fun, dating, and more. Call now for names and home phone numbers of lonely girls who want to connect with you!

**1-900
847-
GIRL**
(THAT'S 1-900 847-4475)

Over 18 only please.
\$2 a min.



Feedback

HURTIN' KIND OF LOVE

I read HUSTLER with a passion. For its genre, it is the best the newsstand has to offer.

My 19-year-old daughter was raised in a Krishna school after her mother and I divorced in 1975. She was abused, all right, though not as badly as some of those quoted in David Feller's report (*Krishna Kids: Battered in the Name of Godhead*, February '91). I could not judge the group on the basis of this alone. There is clearly, at least to me, another side to the story, a side of love and a deeply fulfilling spiritual philosophy. I don't think Feller brought that out. And if the Krishna kids in his report are anything like my daughter (who seems to know some of them), they must have also told him of the other side. If he wrote a more balanced report, and you edited out the balance, shame on you. If it was his own doing, send him to gurukula.

—T. H.

Honolulu, Hawaii

DADE NO DUD

I had to write about the cartoon you printed that had "See No Evil, Hear No Evil... Welcome to Dade County, Florida" printed on a road sign (March '91). That sign should have said "Welcome to Broward County, Florida." That's where Fort Lauderdale is—the place that kicked out Spring Break. The place that busts porno stores and strip bars that serve alcohol. The place whose sheriff arrested 2 Live Crew. In Dade, we have plenty of porno shops and strip bars, and 2 Live Crew can perform here—hell, Luther Campbell owns a few bars. Miami Beach is even topless! Please don't confuse Dade with Broward. We still have our rights, unlike our neighbors to the north.

—D. T.

Leisure City, Florida

HIGH-MINDED

In response to political demagoguery, intentional distortions and cultural bigotry, the Alice B. Toklas Society has launched its first attack against a sick-minded practice that is part of the decline of freedom in America—mandatory drug-testing.

Between December 2 and 17, 1990, members of the Alice B. Toklas Society infiltrated several pizza parlors in and around Washington, D. C., and provided an extra, free topping to likely looking personnel of the government. That's right. Micropulverized marijuana was added to the pizzas in sufficient quantities to guarantee a positive test for THC.

The Alice B. Toklas Society will recruit new members. We will continue to attack those subject to mandatory drug-testing. Sometimes we will inform the public

of the attacks, and sometimes we won't.

The Alice B. Toklas Society will ensure that no one, no matter how innocent of drug use, will ever be safe from drug-testing.

—Anonymous

Washington, D. C.

BUSHWHACKERS

Just a quick note of thanks for all of the hairless gash you've promoted over the years, especially in the *Beaver Hunt* entries! In our view, HUSTLER simply couldn't be improved upon, except perhaps to publish it twice as often.

My wife and I have always believed that the pubic bush is the final fig leaf, the last barrier to be shed in open recognition of genitalia. It's a mean trick of nature to have hidden the primary mechanisms of our sexual existence, unless, that is, the game is Hide and Go Seek!

I remember an amazing HUSTLER feature layout some years back, in which an absolutely gorgeous girl, shaved pudenda and all, was dragged to the toilet by an administrator of justice (*The Naked... and the Dead*, February '78). Hot Stuff!

—Bare and No Hair, J & M

Annapolis, Maryland

BORN AGAIN

I sit alone, in the deepest reaches of hell. A world void of light, where the festering boils of society are kept. Otherwise known as "the hole" here at prison. I waited with bated breath (or was it last night's



The Naked...and the Dead

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good time**

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party down

LIVE
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beef surprise?) for the March '91 HUSTLER. When finally the sergeant (Andy Griffith) pulled out that oh-so-familiar plain-brown wrapper.... Ah. Just a note to let you know it's same as it ever was. Great as ever. Keep it up. I'll never get any sleep.

—The Trooper
Waymart, Pennsylvania

SHOOTING THE HOME FRONT

This is regarding *A Director Connection: Damiano, Pachard and Bone Discuss the Blue-Movie Blues* (February '91). The directors in question seem to blame the mediocrity of current porn videos mainly on the drop in production costs due to cheap videotape replacing expensive photochemical film. This is absurd. Cheap videotape has brought realism and spontaneity back to porn. There's recently a rash of great erotic movies on tape. They're not being produced by the old Hollywood sleazebags and cokeheads with hired actors, but by amateurs in their own environments. Just look at the shelves at the neighborhood video store—yards of amateur porn, renting briskly. Already, the process has come full circle—commercial producers cranking out counterfeit amateur porn! —J. H.

San Diego, California

SISSY REDUX SUCKS

I'd been reading HUSTLER for 17 years without one single complaint until Sissy, the Texas Tunnel, came along (*Beaver Hunt*, January '90; "Superstar Sissy," *Feedback*, April '90; "Sissy Speaks," *Feedback*, February '91). It wasn't enough to see her rotten pisshole once. You freaks put her in two issues. I was a 60-year-old heterosexual male. Now I'm thinking of becoming a homosexual. Any man that could climb on and fuck that nasty piece of shit should be fucking shot. Sissy's pussy looks, and probably smells, like a goddamn sewer. If HUSTLER continues to make every issue a stink-bucket Sissy special, then I have to believe that Larry Flynt is gay and is trying to make the rest of the sane world gay also. —S. K.

Poplar Bluff, Missouri

SISSY STUCK

I'm afraid Sissy will always find someone who is afraid of real, quality cooze. I'm in my late 60s. I must confess her picture inspired me to remove the six tongue depressors and four small rubber bands from my dork. When I'm on my deathbed in a few years, I hope to be so lucky as to have Sissy climb up on my bed in the hospital, jerk out the life-control systems, sit on my face in the 69 position, place her

big, beautiful pucker-string against my nose and let loose a big, gassy, sphincter-flapping Texas-chili fart! I'd die with a smile on my face and rigor mortis of the tongue! —H. O.

Crescent City, California

LOOK AGAIN

I was all set to subscribe to HUSTLER until I purchased your January '91 issue. Here's what changed my mind: Out of 150 pages, you have 50 pages of call-girl ads, and only 100 pages of editorial. Years ago, your magazine was tops. It still could be, without so many ads. Consider me a subscriber that could have been. —L. D.

Plainwell, Michigan

According to our count, HUSTLER in February '80 had 100 editorial pages out of 120. Nothing's changed in that department. For more of what you expect from America's magazine, the news is out that HUSTLER is adding a special extra issue every year.

DESERT FOX

HUSTLER has finally made it to the Saudi desert. With all the camel shit about what you can and cannot send to our

troops over there, I finally got a couple of back issues through.

I wrote to anyone wanting mail and got an answer from a sergeant. After a bit of bullshit, he asked if I could send him a girly mag. I thought it over. *What the hell! Why not?* I made a double-walled box and filled it with cookies. Hidden inside were two back issues of HUSTLER.

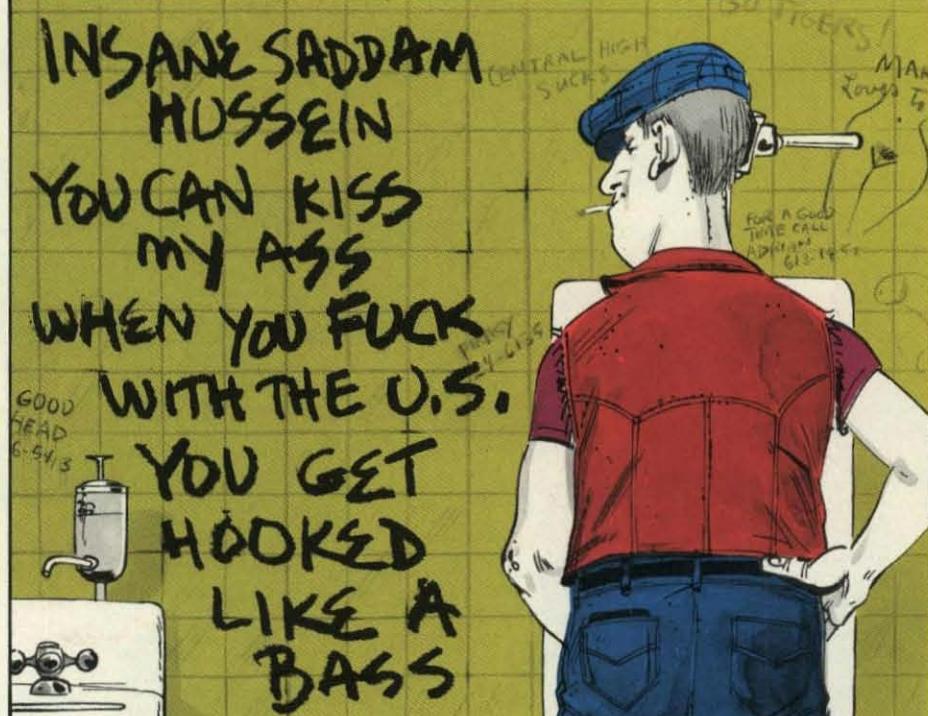
I wrote to my new friend that Operation Cookie was on the way. I just got a letter from him saying that the cookies and other goodies arrived safely. He thanked me for being a great guy and not worrying about the Army chicken shit.

Hey, as an ex-GI, I feel that it is my patriotic duty to help keep those guys over there in that backward country happy. They aren't allowed any USO shows, and sex magazines are forbidden. It was the least I could do for the guys who are putting their lives on the line. —L. A.

Hudson, Florida

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFILTHY



THANKS AND \$50 TO DELLA BATES.

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STIMULANTS

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21. Mole ... 165 mg	30.00	\$13.00	7.50
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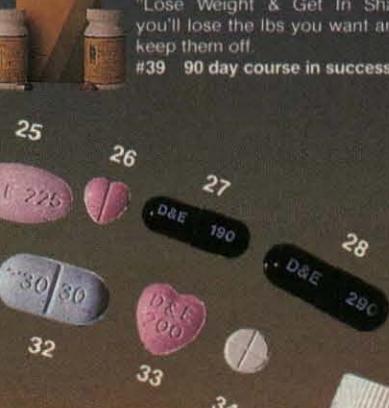
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0651

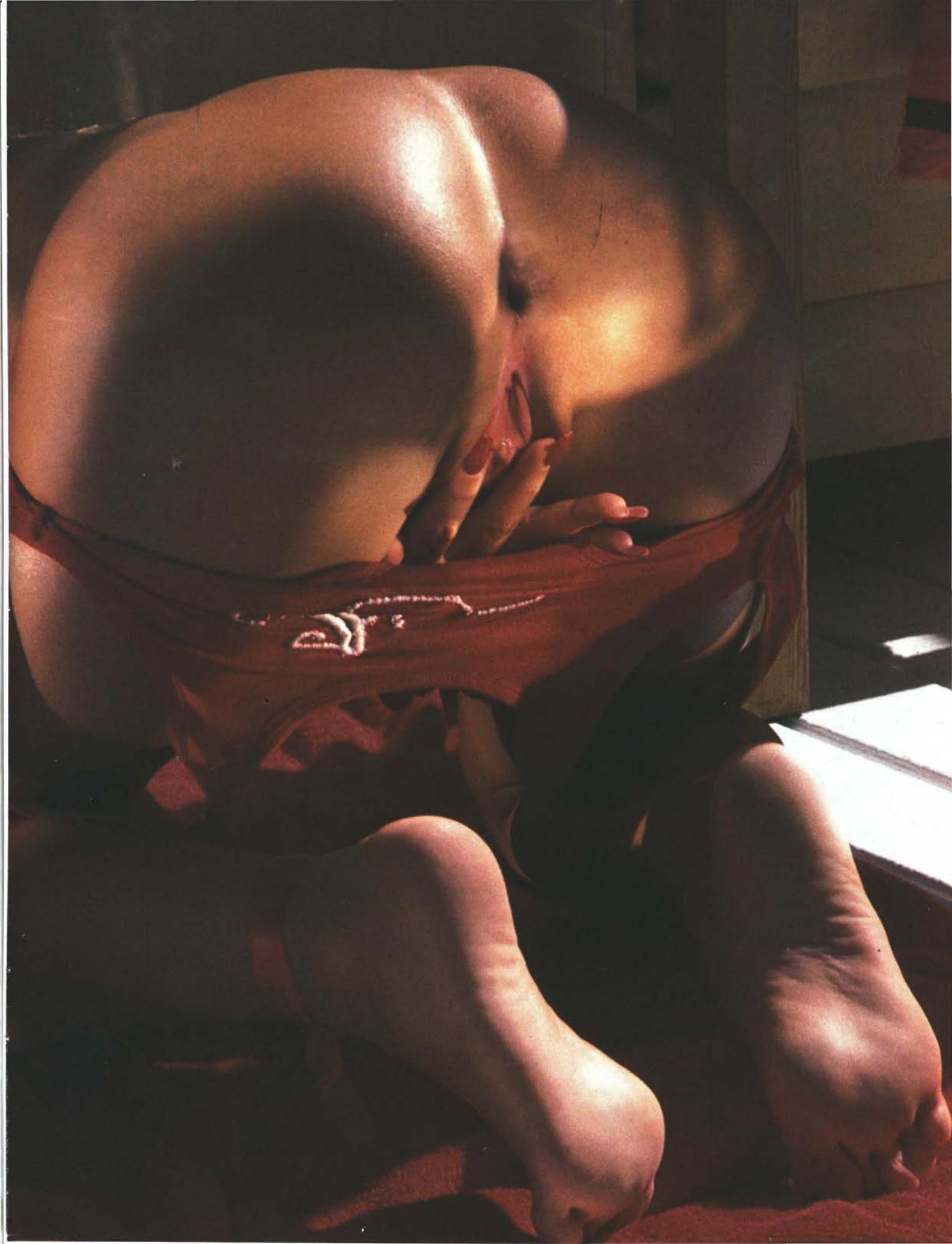
THIS BUTT'S FOR YOU

So many readers

have written about HUSTLER's supposed lack of
southern exposure that the only proper reply is to
come up with more full moons than in any good year.

Howl away.





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KSEX TV:

VIEWER'S GUIDE TO MARGINALLY EROTIC TELEVISION

Every year the voices of puritanical America grow loud with complaints about sex on TV. Here's my own complaint: What's wrong with sex on TV? There's not enough of it, and what there is, is a poor imitation. Since imagination costs about as much as electricity, most TV viewers can cock-whip the daylights out of any boob-tube offering, including the nightly news, where, with a modicum of effort, a healthy male can undress Diane Sawyer, coax her into a dog collar and have her barking like a balmy puppy in less time than she takes to read the headlines. But there are shows that feature sexual content that's much hotter than anything found during prime time, and require less energy to bone up by, energy that can be spent wringing another round of Jill-thrills in the glare of cathode rays.

Getting Fit With Denise Austin: Warning! This show is best enjoyed without the audio. Besides the tortuous strains of synthesized Muzak, the viewer is also bombarded by the chirping, cheerleader exhortations of the show's star, Denise Austin.

Picture those awful, forced-attendance high-school pep rallies. Remember those cute, little pepsters trying to coax every last drop of S-P-I-R-I-T from the souls of their captive audience? Remember thinking how Debbi, or Salli, or Tammi, or any other hometown honey who dotted that single "i" with a little heart, would be infinitely more interesting with a hard cock in her mouth? Same goes for Denise Austin. She's a looker, and she bends around most provocatively in tight-fitting exercise gear, but can't she just shut up for a second?

More strength than most men possess is required to endure 30 minutes of her wailing "C'mon, I know you can do it!" "Feel that burn!" and other inanities ad nauseam.

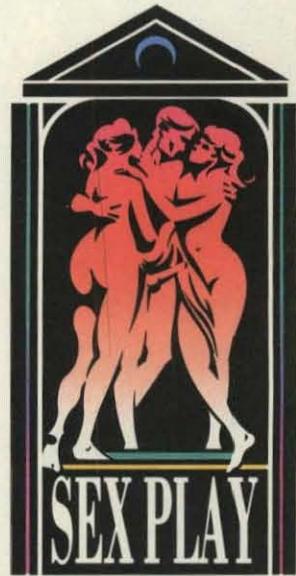
Basic Training With Ada Janclowicz: This is the show for all closet masochists. Ada is a statuesque hardbody of a woman. Too much woman for you, worm. She wears her hair in a severely braided ponytail and is much given to black Spandex. Imperiously, she barks out orders to a gaggle of well-toned men and women who respond with slavelike obedience while answering Ada an ecstatic, "Yes, sir!" And all the

while, a couple of burly "enforcers" dressed like Marine Corps D.I.s scowl at the slackers and intimidate them into a cold sweat.

Ada is truly something to see, but something twisted and unhealthy about this show is a little scary.

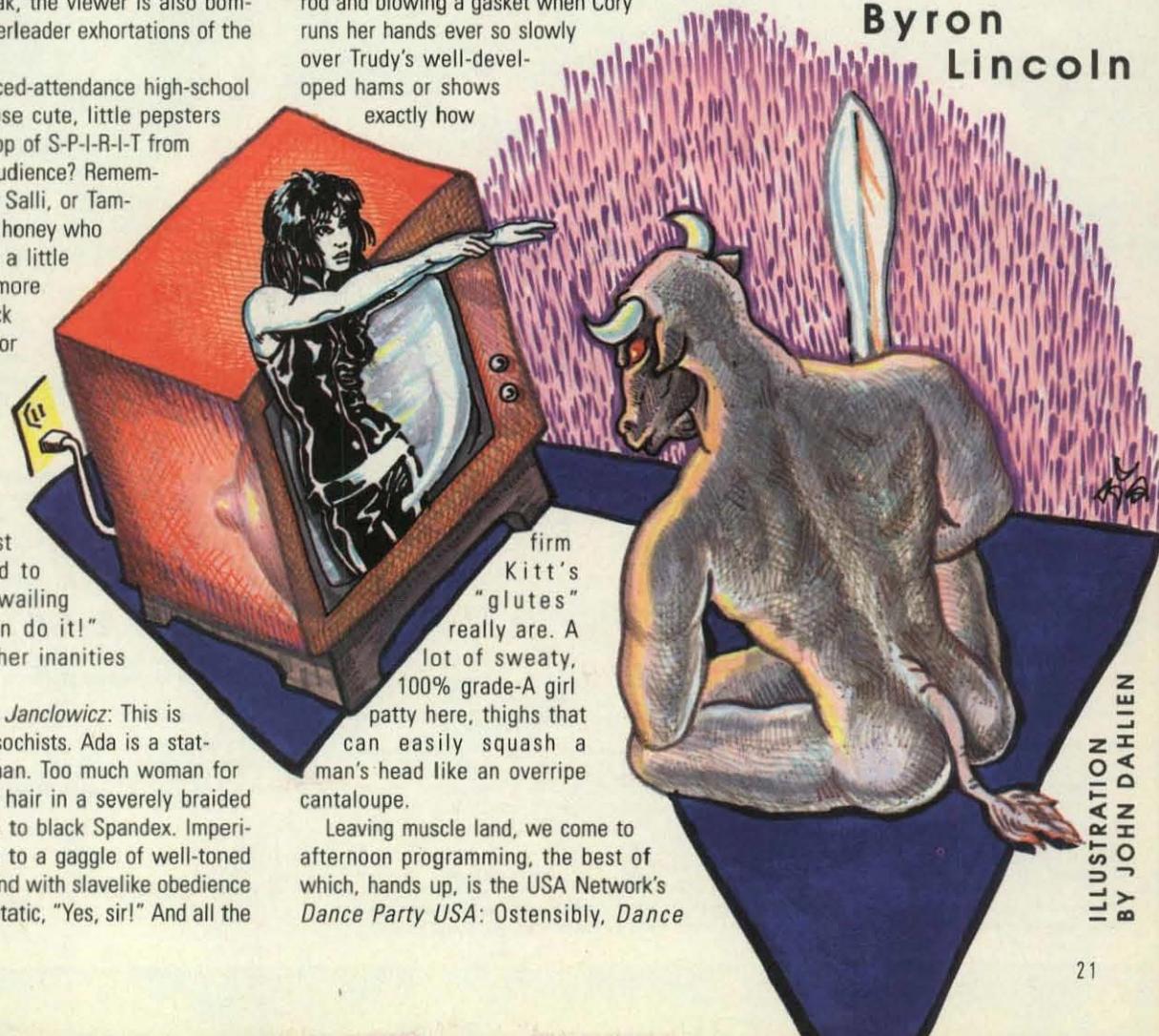
BodyShaping With Cory Everson: Remember back in the late '70s, when van conversions were really groovy? Remember those really cool paint jobs inspired by Frank Frazetta? Big, boss Nordic warrior women wielding broadswords and flexing muscles. Cory Everson, host of *BodyShaping*, is cut from the same cloth. A truly awe-inspiring piece of woman flesh. Watch as she pumps iron and engages in savage squat thrusts.

Cory is ably assisted by two cute ginchies named Kitt and Trudy. Cory uses these two as models to demonstrate how various muscles work in makeshift anatomy lessons. Only a true ascetic will keep from popping a rod and blowing a gasket when Cory runs her hands ever so slowly over Trudy's well-developed hams or shows exactly how



Fear and hypocrisy have repressed sexual awareness, leading to the ignorance that spreads disease and creates violence, in addition to hindering our natural enjoyment of sex. This series opens the door to current sexual knowledge and expression, and improved lovemaking.

by
Byron
Lincoln



firm
Kitt's
"glutes"
really are. A
lot of sweaty,
100% grade-A girl
patty here, thighs that
can easily squash a
man's head like an overripe
cantaloupe.

Leaving muscle land, we come to afternoon programming, the best of which, hands up, is the USA Network's *Dance Party USA*: Ostensibly, *Dance*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN DAHLIN

Party USA is geared to the same audience that squeals over New Kids on the Block, but it's a safe bet that a large segment of viewers is

made up of guiltily drooling 30-year-olds entranced by the entirely legal sight of teenaged trollops tarted up like rock 'n' roll sluts. Especially of interest are the shows broadcast during the summer months. Then the *Dance Party* moves to the beach, and a flock of nubiles frolics surfside in various styles of abbreviated swimwear.

The Playboy Channel: Like the magazine, this crap's aimed at outmoded jock stereotypes and geriatrics. The big thrill is tits, and that's about it, sport. Hugh-baby never quite caught on that a man doesn't look at the mantelpiece when he's poking the fire.

It's funny, in a pathetic sort of way, to see self-serving glimpses of the ludicrously old-fashioned *Playboy* lifestyle—i.e. toupee-topped, pajama-clad Hef pontificating about free speech while sucking on a Pepsi. This, juxtaposed against one of the channel's supposedly erotic feature films, which is generally some cheesy foreign production from the '70s with all the explicit action edited out, is as weird as it gets. Occasionally, the channel runs fairly new, shot-on-video American adult films, but these are so heavily edited that a typical blowjob scene features ten minutes of the back of some chick's head bobbing to sub-standard sexvid music, intercut with shots of the lap-dog recipient's face, eyes closed, failing to project even bush-league bogus porn ecstasy.

G. L. O. W./Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling: This syndicated show's allure is not much stronger than the *Playboy* Channel's. The only thing that could save this show would be calling in lesbo film maestro Bruce Seven to direct. *G. L. O. W.* had the glimmer of potential greatness when it first appeared. It featured not only heavy (though obviously fake) violence, but there was also an overwhelming cachet of lesbian sexual activity. Lots of tight shots of firm bodies in skimpy outfits, faces wedged between creamy thighs, 69-position pins. No more.

Unfortunately, the producers decided to go for a wholesome approach, and the camera angles became less voyeuristic. Bare legs were covered with flesh-toned stockings, and the women became less blatantly sexual.

Still, a wrestler named Hollywood and another billed as Sally, the Farmer's Daughter, are prime poon in the first degree and provide a cheap thrill.

Las Gatitas y los Ratones de Porcel: This

show probably won't be found outside of the Southwest, but it is worth the effort to try and locate it. No need to speak Spanish to catch the drift of the action. Pure sex for impure people.

Hosted by a big, fat, greasy guy, *Las Gatitas* features an army of long-legged, big-boobed showgirl types who spend a lot of their time bending over and proffering their G-stringed asses to the leering lens of the camera while the audience hoots its approval. Sometimes the broads even act.

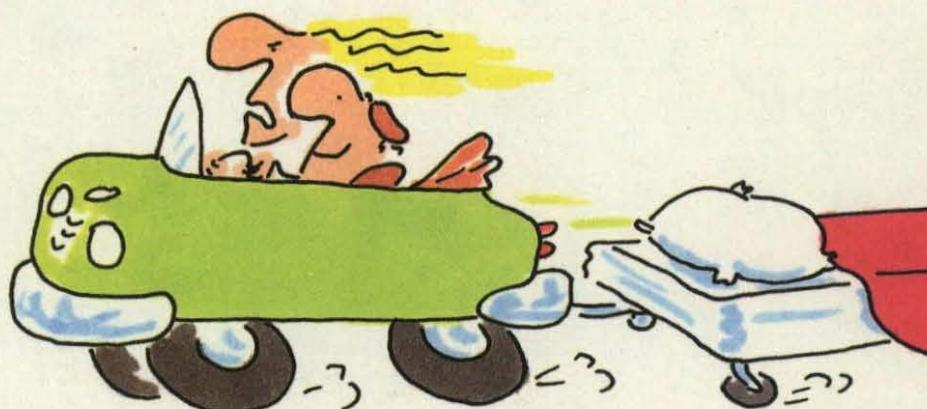
From a purely cultural standpoint, *Las Gatitas* raises some interesting questions. Why, for example, the heavy emphasis on the female posterior? Quite different from most white-bread programming, which generally focuses on the breasts. Also, how come the women are so often depicted as cats in cheesy costumes complete with pointy ears and twitching tails? And what's the deal with that hardbody brunette who speaks lisping, rapid-fire Spanish in a little girl's voice and wears baby-doll pajamas with a garter belt and seamed stockings? This show is a Freudian nightmare of the highest order—aspects of anal fixations, bestiality and pedophilia abound. Industrial strength stuff; sure to be some Spanish psychosexologist's doctoral dissertation.

Late-Night Advertisements for 1-900 Numbers: Lonely and drunk? Cocaine fiend?

Unemployed geek so worried about his ability to pay the bills that he's watching television at 3 a.m.? Such are the seeming targets for these phone lines. However, be warned. The commercials are much better (and a hell of a lot cheaper) than the lines themselves. The operative theory here is: Why buy the cow when you can get milk for free?

A current trend is confession lines, such as the commercial for "Models' Secret Confessions." A trashy slut, on the verge of tears, whispers into a pink princess phone: "I thought he was cute, but that didn't give him the right to...." Her hair's a bad blond job, her tits are pumped to the bursting point with an as-yet-unnamed plastics substitute, her bandy legs are barely enough to fill her satin stockings. In this case, seeing is all that's required to squirt out a little pent-up carnality—and all that's recommended, from a hygienic point of view. It's misogynistic, voyeuristic and mean-spirited, but who gives a fuck at 3 a.m.?

Needless to say, sex on mainstream TV, cable included, relies mostly on innuendo and titillation, but when a guy is broke, hovering on brain death, or too drunk to use the VCR, these shows are better than nothing. There's still no real sex on television (even the abysmal *Playboy* Channel has no guts), but a little imagination can go as long and hard as Denise Austin. "C'mon! You can do it! Feel the heat! Faster, faster!"



"Well, I think you're pretty damned smug for a guy who can't afford a van!"

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EACH

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Here they are, the wildest, wettest new integrated features...
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5. THE SEXAHOLIC
Ebony Ayes, Laurel Canyon, Ray Victory, Pleasure & more
Tight little white chicks spread wide for long, dark meat! 80 min



6. BLACK VALLEY GIRLS 2: BLUE MOVES
Nina De Ponca, Mandy Wine, Ebony Ayes, Cecile & more
Those naughty black valley girls are so cute—especially with a bone in both ends! Fer Sure! 80 min

FREE!

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FUCK MAC!

When you buy 3 or more tapes from this ad!
DEVIL IN MISS JONES 4
Starring Jack Baker, Purple Passion & More!



1. MY SENSUAL BODY

Ebony Ayes, Jade East, Cassi Nova, Passion & more
Buxom black bombshell Ebony Ayes brings her massive tits and tight puss! back to the screen! 82 min



2. BAD MAMA JAMA BUSTS OUT
Bad Mama Jama, Miss Twin Towers, Layla LaShell & many more
The infamous 2-ton Mama Jama and her oversized playpals fuck 'em all! 83 min

PROMPT RUSH SERVICE!

3. HILL STREET BLACKS PART II
Angel Kelly, Rebecca Rager, Stephanie Stone
Angel and those wacky Hill Street Blacks rout the juice out of some urban studs! 85 min

4. BET BLACK
Nina De Ponca, Carol Cummings, Natasha Skylar & many more
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Vanessa and Seka team up for a ball-busting marathon of sexual abandon! 85 min

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Vanessa del Rio, Lois Ayres, Liz Randall, Erica Boyer & more

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14. AFRO EROTICA 33
Angel Kelly, Ebony Ayes, Purple Passion, Sahara & more! 60 min

15. BACKDOOR BLACKS 4
Tiffanie Storm, Sade, Patti Petite, Viper and many more!

Just turn 'em over and watch 'em go! They squeal with delight! 60 min

"Afro" Prices: \$14.95 Each; 3 Or More Only \$12.95 Each!



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2 for \$17.95 Each; Any 3 Or More Only \$15.95 Each!

Erotic

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EDITED BY MAL O'REE



WET 'N' WORKING

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Tianna, Jeanna Fine, Sunny McKay, Nikki Wilde, Champagne, Sabrina Dawn, Raven Richards, Celia Young and M. Videocassette: Elegant Angel Video.

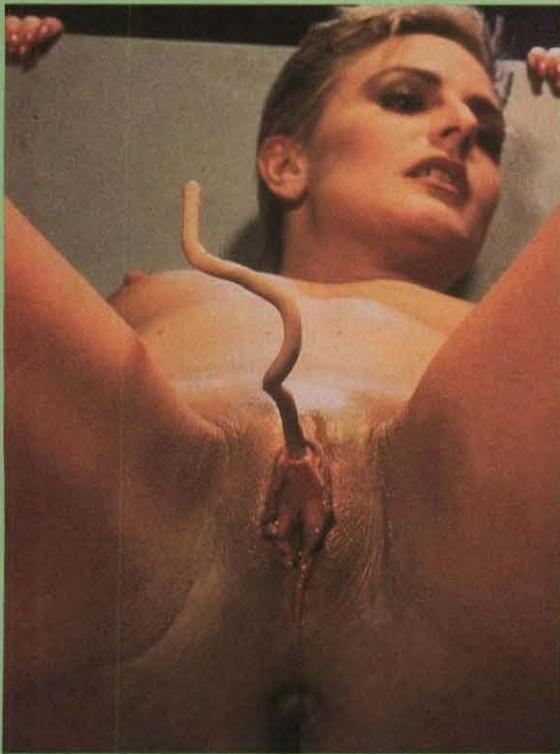
Jeanna Fine is the most wanton, downright dirty doll in porn these days. After a couple of years off, she's come back as a sex-crazed woman possessed. She's accepted herself for a cum-sucking tramp, and we can only grab our cocks and applaud her self-awakening. Fine, as the bitchy boss of an all-female construction crew, catalyzes most of the torrid tonguing and digit-delving in *Wet 'n' Working*, a load-launching labor of lesbian lust. *Working's* nine frenzy-feeding lusty ladies deserve combat pay in addition to their regular salaries. Virtually all of the action shows these ferocious femmes at their filthiest; shitters are sullied and spit upon; cunts are devoured with a frightening voracity. There's absolutely no letup in the intensity of *Working*, a monument to meat-beating excellence.

—Sam Lowry

A morning cunt break.



Fine relaxes after work.



Ignore them, and *Nightdreams* will go away.



Christy is a movie with sex.

PARADISE ROAD

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Vicious Vern; starring Donna Anne, Gregor Samsa, Steve Vegas, Penny Lane, Don Fernando, Susan Vegas and Renee Morgan. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

The fact that some of porn's most notable dog-faced sluts get boned along *Paradise Road* is precisely this vid's intrigue. Seeing such homely, cock-hungry chicks getting the shit fucked out of them is arousing in a disgusting, back-alley sort of way. Unfortunately, such jolts are only haphazard and fleeting, and come by way of Donna Anne's extremely filthy, hairy, big-clit'd cunt and Renee Morgan's relentless sluttiness. Susan Vegas has a cute butt, and loves getting it plugged, but she fits right in with the gutter sex when she takes a wad of drippy dick sap on her mug. If the low-grade aspect of the video was actually by design, and was played up, *Road* might have been amusing, in a cheap, perverted way. As it is, it's just another ripoff.

—Rusty Knox



NIGHTDREAMS 2

Half Erect. Directed by Rinse Dream; starring Tianna, Lauren Brice, Joey Silvera, Cameo, Tom Byron, Stephanie Rage, Raven Richards, Kelly Royce, Henry "Hook" Jabarr and Brandy Alexandre. Videocassette: VCA.

Any porn flick that has credits featuring Joseph Silvera (rather than Joey) and Thomas Byron (instead of Tom) has given its audience fair warning. Some degree of pretension is on the way. Viewers are advised to check their tolerance levels. Porn hack Rinse Dream is guilty of the Paul Thomas syndrome, even though Rinse's *Nightdreams 2* does not look anything like any of the Brat series. The artist as megalomaniac is often burdened with a weighty self-regard that hobbles his output. *Look at me!* his pictures cry. *I'm a genius, damn it, pay me heed. I could be David Lynch, except I'm not willing to sell out my integrity. Hey, what are you doing looking at that chick's tits? I've got a wacky camera angle here; I've got some juxtaposed neon fluorescences; I have some intrusive yammering. What are you, trying to jerk off? Don't pay any attention to him, maybe he'll go away.*

—Christian Shapiro



A PORTRAIT OF CHRISTY

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Christy Canyon, Rick Savage, Lois Ayres, Peter North, Patricia Kennedy, T. T. Boyd, Alice Springs, Joey Silvera, Danielle Rogers and Martin Danielles. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Portrait wants to be an intricate, highly intellectual film, a thriller with cum-shots, a Hitchcock with a hard-on. It nearly succeeds—for porn, this is way up there on the quality scale—but the complexity of the plot, which is too much of a stretch for standard X-rated talent, and director Paul Thomas's penchant for filming scenes in dark, shadowy conditions (atmosphere, you know) defeat the main purpose of the film, which is, after all, fucking. Caught somewhere between hard-core heat (Patricia Kennedy on her knees getting a faceful of Peter North's cum) and *Mystery Theater* (Christy Canyon tangled up in a confidence scam), *Portrait* is a picture for people who want a movie with sex, not a sex movie.

—Augie Michaels

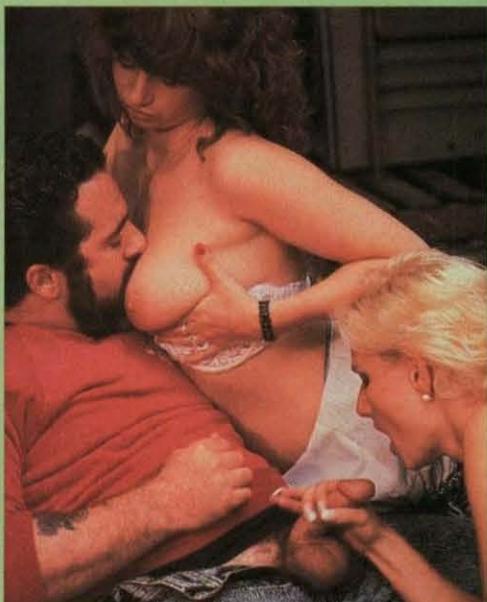


DENIM DOLLS

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Jean Mirage; starring Rachel Ryan, Debi Diamond, Staci Lords, Tianna, Peter North, Randy Spears and Eric Price. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Eric Price, a porn stud of questionable preferences (he always has this stupid "Hey-look-at-me-I'm-fucking-a-chick" grin on his face), and Rachel Ryan sit around stifling yawns while they swap sexual tales that come to what reasonably passes for life before our very eyes. The only doll here is Debi Diamond, who gleefully allows Price and Peter North to lacquer her mouth and face with their hot spuzz in one of the best cum-shots ever. The so-called climax of this loser features an intercut extravaganza with Diamond and Staci Lords eating beaver in one corner, and Price and Ryan getting down to their predictable wrap-up fuck in the other. Diamond should start asking for more money.

—Buster Slade



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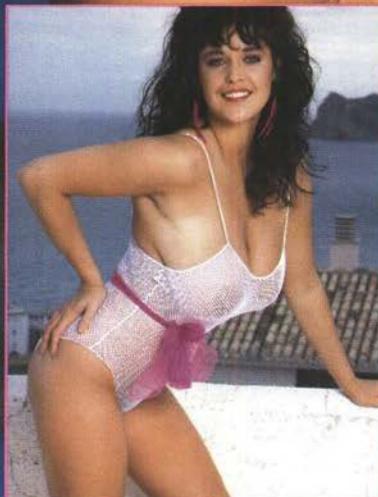
ADULTS ONLY, JUST \$2 PER MINUTE

BUSTY BABES BUST

1-900-535-0700

NOW MEET BIG BABES
IN PERSON FOR YOUR
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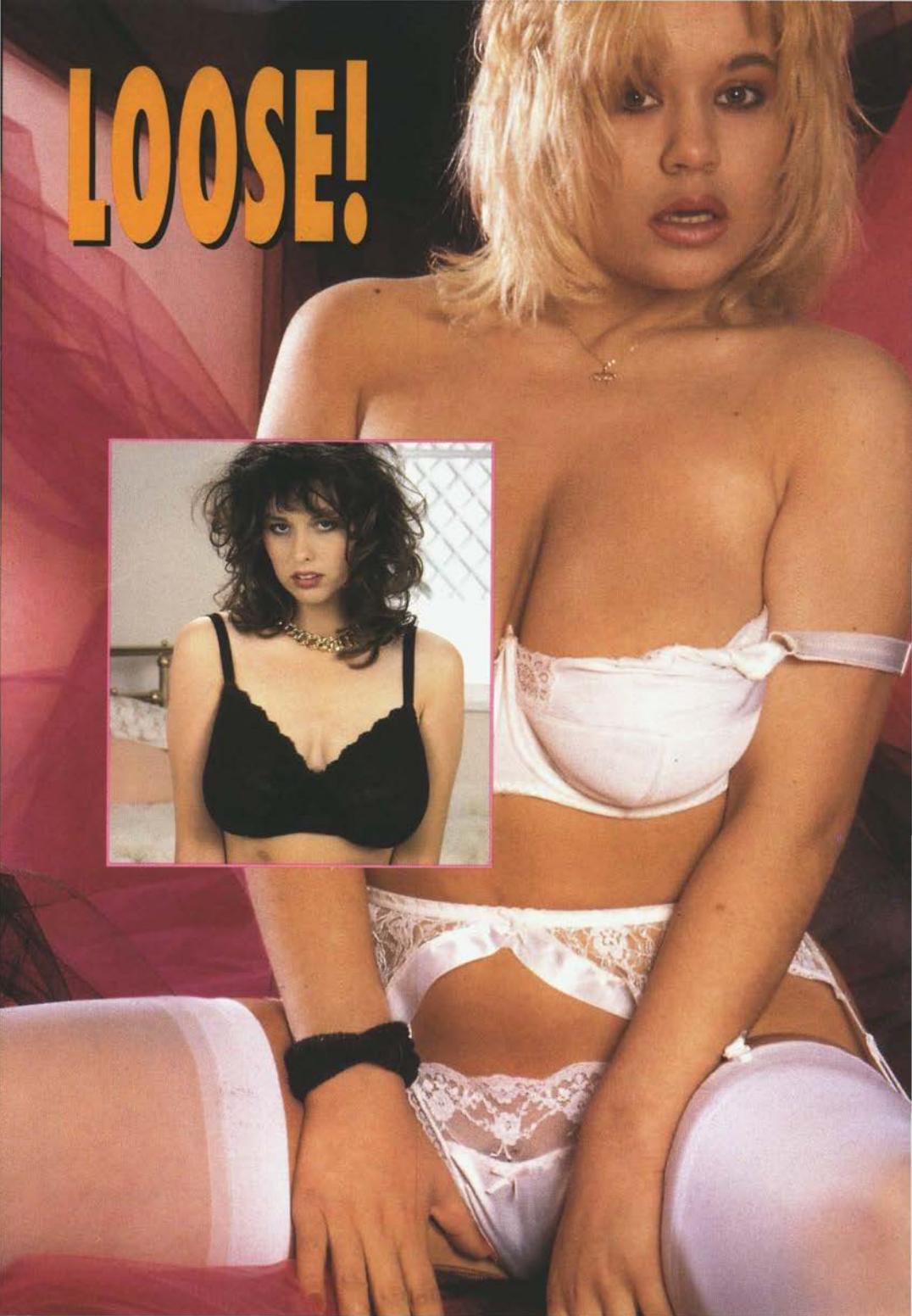


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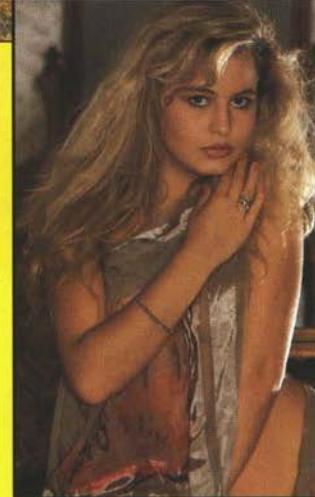


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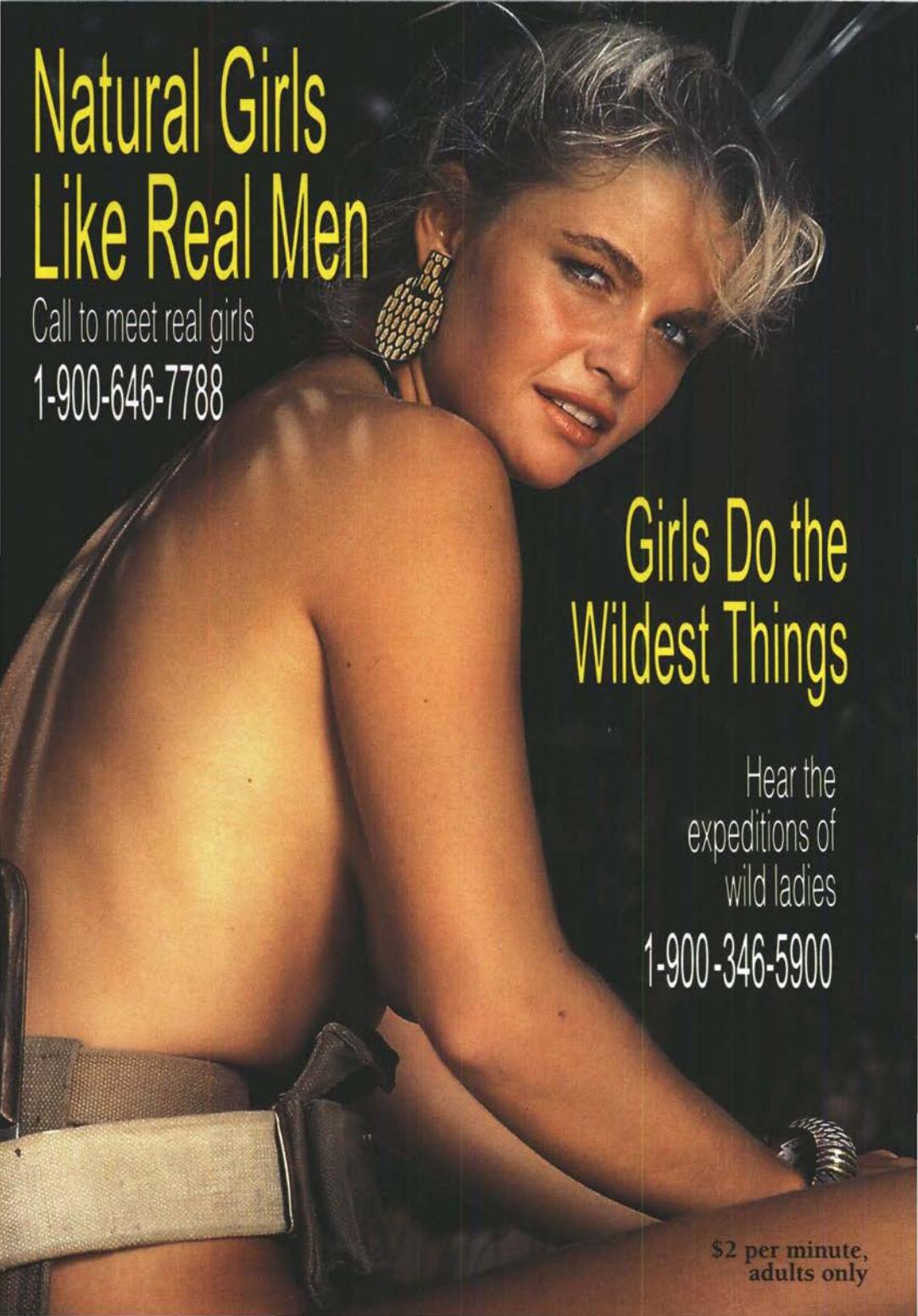
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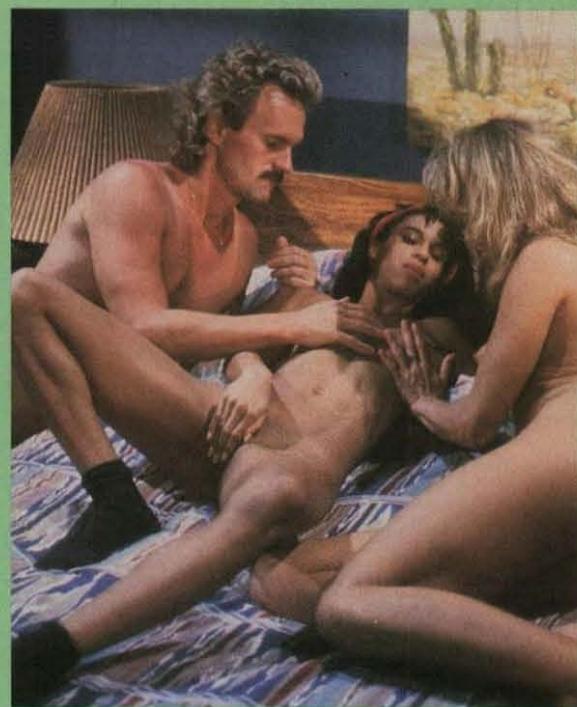
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LUSTY DUSTY

Three-Quarters Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring Heather Hunter, Deidre Holland, Alice Springs, Patricia Kennedy, Jon Dough, Joey Silvera, Rick Savage and Chip Stokely. Videocassette: Vivid Video.

It's a tough job being a porn reviewer, the toughest chore being having to come up with a new Paul Thomas joke every week. We're tired of telling Paul Thomas jokes, and the public's tired of hearing Paul Thomas jokes. Blame the torpor on Paul Thomas—though he gives every indication of being every bit as tired as the rest of us, he continues squeezing out Paul Thomas jokes, seemingly at the rate of one a week. The punch line of *Lusty Dusty* is that it delivers the best a smut fan could hope for: The two top-billed chicks are both gorgeous, girl-of-your-wettest-dreams cream cakes, and they both fuck a lot. The settings, situations and simpering humors are every bit as lame as Paul's norm, but heavenly Heather Hunter and divine Deidre Holland bring plenty of lust to *Dusty*. —C. S.



Hunter and Holland put the lust in *Dusty*.



Mistress 2: No question about who's in charge.

ANAL ADDICTION 2

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Milton Ingle; starring Jamie Leigh, Holly Ryder, Ron Jeremy, Satina, Randy West, Don Fernando and E. Z. Ryder. Videocassette: Soho Video.

Fanny-flogging freaks certainly won't feel cheated by the amount of poopers penetrated here, but the heat generated by that battering of browneye is something else altogether. Ron Jeremy plays a porn critic (a true insult to smut scribes everywhere), covering the shooting of *Anal Addiction 2*. Even though the performers are supposed to turn up the passion since the press is around, most of the reaming is just routine. Only Holly Ryder, who possesses a *Guinness Book*-size clit, a moist marble squeezed between a pair of hard-body thighs, heats things up. Holly gets her ass finger-fucked and subsequently stuffed by E. Z. Ryder, and later, in the only non-anal scene, she rides Don Fernando's dick into delirium. This *Addiction* is non-habit-forming. —S. L.



These girls are definitely as *Nasty* as they wanna be.



This Vacation is nothing but hard work.



This Beauty is beastly.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST 2

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Paul Thomas; starring John Leslie, Tracey Adams, Victoria Paris, Randy Spears, Randy West, Sabrina Dawn, Rachel Ryan, Jon Dough, Chaz Vincent, Dizzy Blonde, Ray Victory, Henri Pachard and Ariel Knight. Videocassette: VCA.

Besides directing, Paul Thomas must also take the blame for writing and producing this pathetic stab at Shakespearean comedy. *Beast* does feature some fairly authentic Renaissance costumes, a sensual soundtrack, competent camerawork and lush, sensuous lighting, but it's hardly enough to compensate for the plodding plot and senseless editing that constantly interrupt the sex scenes, which aren't much anyway. *This Beauty* is beastly.

—Woody Hood

SUNSTROKE BEACH

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by R. U. Hardyet; starring Debi Diamond, Charlotte O'Hara, Tom Byron, Blake Palmer, Jeff Golden, Renee Morgan and Lauren Brice. Videocassette: Western Visuals.

Sunstroke Beach is a mishmash of one improbable sex act after another, shot through a piss-colored lens, that leaves anyone dumb enough to watch it reeling with bewilderment and confusion. Except for Renee Morgan, who always looks hot and ready for a good fucking, and a few quick sighs and gasps from Debi Diamond, the girls come off as soporific slugs. The dirtiest moment comes when Charlotte O'Hara takes a cum-shot in the face, but what's the excitement in watching a freckled sea cow getting nut-creamed?

—R. K.

NATIONAL POONTANG'S SEX VACATION

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Peter North; starring Peter North, Heather Torrance, Charlie Stone, Rachel Ryan, Stephanie Rage, Ray Victory, Sharon Vegas, Steve Vegas and Tamara Lee. Videocassette: Filmco.

Peter North has joined the illustrious ranks of smut studs turned porn directors, but this is no great boon for the X-rated world. North has been in so many mediocre videos, he figured he could direct one. He was right. A poorly executed plot, performances petrified in their rigidity, an insipid soundtrack and the same old sex shot the same old way (e.g., Ray Victory fucks Rachel Ryan's asshole for the zillionth time, and cameras linger where the action isn't) make this *Vacation* nothing but hard work for the viewer.

—W. H.

MOONGIRLS

One-Quarter Erect. Compilation. Starring Laurel Canyon, Barbi Dahl, Rachel Ashley, Stephanie Rage, Blondi, Veronica Doll, Sheena Horne, Erica Boyer, Bionca, Candi Evans, Britt Morgan and Tiffany Storm. Videocassette: Moonlight.

Moongirls grossly misrepresents the true nature of sapphic sexuality. These glamorous pussy-suckers look nothing like the manly dykes roaming our nation's streets. Despite the impressive cast, this collection falls short of providing memorable pud-pounding. The only possible high note concerns Swedish cutie Veronica Doll who, although not the hottest performer in the business, is certainly one of the most attractive. Veronica allows herself to be ravaged by Laurel Canyon while John Leslie, looking like he's had one bong load too many, watches from the corner with a glazed and sedated stare. Big deal.

—Jody Davis

JAILHOUSE BLUE

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Henri Pachard; starring Alex Storm, Sean Michaels, Jacqueline, Rick Savage, Jerry Butler, Joey Silvera, Natasha Skyler and Chessie Moore. Videocassette: Soho Video.

Being locked up in the pokey is just one more excuse for hokey honky-tonk in this prison-and-poor drama. When the scuz cinema ventures behind bars, it is generally to explore the confined sexuality of locked-down damsels. Breaking the porn-penitentiary mold, *Blue* releases the pent-up yearnings of three incarcerated male carnalists and their wad-heavy warden as acted out upon a gaggle of jaded jailhouse Jezebels. Such a setup would seem to leave little room for talking, but don't underestimate the power of director Henri Pachard to clutter proceedings with preachings and pleadings, especially not after he introduces a pair of lady lawyers into the characterizations. Jacqueline is the only body of note, doing dirty duty with Sean Michaels's ebony walking stick of a dick and later serving as a cum mat to the spout-wiping wands of the three white prisoners. The rest of the jizz-jousts range from blah to yawn, and that's a crime.

—C. S.



Blue releases three incarcerated male carnalists.

MADONNA

JUSTIFY THE HYPE

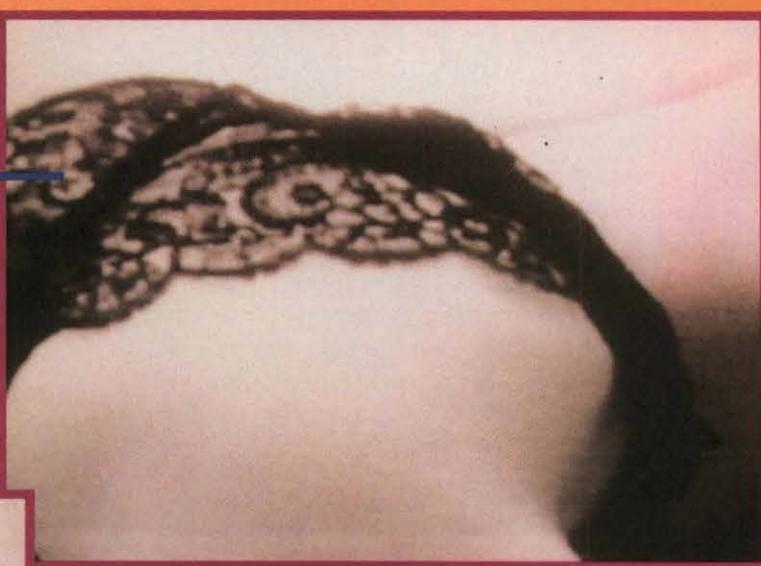
Madonna has tiptoed to riches and mall-slut glory by trolleying along the condom-thin line that separates sexual titillation acceptable to the mass-market libido from cross acts that trespass mainstream taboos. Her string of MTV tease videos started off luxuriating in lascivious self-regard ("Lucky Star," "Borderline"), moved on to impassioned writhings in the presence of a salivating, mighty-maned lion ("Like a Virgin"), dramatized the connection between money and physical attraction ("Material Girl"), exploited the ripe charm of a bouncy, unwed mother-to-be ("Papa Don't Preach"), put the kiss of a peep-show screeze upon the lips of a prepubescent boy ("Open Your



of prime-time taste into the lucrative realm of forbidden fruitiness (forbidden to everyone except the thousands of libertarians shelling out a ten-spot apiece to purchase the unit) with three seconds of exposed, erect female nipple (not Madonna's) and fleeting instances of male and female faggotry (some of which is Madonna's).

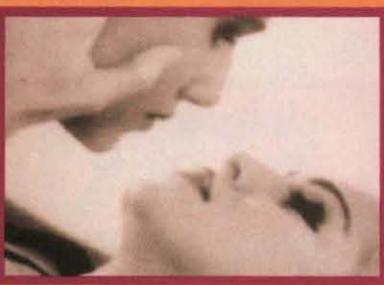
Even more than a hot property, Madonna is a sizzling piece of ass. The glimpse of her poised buttocks flexing beneath a gift-wrapping of skimpy black lace will have VCRs throughout the electronic universe freezing on pause. More importantly, budding strumpets in shopping complexes worldwide will see what a woman is supposed to be and act accordingly.

Madonna is cherished for her sultry persona and the example she sets to the future of femininity. She's earned every shekel "Justify My Love" will get into her hot, grubbing hands. But seriously—a flash of tit and two bad chicks going tongue-to-tongue is no big deal. Sadly, we live in a society where fun creates furor.



Heart"), sprinkled some salsa in the flesh taco ("La Isla Bonita"), indulged in Afro-American foot fetishism ("Like a Prayer"), chained her up in trappings of dominance and bestial role playing ("Express Yourself"), cavorted in froth and surf with lubricious sea creatures ("Cherish"), brought a pouty allure to a young girl's postmortem lament ("Oh Father") and luxuriated in lascivious self-regard ("Vogue").

So what could be so prurient about the primeval bimbo's latest promotional clip ("Justify My Love") that MTV's cooperative ban upon airing it would elicit a full two pages of coverage in a national news magazine (*Time*), the parent company of which (Time Warner) owns the record company that will reap the profits of the manufactured controversy? The black-and-white "Justify" vid, shot in the stylized film-noir erotic ambivalence popularized by risqué perfume commercials, stepped over the boundaries



THRILL SEEKERS

Half Erect. Directed by Bruce Seven; starring Erica Boyer, Jeanna Fine, Tia and Ca See. Videocassette: Bruce Seven Productions.

As long as American censorship continues to flex its stranglehold upon the scuz-flick industry, bondage videos will continue to be specialty items. B&D has great crossover appeal when combined with hard-throbbing, full-penetration sex, and would certainly attract a large audience were X-film makers allowed to mix dicks, chicks and restraining straps. *Thrill Seekers* has all the requisite hardware—wooden crosses, nipple clamps with connecting chains, paddles, whips and padded cuffs hanging from the ceiling beams—and four fine felines willing to assume the position, taking and dishing out their punishment, but they are not free to remove their panties, which deprives all bona fide thrill seekers of what they've got between their cheeks.

—C. S.

RINGSIDE KNOCKOUT

Half Erect. Directed by J. T. Malone; starring Cameo, Randy Spears, Sabrina Dawn, Rayne, Cal Jammer and Renne Le Vellers. Videocassette: Dreamland.

Boxing is a lot like a nice, hard fuck. Both are primal acts that require good movement, frequent jabs and knowing how to take a good shot to the face. *Ringside Knockout* offers two examples of the sweet science of sex, but fails to go the distance, with the remaining rounds about as exciting as sucking on a fighter's used mouthpiece. Naturally, both prime porks occur in or near the ring, in this speck of a story about Cameo's decision to open a boxing club. Fight manager Randy Spears bones Sabrina Dawn into the ropes, then finishes with a TKO (testicle knockout) all over her face. Also scoring on all judges' cards is Cameo going mouth to cock with Cal Jammer, a series of body blows that puts Jammer down for the count, but not before he counterpunches with a creamy right cross to her cute kisser. With only two knockdowns and three sucker punches, this fuck card winds up a draw.

—S. L.

VEGAS 2: SNAKE EYES

Half Erect. Directed by Gordon Vandermeer; starring Victoria Paris, Debi Diamond, Rebecca Steele, Heather Lere, Tom Byron, Peter North and Matt Lansing. Videocassette: Cinderella.

Victoria Paris is at work in Sin City, playing a sultry P.I. hired by Debi Diamond to find out who stole Diamond's jewels. The two get off to a good business relationship by chowing down on each other's cunts. Victoria then questions suspect Peter North, who spews his pleas of innocence on her tits, neck and hair. It's Diamond, of course, who provides the most heat. The blond boff bunny bones Tom Byron in a dick-stiffening scene that ends with Diamond's customary love for facials. *Snake Eyes* is nice, though hardly enough to pass the come line more than once.

—S. L.



Eyes puts you on the come line just once.

Camera should have been more shy.

CAMERA SHY

One-Quarter Erect. Directed by Edward Rogers; starring Tabitha Stevens, Arcie Miller, Holly Daze, Janet Stansbury, Buck Adams, Sasha Gabor, Dick Ranger and Tony Montana. Videocassette: Intropsis.

Burt Reynolds clone Sasha Gabor has the grodiest manner of squeezing venom from his trouser snake of any paid putz in porn town. A cross between a milky-white discharge and the expulsion of a firmly gripped tube of toothpaste, Gabor's ejaculate oozes out like curdled cream twice during *Camera Shy*, both times upon a wear-hardened, auburn-haired jezebel who looks like a flawed knockoff of Tamara Longley. Buck Adams arches his archetype bone into Tabitha Stevens's treasure pit, stirring her up on a wood-block kitchen table. Tabitha makes a grimace that might be disgust and might be delight—you make the call—and Buck pops his peter juice on her skin. The rest of *Camera Shy* should have been even more shy of the camera.

—C. S.

STROKER'S GUIDE

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of **HUSTLER** and **HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE**.

Fully Erect

Curse of the Cat Woman
Shadow Dancers 2
Where the Girls Sweat

Rating Guide

- FULLY ERECT**
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Above average. Hard-on material.
- HALF ERECT**
Standard fare. Has moments.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP**
A waste of time and money.

Three-Quarters Erect

Between the Cheeks 2
Club Head
The DeRenzy Tapes
I Do 2

The Landlady

Lesbian Liaisons

Secrets

Sleepwalker

Total Reball

Rear Burner

Pointers

Half Erect

Anal Alley

Behind Closed Doors

Buttman Goes to Rio

Girls of DD 14

Grandma Does Dallas

Frat Brats

House of Dreams

Legend 2

Making It Big

Meltdown

Sea of Love

Taboo 8

The Tease

Triple Header

One-Quarter Erect

Backdoor Lambada

Heather, Hunted

Hot Diggity Dog

Goodtime Charli

Holly Does Hollywood 4

Out for Blood

King Tung: The Tongue Squad

Sexy Nurses On and Off Duty

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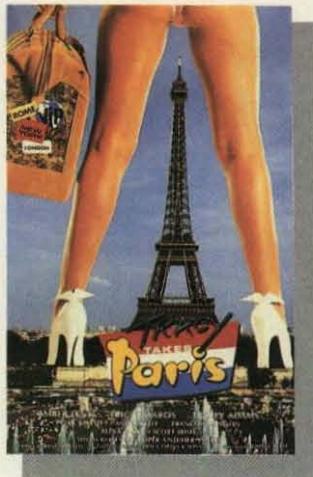
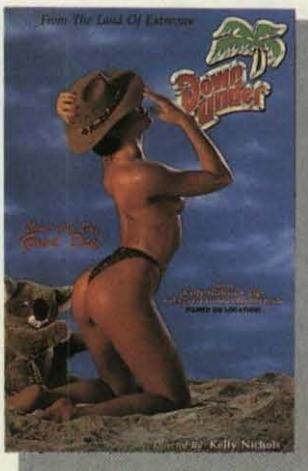
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Down Under - Kelly Nichols and Tigr on a sex-filled holiday "down under"! Filmed on location with a cast of Australia's horniest beauties. Kelly and Tigr are on the prowl as they visit all of the spots looking for action. And they find plenty! From Melbourne strip clubs to native fire dancing you'll see it all in "Down Under". The ladies visit to the famed "outback" region has the entire area in complete turmoil! "Down Under" is not only a classic XXX feature but it's beautifully produced too! Time Approximate 1 Hour 15 Min.



Blowin' The Whistle - Amber Lynn, Viper and Samantha Strong as the horniest cheerleaders you've ever seen. It's Fall - party time on the campus as the co-eds gear up for another season of sex, parties and games! On the eve of the biggest basketball game of the year the coach has the job of making sure his horny team stays away from the ripe and willing ladies. Can he do it? It's a fast-paced evening filled with the sexiest cast we've seen. It's fun, well-produced and a classic you'll appreciate over and over again! Time Approximate 1 Hour 5 Min.

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Like a Virgin - Christy Canyon, Gail Force and Heather Wayne in the original classic that is still regarded as one of the top video releases of all time! Christy is as eager as ever as she experiments in the ways of the world. She may try to be coy but when the guys get a look at that incredible body they are all over her. Her "world-class" chest is an awesome sight to behold! Gail Force is at her white-hot best as she shows the boys in the office who really holds the reins! Time Approximate 1 Hour 15 Min.



Tracey Takes Paris - Tracey Adams as the sexy representative from "Romantic Rendezvous Tours" on her first visit to Paris. She really takes the city by storm as she jumps from bedroom to boudoir in this classic, sex-filled release. You'll visit the famed Moulin Rouge, see the world-famous "Can-Can" girls and get treated to a rare feast for the eyes as Tracey takes you "around the world" in more ways than one! Tracey Adams is hot in her hottest role yet. And international relations have never been closer! Time Approximate 1 Hour 10 Min.

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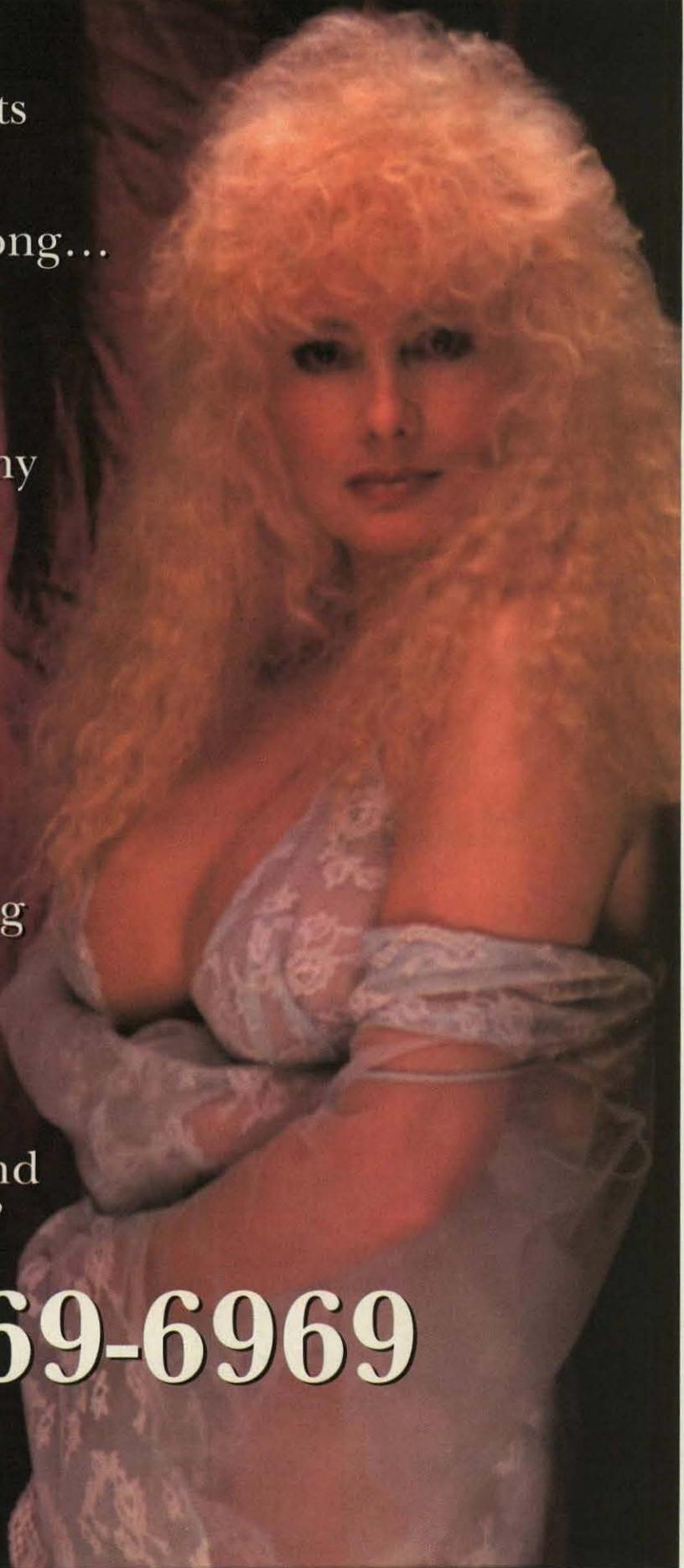
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HOT

LETTERS



GIRLS FIRST

I'm a junior at a Midwest college. I'm not exactly a ladies' man, but I'd gotten pretty friendly with a cute sophomore named Lily. She lived in a girls' dormitory that my pals and I called the Lezzie House. Man, oh, man, it just goes to show how wrong a guy can be.

One night I went over to borrow Lily's class notes. I got distracted by the sight of her bitchin' friend Jo Ellen prancing down the hall wearing nothing but a little white towel that let the tops of her boobies and the undercurve of her ass hang out. I'd come around so many times with Lily that all her friends knew me, and they thought I was pretty cool. They could tell I wasn't a macho jerk. Still, I couldn't help reacting with a stiff one. "This ain't helping me prepare for my exam," I told Lily as I nodded in Jo Ellen's direction.

"Poor baby," Lily sounded so sympathetic that I knew she was jerking me around. "Are you just a teensy weensy bit frustrated?" Her hand smacked into my lap, where it came into direct contact with the hard lump of my insistent tentpole. She laughed, but not unkindly. "Ooh, baby, what's that? Are you getting all excited?"

I squirmed at her touch, but I couldn't get too upset. Lily was a hot-looking girl, a sleek, tanned blonde with firm, high titties. My pals and I didn't call her dorm rooms a lezzie house because the girls looked like diesel dykes. We called it that because we were so damn jealous that so many pretty girls lived together.

"Come look at this, Jo Ellen," said Lily. "When's the last time you saw a huge cock?"

While considering the answer to this question, Jo Ellen dropped her towel a little. Her perfect lack of shame invited me to stare frankly at her saucy nipples and svelte thighs. I was so aroused by the sight of her luscious nudity that I didn't realize their roommate Caroline had entered the room. She was a strange one, but absolutely gorgeous. Intense, dark-eyed. Always looked like she kept a lot of secrets inside.

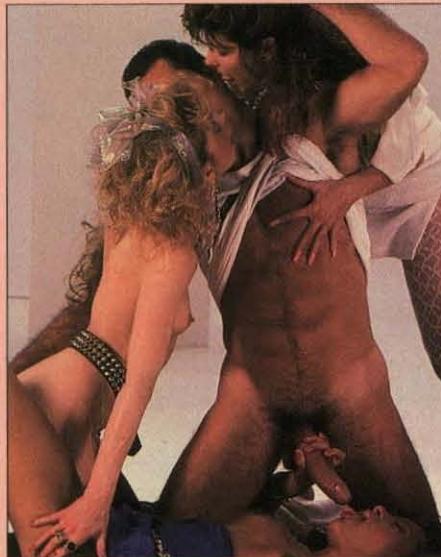
"Let's get him naked," said Lily. "You

don't mind, do you?" I threw up my hands in surrender.

"All right!" moaned Jo Ellen.

The two girls crawled all over me, tearing at my clothes so wildly that it was a wonder I had anything to wear home. It tickled. I couldn't help bucking and kicking. I noticed Caroline out of the corner of my eye. I saw her pick up an empty cola bottle from the coffee table, a gleam crossing her face.

"What the hell..." I murmured as my eyes boggled at the sight of the sexy, wasp-waisted, big-boobed brunette brandishing



the cocklike bottle. "I hope you're not planning to use that on me!"

"Not at all," Caroline assured me quietly. "I just thought that you'd appreciate a little assistance in the dick department."

She licked her lipsticked lips and raised an eyebrow. It was true that I had only one cock for these three wet, slimy pussies. Before I had time to take another breath, Caroline had Lily stripped to bare skin. My pretty blond friend got on her hands and knees, her ass lifted high to receive the hard thrust of Caroline's unyielding, makeshift dildo. She tilted back so that Caroline could gently slip the hard, artificial dick squarely between her pulsating, pink lips.

My own dick was experiencing definite

agony. I rolled Jo Ellen onto her back and speared her as graciously as I could manage under the circumstances. She smelled fresh and clean, a little like soap. I wasn't sure if she was used to much else besides something as hard as Caroline's cola bottle, but my cock sure had the advantage of warmth and flexibility. I did my corkscrew special on top of Jo Ellen's body, increasing the friction to the point where sparks were flying. When the crown thrust smoothly against her dripping insides, we both exploded in a kind of simultaneous orgasm that lit up the fucking room!

"You bitch!" Lily whispered. "I should have known you'd get off first." Her voice held affection, not anger. I suddenly realized that the girls were lovers in fact as well as in my imagination. I didn't mind. I could think of worse ways to spend an evening than to watch hot-titted Caroline use her dildo to screw my fucking fox of a study partner to the floor!

Jo Ellen wiggled out from under me and joined the lesbo action. My balls filled with fresh spunk as I saw the three of them get down, giggling and gasping like little girls. Caroline fucked Lily from behind. Jo Ellen stood in front of Lily's face to give her something to lick while she was getting poked.

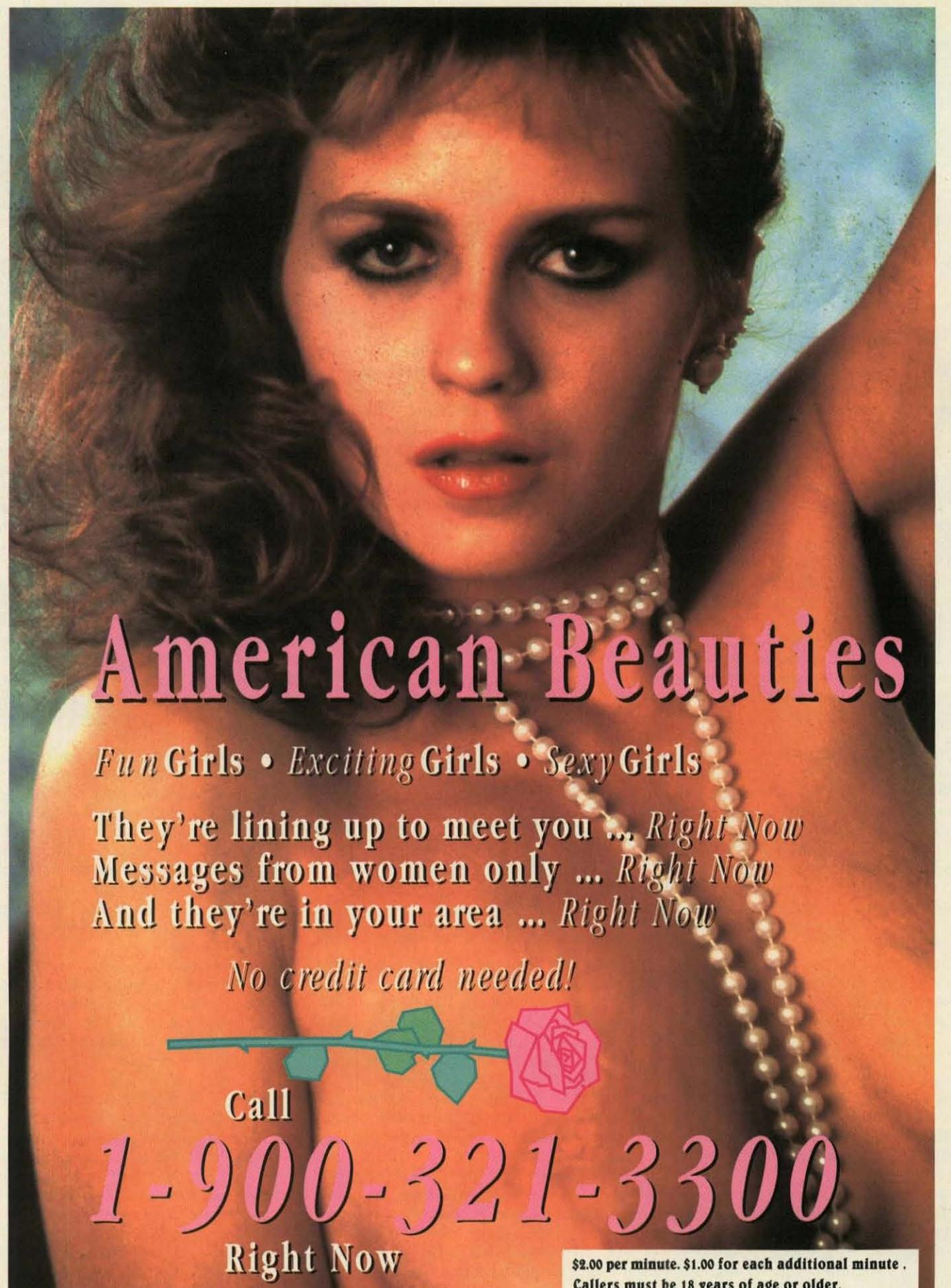
When Lily's back arched in a painful curve, I knew that all three of them were close to coming. "Do it!" I whispered. "Do it right in front of me!"

Lily collapsed in slow motion, her twitching pussy still sucking hard on Caroline's bottle. Jo Ellen's hips churned hot and nasty into the open air as she segued into her second uncontrolled orgasm of the evening.

When the three of them finally slid apart, Caroline sidled up to me with a shy request. She saw I was hard again. "Fuck me," she begged, dropping the glistening bottle to the carpet. She screwed me slow and easy while the others watched. I spent the night with her and Lily, all three of us in a big, canopied bed upstairs.

All the guys laughed at me when they heard where I'd been studying the night

(continued on page 41)

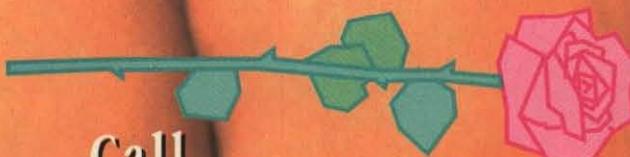


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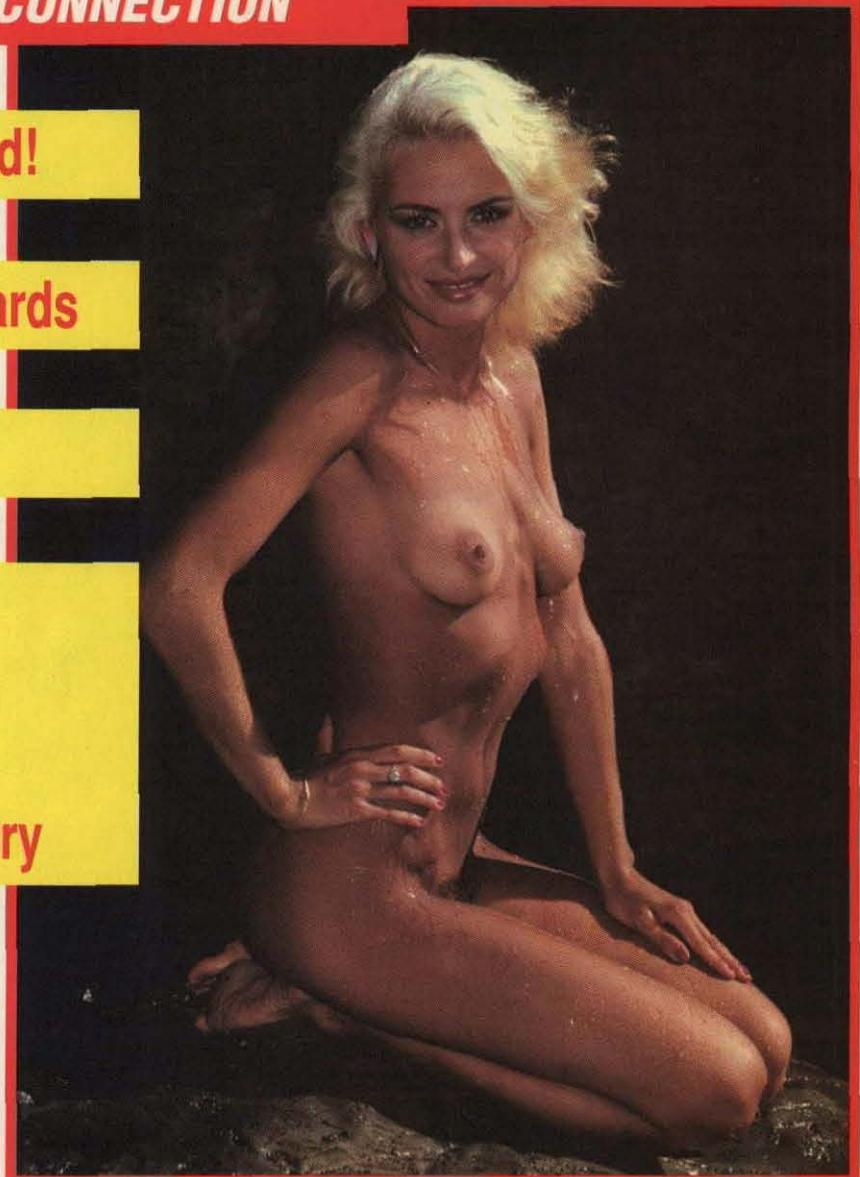
MAKE THE CONNECTION

- No Credit Card Needed!

- Regional Bulletin Boards

- Nationwide

- Messages from
 - ...Next Door
 - ...Across Town
 - ...Around the Country



The number that's *hottest*...the number for *you*

1-900-741-4000

Call Right Now! \$2 the first minute, \$1 each additional minute.
Must be over 18.

HUSTLER SWING CENTRAL

Swing ads are a great way to meet single people and couples who want to have sex. But if you really think about it, wouldn't you rather beat off to a magazine than approach these desperate scumbags?



MWC seeks other couples for power sex and thousand drops of cum. Read my wife's lips! Husband likes heads of state. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, DC.

SWING ENCYCLOPEDIA OF TERMS

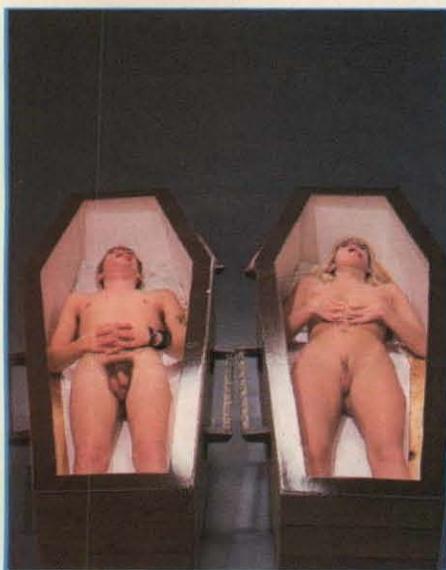
M - Married
S - Single

W - White
B - Black

C - Chink
BB - Body Builder

BD - Bondage and Discipline
BBQ - Barbecue Sauce

Parody. Not to be taken seriously. Celebrity heads stripped in. Remember, this is humor. However, if you are one of the pathetic saps who actually places or answers these ads, you're probably not laughing right now.



DECEASED WHITE COUPLE
seeks other corpses for sex after death. Race no barrier. Couples only, no single dead men.

Box ed.



GROUP SEX
seeks like-minded couples to do "The Wave".
Box 999,992

COUPLE 80 YEARS YOUNG
MWC seeks other couples for hot times on the walker. Also into getting up, walking around slowly and breathing.
Box 101

BI FEMALE WANTED

SWM, sincere, wants Bi female for good times, long walks on the beach, romantic evenings, double penetration, ritual sex & death cults.

Box 69

BUY FEMALE

Affordable women for sale. Low interest rates, will finance.

Box 9000



ELECTRICAL TAPE IS OUR FETISH

MWC enjoys sex w/electrical tape—seeks couples who enjoy same. People who like duct tape need not write.

Box 69

SINCERE COUPLES

for naked parties. I sincerely want to be naked with a bunch of people I don't know or care about.

Box 8

UNATTRACTIVE LADIES:

WM seeks ugly women to pork. If you don't mind wearing a paper bag over your head, I'll pump.

Box PDQ

SEXY MALE CLEAN

WM takes shower daily, dusts apartment and waxes car once a week—would like to meet ladies who are into same. Let's do our chores together!

Box AJX

HOT COUPLE

MWC seeks furnace-repair person to come over and fix our heater. It's broken and we're burning up!

Box HOT

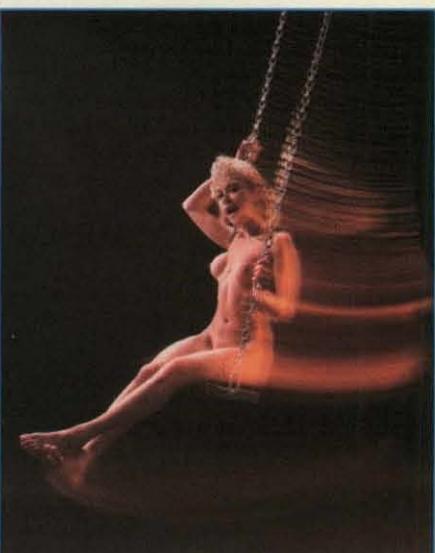
MWM seeks female for fucking in public, just don't tell anybody.

Box Secret

EROTIC MARRIED COUPLE

MWC so bored with sex life, will try anything. Husband into lobotomy, suicide. Wife likes nervous breakdowns, depression. Similar married couples please write. We didn't think happily ever after would be so long.

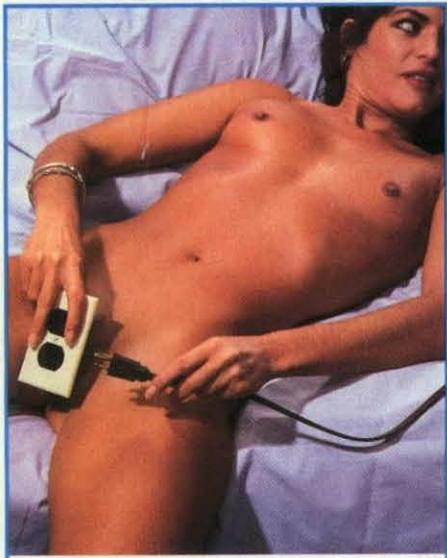
Box 4HELP



LET'S SWING!

No sex. Just swinging in playgrounds. It's safe, fun, and could lead to merry-go-rounds!

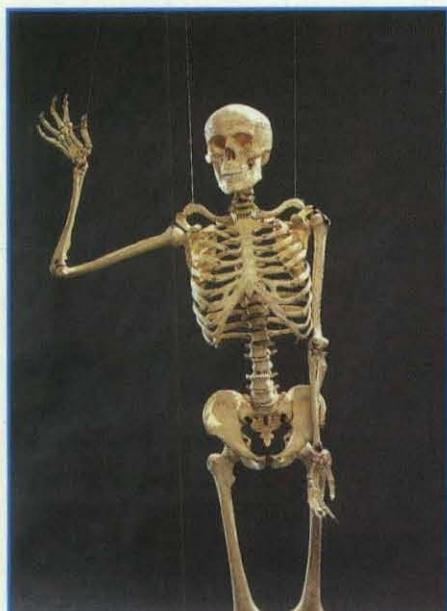
Box RNR



AC/DC

Plug it in me! I like it any way I can get it; if it's hot-wired, stick it in!

Box HOT



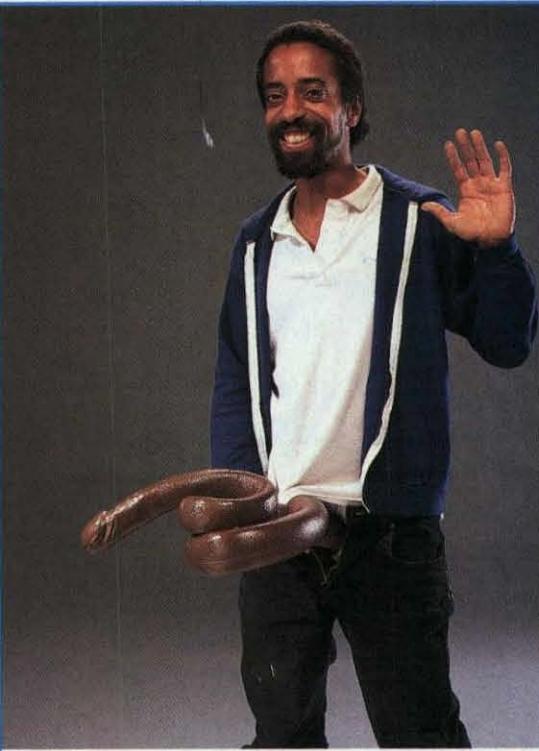
LET'S BONE

I've been skinned alive, but I'm still hot for flesh. Let's play pick-up sticks.

Box of Bones.

NEUROTIC MARRIED COUPLE

We don't want to swing, we don't want a threesome, we just wanted to run this ad.



SWINGER OF THE MONTH

SINGLE
BLACK
MALE

SBM seeking girls who want a big thang in da butt. Also couples, primates, anybody with a butt, write me fast!

Box 12"

DESPOTIC MARRIED COUPLE

Can't believe people would be stupid or desperate enough to place ads like this.

TRIPLE

The three of us would like to try other numerical combinations. Let us know how many you are, and we'll see if it adds up.

Box 3X3

FAT GIRLS WANTED

SWM needs naked fat girls to furnish apartment. Come on over, get naked, and become part of the furniture.

Box UP

FIRST TIME

I've ever put an ad in one of these magazines. I'm so hot, I think I'll just go masturbate.

MEMBERS WANTED

for our Tuesday night Civil War Aficionados Club. Join the excitement!

BLACK AND WHITE COUPLE

Modern day Mandingo seeks white man to fuck white wife. I want her first time with a vanilla pole to be special.

Box BLANCO

MASTER/SLAVE

needed for Civil War Aficionados Club. Let my people go!

9 INCHES

of gaping hole to stick as many cocks as will fit. Let's cram and cum.

Box LUNCH

BYE COUPLE

This is the end of these idiotic ads. Go read something else.



LOLA LOVES IT!

...SO DO SUSAN, JANE,
ALEXIS, WANDA, JENNIFER,
DOROTHY AND LINDA



1-900
535-
LOLA

5 6 5 2

FOR STRICTLY ADULT CONVERSATION!
1 TO 1 PERSONAL CONTACTS! 24 HOURS A DAY.

Just \$2 a minute. For adults over 18.



WOMEN IN JAIL

Seek Boyfriends and Husbands

Introducing America's most exciting dateline - for women who will soon be released from jail - and men who want to meet them! They're young and attractive. They're sorry for what

they've done. And they haven't been with a man in a long, long time. Can you help them out? Do you want to meet a woman who will really appreciate being with you?

**CALL
NOW 1-900-535-JAIL**

5 2 4 5

THEY'RE GETTING OUT SOON AND
THEY NEED YOUR COMPANY.

\$2 a minute. ADULTS ONLY

Can You Keep A Secret?
LISTEN IN ON
WOMEN'S SECRETS!



WOMEN'S SECRET FANTASIES

1-900-230-0900

WOMEN'S SECRET OBSESSIONS

1-900-246-8899

WOMEN'S PRIVATE CONFESSIONS

1-900-568-6600

PLUS, NOW FIND OUT WHY WOMEN CHEAT

1-900-246-6900

All Calls just \$2 a minute. Adults Only.

HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 33)

Carol guided his cock into her saturated cunt. She was so wet with juice and spit, his cock made squirting sounds as it slid in long and deep.

before the big exam. "You'll probably get an A then, if you were hitting the books at the Lezzie House," one told me. I'll be lucky if I pass.

—Pete A.

Evanston, Illinois

OH, DONNA

A few months ago, my old college friends Tommy and Carol invited my boyfriend David and I over to their house to help them deal with Donna, a friend of Carol's, who was staying with them for a few days on vacation. According to Carol, she was a raging nymphomaniac.

Tommy and Carol are live-in lovers, as are David and myself. We get together a lot, and have, on occasion, flirted with each other's lover, but never, never had we gone any further than that.

When we arrived, Donna greeted David by kissing him on the lips and hunching her cunt against his cock. We could smell liquor on her breath. Carol giggled and said quite openly that Donna was always horny. Donna was also bisexual. And she was incredibly beautiful, probably measuring 36-24-36.

We sat around for a while and drank some heady Chablis, chatting, until Donna stood up suddenly and pulled her dress off, exposing her beautiful, naked body. Her breasts were full and ripe, jutting straight out. Her hips were beautifully curved, and her cunt was a dense thicket of blond curls. The labia were distended, pucker, looking like two lips just begging to be Frenched.

She simply said, "I'm really horny. I want to get it on with the four of you."

I was flabbergasted, but Carol turned to me with an expression that said, *What did you expect?* Truthfully, I knew as soon as we were invited that there would be a freak show.

Exactly as if it were planned, Donna knelt in front of Carol and pulled her dress up to her hips. Carol raised her thighs, letting Donna pull her panties off. Then, right in front of the rest of us, Donna buried her face in Carol's pussy. Carol scooted her hips forward and moaned, obviously enjoying it.

Carol turned to my lover. "Dave," she purred, "I don't think Angie'd mind if you got your dick wet."

I told him she was right, pantsing him, breathing into his ear, "I've always wanted to watch you fuck another woman."

That was all he needed to hear. He knelt behind Donna, pulled her pouty petals wide and slid his hard cock into her wet cunt.

I watched Donna eating Carol. Her lover

Tommy undressed and lay on the floor. I got up, threw off my panties, lifted my skirt and sat on his face. Then I bent forward, swallowing his hard cock.

David couldn't believe it. His eyes bugged as he watched his best friend eat his lover, while she sucked his cock. Clearly it turned him on as much as fucking sexy Donna. The excitement of the impromptu group grope pushed him over the edge. He pulled out and shot a ton of sizzling spunk across Donna's smooth, white ass.

Tommy came nearly as quickly. I drank his seed, sucking his pole for every last drop I could get.

Donna backed away from Carol, and Carol motioned for David to come to her. She lay back on the couch, and he lay on top of her. She guided his still-hard cock into her saturated cunt. She was so wet with juice and spit, his pumping cock made squirting sounds as it slid in long and deep.

It took him awhile to get off. The boning jolted her to the core. Her hot cunt spasmed intensely around his cock, and he pumped her with a vengeance.

Tommy lay on his back. Donna rode his

cock, while I ground my cunt against his mouth. I threw every stitch of inhibition to the wind, and kissed Donna like she was my sweetheart David. I kneaded her breasts while she kneaded mine.

I didn't know I had any bisexual tendencies until that moment. The realization that I was kissing an exquisitely beautiful woman turned me on beyond belief.

David and Tommy stayed and watched as we three women broke away and squirmed together in a cunt-lapping daisy chain. The smell of hot pussy permeated the room. Our men could barely contain themselves. The moans of three very turned-on women acted like an aural aphrodisiac.

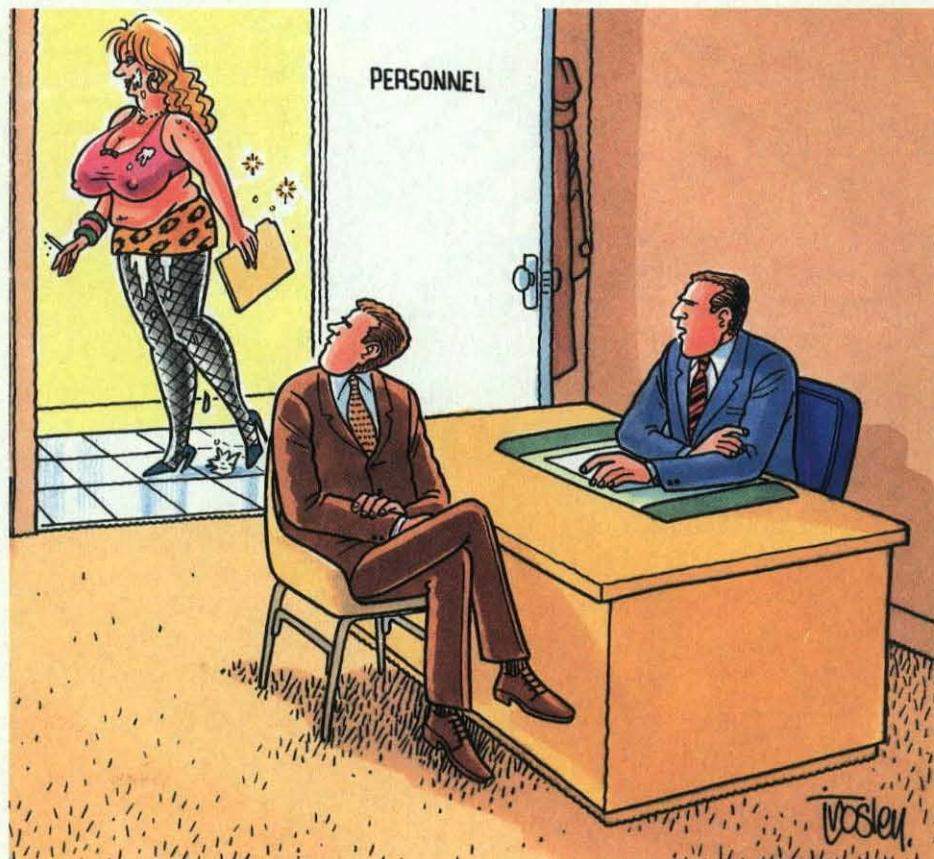
Finally, they could take no more. David once again poked his dick inside Donna, while Carol and I rode Tommy. Soon, the five of us were left limp and beaming, completely content.

That was the hottest night of my life, up to that point. Since then, though, Carol and I have swapped our men on more than one occasion. I'll probably never run across a girl like Donna again, but in this case, once was definitely enough to change my life forever.

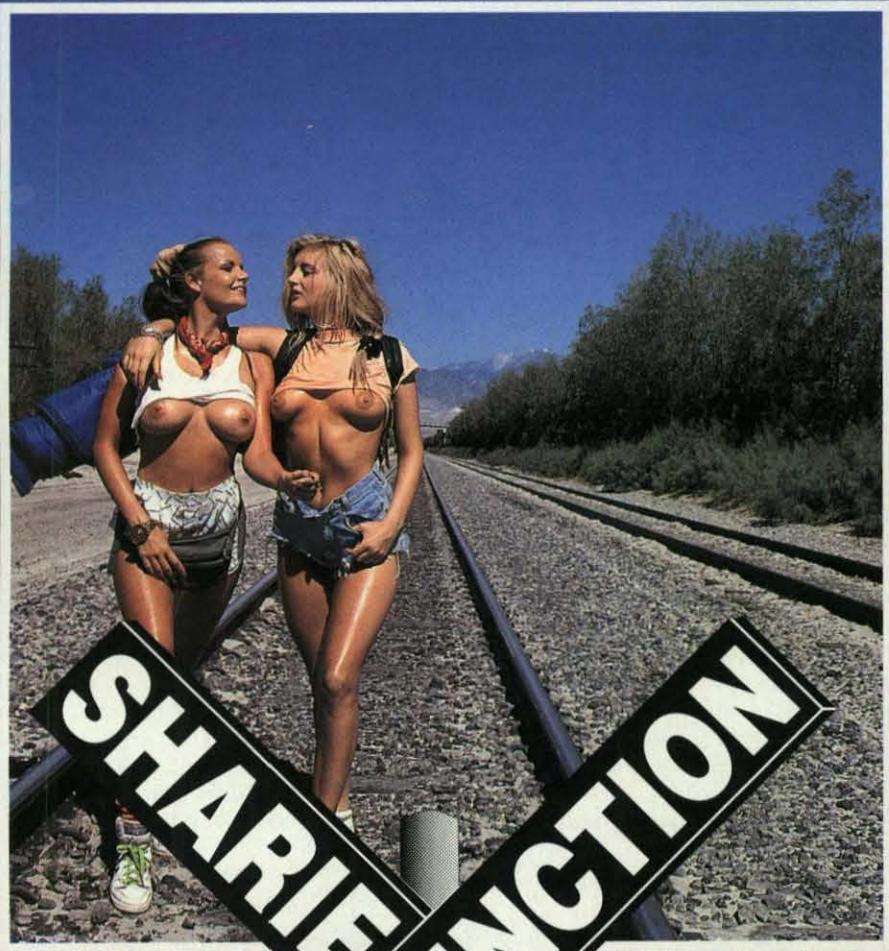
—Angie F.

Los Angeles, California

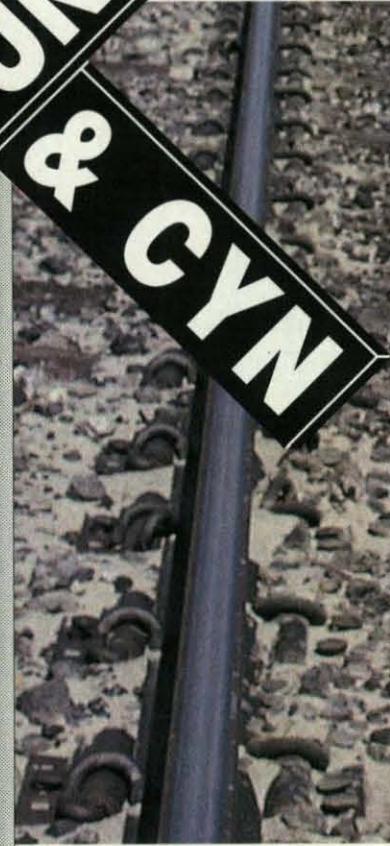
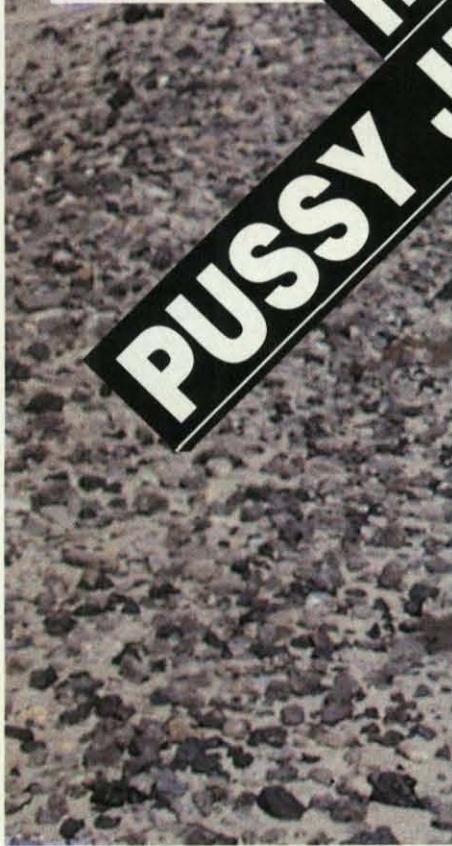
*Send your sexperiences to **HUSTLER Hot Letters**, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.* 



"The company health plan? Stay away from Charlene!"



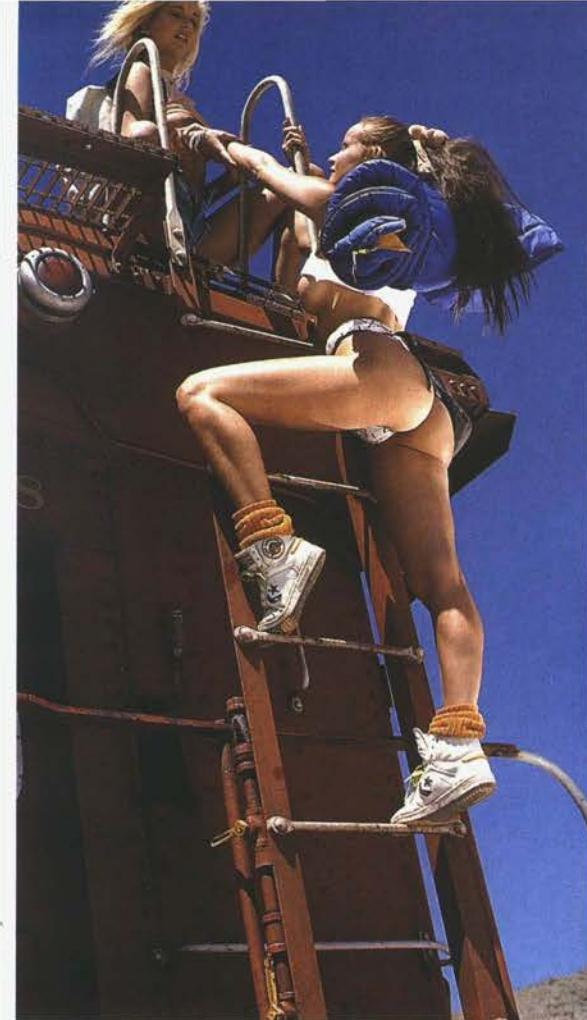
SHARIE
PUSSY JUNCTION
& CYN





Photography by Clive McLean





"The tricky thing about train hopping is knowing just when to jump on it," grins 19-year-old Sharie.

"The second most tricky thing is hanging on while you're coming at 50 miles an hour!"

"I still can't believe it," laughs gal-pal Cyn. "The fucking caboose jiggled my pussy like a ten-ton vibrator!"

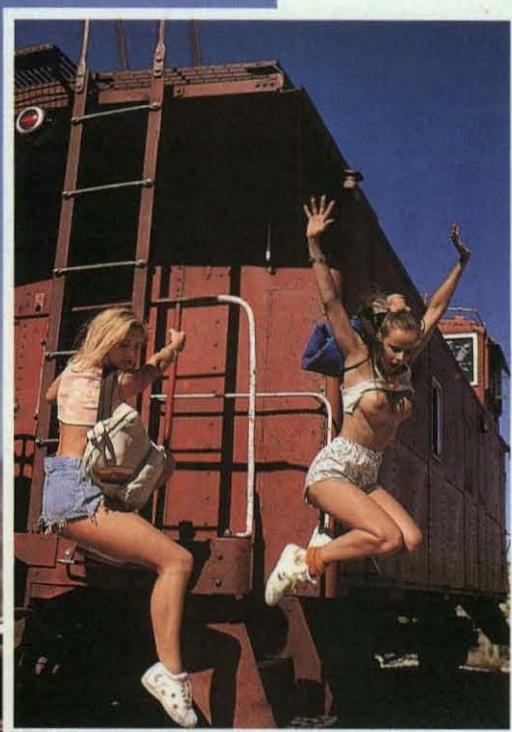
**SHARIE
PUSSY JUNCTION
& CYN**













Ricki Lawless

TWO-BIT GRAPPLER ON A TAG TEAM WITH DEATH

★ Bush-league wrestling is theater, a fantasy struggle between good and evil. For Ricki Lawless, fantasy became a way of life, until reality blew him away.

EXPOSÉ BY FERK

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT REED ANDERSON

SRA

RICKI LAWLESS

A parade of women brought roses and lay them on Ricki's arm. Each had been told by Lawless that she would soon be his next wife.

At 11 p.m. on the night of November 30, 1988, independent professional wrestler Ricki Lawless (Medardo "Jim" Leon) was preparing to go to bed with a 17-year-old wrestling fan he had met while waiting for photos of his recent matches to be developed at Baltimore's Golden Ring Mall. He had announced to friends that he was preparing to drop the girl after he got his Christmas present from her.

From the start of the relationship, he had been making apologies to his wrestling buddies: Sure, she was "dumb as a bucket of rocks" and "so ugly she'd have to sneak up on a glass of water," but she held a job and he didn't. He said, "I love you," and she spent her money on him. It was business as usual for Ricki Lawless: The lies and the hustle were what he did best. Sometimes he wrestled three matches a night and only got paid \$10. Sometimes he didn't get paid at all.

Two armed men came to the door of the small Locust Point row house, the last home of Ricki Lawless. The big one knocked. Lawless grabbed for the barrel of the shotgun that greeted him when he

opened the door. The shotgun fired. Ricki's left index finger flew into an open briefcase on the floor behind him. A .32 fired short range into his chest. The bullet went through his heart.

As the men fled, Lawless wrestled death and lost. He stumbled about his house; blood from where his finger used to be splattered the walls and the ceiling and the floor. Lawless always boasted of how much he *juiced* (bled) when he wrestled. He would have been proud of his last performance.

Ricki's heart continued pumping, pumping his blood out into his chest. His body suffocated. Dazed, Lawless stumbled out across the street to a neighbor's house. She called the police. Lawless sat on her stoop and complained, "I can't breathe." He moaned, "I love you, Mommy," and collapsed. He was dead on arrival at the University of Maryland Shock Trauma Unit.

And then things got strange.

* * * * *
Baltimore Homicide Detective Mark Tomlin investigated the case. His investigation put him in contact with workers and rats and wrestler wanna-bes. Some tried to

tell him wrestling was not a work (i.e., staged). Some tried to tell him murder in wrestling was no big deal: "It happens all the time. Just look at Bruiser Brody." Bruiser Brody, an independent wrestling star formerly with the WWF, was murdered in a dressing room before a match in Puerto Rico in July 1988. One of Ricki Lawless's best-known performances was a *squash* (short, clean defeat) by Bruiser Brody.

The rumor mill began grinding. "Silo Sam done it." Silo Sam (Jon Harris, the "giant" in the movie *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*) and Ricki Lawless had been feuding. Silo Sam had promoted a "renegade" wrestling show (a show not licensed by the Maryland State Athletic Commission) in August 1988. Ricki Lawless had taken some of his wrestling-school trainees to Port Deposit, Maryland, with the understanding that they would be paid for performing. They weren't, and bad blood resulted.

The show proceeded uneventfully until the last match. Ricki Lawless was wrestling against his 16-year-old protégé and current best friend, Brian Knighton (now wrestling the Mid-Atlantic independent circuit as Axl Rotten). A small boy climbed up onto the ring apron. Lawless shoved him to the ground. This boy's father was upset and chased the wrestlers back to their parked cars.

Silo Sam planned another unlicensed wrestling show on November 26, 1988, in Westminster, Maryland, at the VFW hall. Ricki Lawless ratted it off to the Maryland State Athletic Commission, and the show was canceled. Lawless then boasted to his friends about destroying Silo Sam's show.

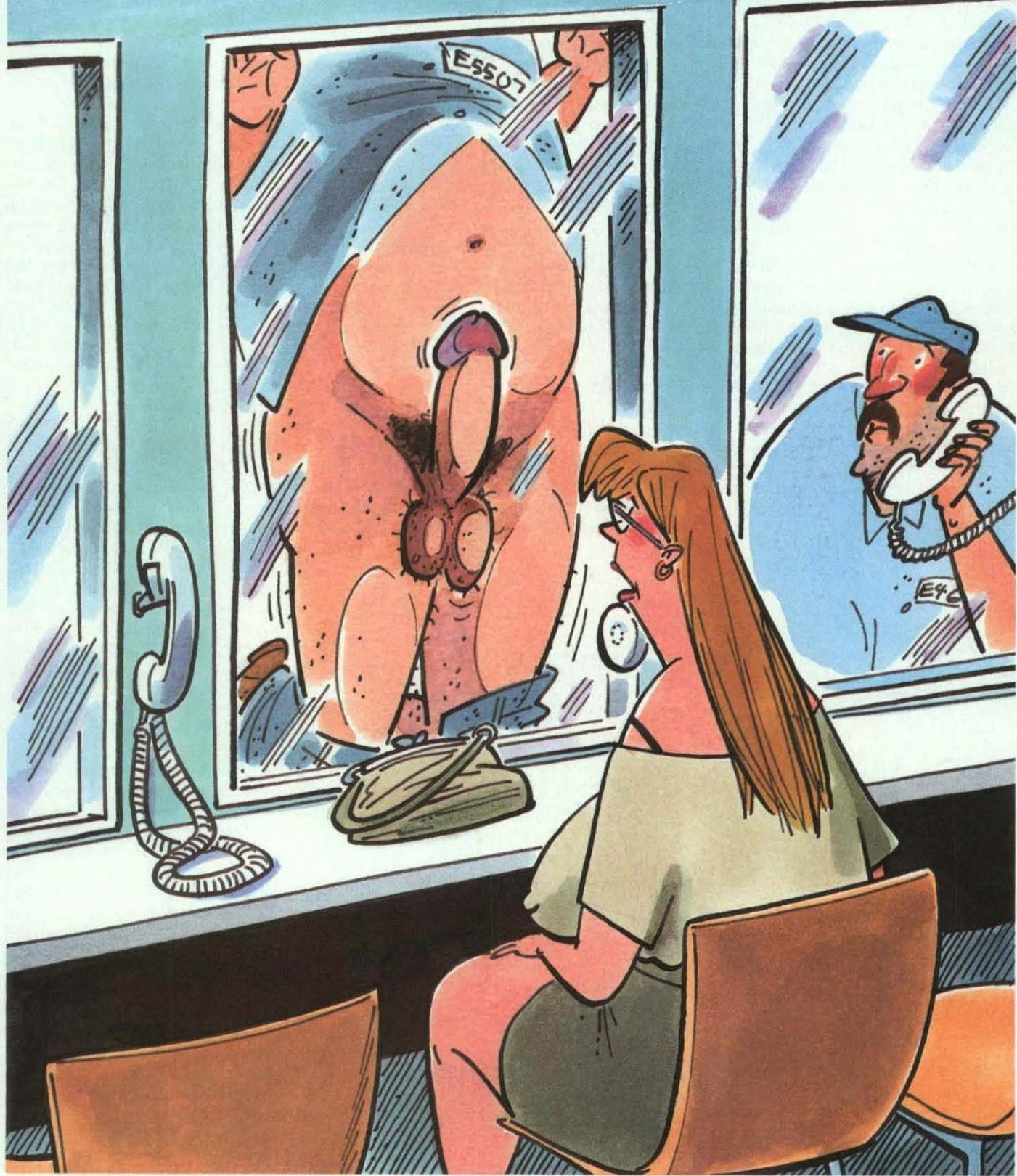
Questioned after Ricki's murder, State Athletic Commission Chairman D. Chester O'Sullivan answered, "I have my spies. And Jimmy [Ricki Lawless] was one of my best men." Ricki, during his two-year residence in Maryland, had regularly turned in renegade shows. Or, at least, those unlicensed shows that he himself was not promoting or hired to work.

* * * * *
The body of Ricki Lawless was laid out for public viewing at the Francis J. Collins Funeral Home in Silver Spring, Maryland, on Sunday evening, December 4, from 5 to 10 p.m. His estranged wife, Lisa, was there with their daughter, Alexis, then two years old, and her mother. An unexpected parade of more than a dozen women, a gamut of ages in attire ranging from fashionable mourning to a denim jacket with "Buzz Sawyer" written across the back, brought roses and, weeping, lay them on Ricki's arm. Each had been told by Lawless that she would soon be his next wife. Most were very surprised to meet his wife and kid. The jilted ladies began talking to each other and discovered that the personal love



"I told you, I don't want to play 'trapeze' anymore!"

John Billante



"I know, honey, I know. I miss you too!"

RICKI LAWLESS

Wrestling is a haven. The ugly can become gorgeous. The impoverished can be declared millionaires. The morbidly obese are declared athletes.

notes he had written them were interchangeable. One fiancee demanded that Lisa return the presents and merchandise Lawless had charged to her credit cards. She had the receipts.

The boys Lawless had trained to wrestle broke down in spite of themselves. Spot, a 17-year-old wrestling fanatic whom Ricki enjoyed handcuffing and verbally abusing, was afraid to go near the coffin. Lawless might sit up and chop him hard in the chest, the way he had often done while traveling with Spot to shows.

The Cuban relatives of Ricki Lawless resented the presence of his estranged wife and other non-Hispanics. Speaking in Spanish, they maintained their distance from the perceived intruders. His aunts proclaimed in English: "He was only a boy! He never grew up!" Theatrically crossing themselves, they wailed, "My poor dead sister's son!"

Medardo James Leon Jr. (later to become Ricki Lawless) had been born in 1961 in Paterson, New Jersey, to Elsa and Medardo Leon Sr. His parents had recently arrived from Cuba. Shortly thereafter, the couple moved to Montgomery County,

Maryland. Elsa opened a beauty salon in the basement of her home and, later, a shop in downtown Bethesda. The marriage was difficult. Medardo was frequently unemployed. Jim and his sister Lee were frequently in trouble. Neighbors at one point watched Jim point a gun at his mother in their front yard.

Medardo and Elsa separated in 1977, and Elsa filed for divorce. In November of 1978, Medardo talked his son into dropping out of school. Jim, pressured by his father, entered the Navy at the beginning of February 1979. The divorce was to become final in March. On February 27, Medardo, who had resisted the divorce, entered Elsa's house shortly before 8 a.m. They argued, and he fired two shots into her chest. As she fled, he fired another shot into her head. She died in a pool of blood in the walkway. Medardo fired two shots into his own chest and died en route to the hospital.

Jim Leon applied for a hardship discharge from the Navy. In April 1979 he left the military and entered a life of spiraling madness. Returning to Maryland, he went to work for an uncle. Jim took to

drinking and got arrested for burglary. He accepted the invitation of another aunt to stay in Jacksonville, Florida. Two weeks later, he returned to Maryland and was placed on unsupervised probation.

Jim returned to Jacksonville on July 4. On July 5, at the insistence of his aunt, he was committed to the Baptist Medical Center. He remained there for three months, eventually being released for a few days at a time. Jim got his own apartment and began dating a girl, Tammi Lane, who was soon to become the first of the three wives he was to marry in less than six years. On September 28, Jim was released from the Baptist Medical Center. On October 4, he was married to Tammi in a civil ceremony by a Clerk of the Circuit Court in Montgomery County, Maryland.

Jim felt unstable and depressed, and began to believe that he was married to a woman he didn't love. Shortly after the marriage, he was recommitted for three weeks. On his release, Jim attempted suicide by cutting his wrist. Within one month of the marriage, they filed for divorce.

Jim moved back to Florida.

* * *

Wrestling is a haven. Freaks can strip themselves of their clothes and their identities, and put on costumes and personas and become stars—superheroes and villains. The ugly can become professionally "gorgeous." The impoverished can be declared millionaires. The morbidly obese are declared athletes.

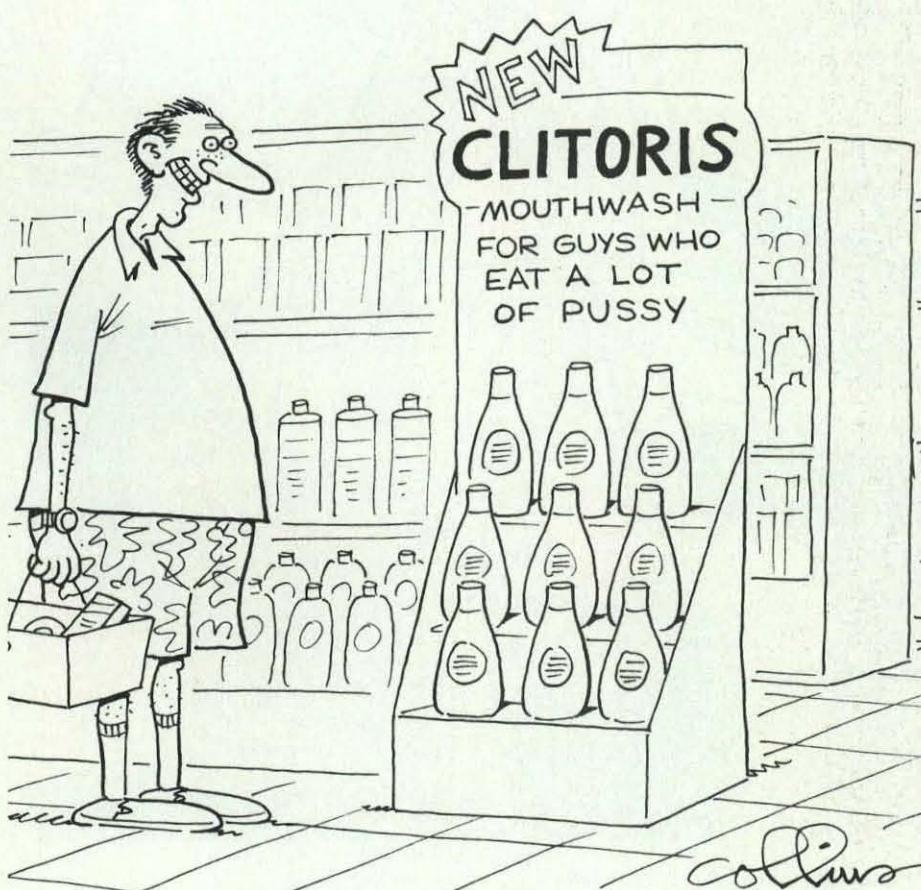
Jim Leon moved into this land of lies and called it home. He began to forget who he was. Jim Leon was trained to wrestle by a lady wrestler he was romancing. But he never admitted that. He proudly insisted to anyone that would listen that he was trained by his "uncle," "The Great Mephisto" (Frankie Cain).

In 1981, Jim Leon wrestled for promoter Aaron Newman in Savannah, Georgia. He eventually developed a working partnership with Newman, becoming promoter, booker and wrestler at the Little Sports Arena.

In addition to wrestling, Jim Leon moved in and out of jobs as an auto mechanic. He also moved in and out of a second marriage, to a woman 15 years his senior, with two teenage daughters. Jim once commented: "If my second wife could find me, she'd kill me. But it really wasn't my fault: Her daughter wanted to seduce me."

In mid-1984, Jim moved in with the family of his soon-to-be third and last wife, Lisa Collett. He continued to move in and out of jobs. He also tried out new ring identities. For a few months, he was Jim Nunnah. Asked to explain his last name, he would reply, "Nunnah your damn business." Jim Leon always preferred to play

(continued on page 65)



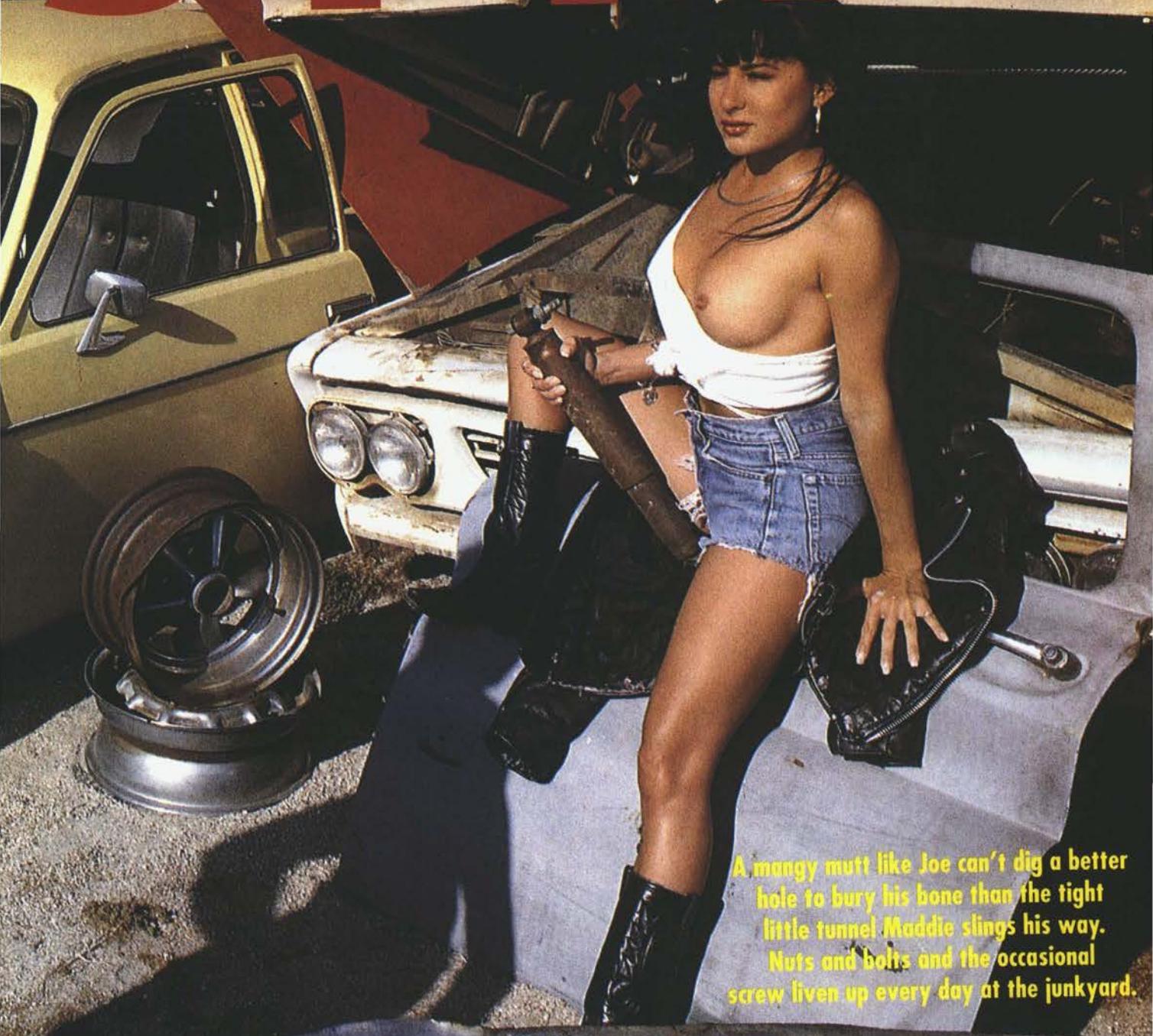


Wosley.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHEW KLETT

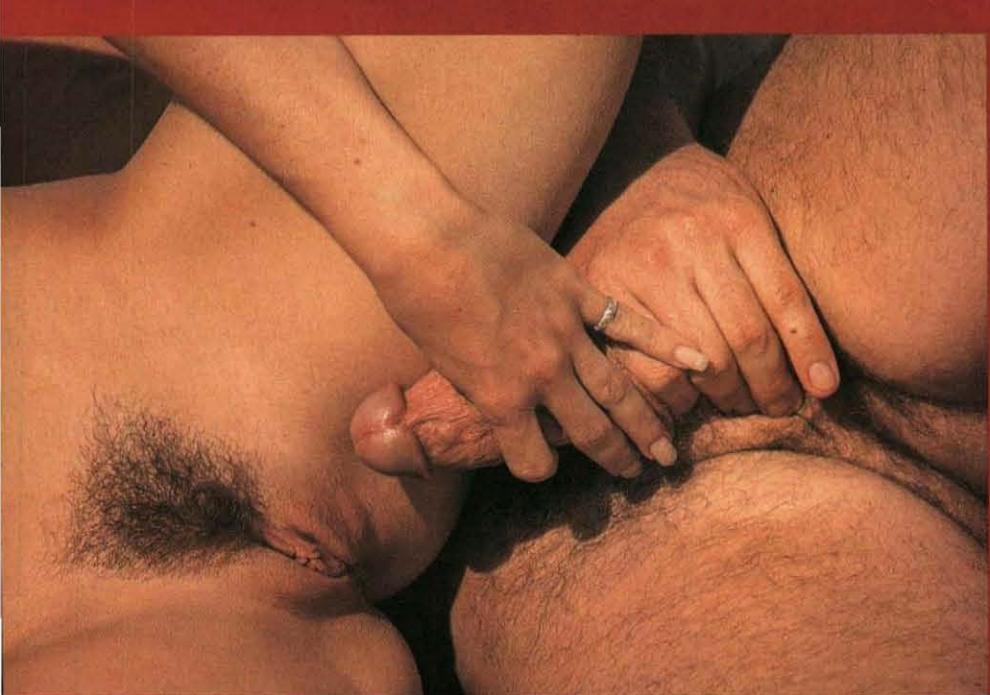
MADDIE & JOE PREGGY STYLED



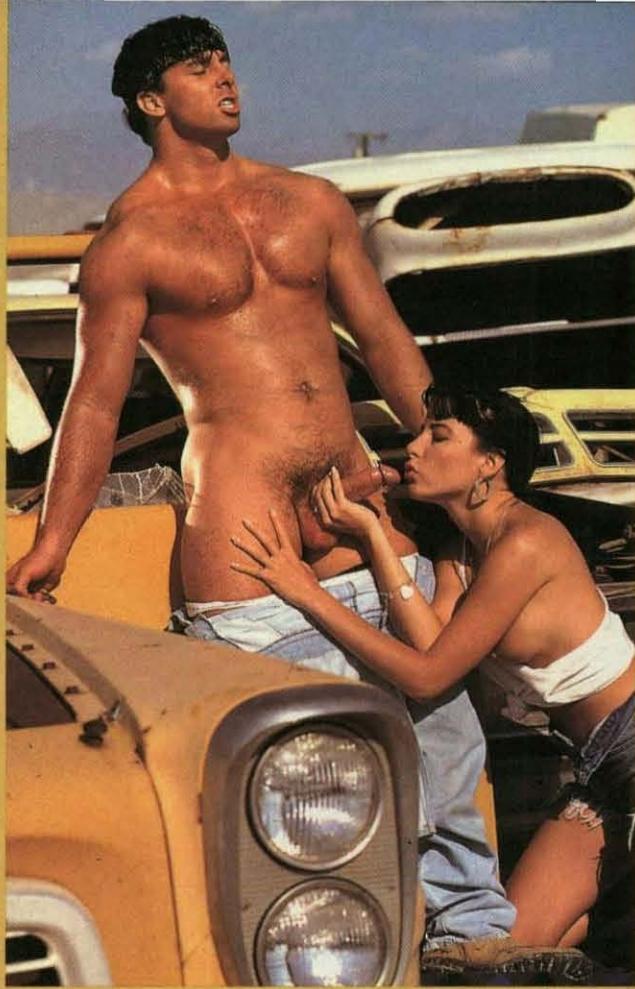
A mangy mutt like Joe can't dig a better hole to bury his bone than the tight little tunnel Maddie slings his way. Nuts and bolts and the occasional screw liven up every day at the junkyard.















RICKI LAWLESS

(continued from page 54)

"He wasn't liked by a lot of the wrestlers, because of his arrogance. His mouth. A lot of people didn't want to have anything to do with him."

the *heel*— the bad guy, the villain. The heels usually expect to get more *heat* or response from the audience than the *faces* (*babies* or *babyfaces*), the good guys.

After a passionate six-month courtship, Jim proposed to Lisa. She said yes, and they picked a date in late August of 1985. Soon thereafter, Jim said he had to go to Hyattsville, Maryland, for a few days to pick up his inheritance from his parents' estate. Days turned into weeks.

Shortly before the scheduled wedding, Jim Leon returned to Savannah, dead broke. He still wanted to get married as planned. He confessed to Lisa that he'd been sleeping with the sister of one of his local wrestling students and promised not to do it again. Lisa agreed to marry him.

The wedding took place in an amusement park in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee. The newlyweds moved to Atlanta, and Jim acquired a new name, Ricki Lawless, and a new tag-team partner, Nicki Lawless (Glenn Holbrook). Together, they called themselves the Heavy Metal Connection. Wearing spiked leather collars, tattoos and tour T-shirts for Quiet Riot and other heavy-metal music groups, they attempted to ride on the coattails of the then-popular wrestling tag team, the Rock 'n' Roll Express. Ricki and Nicki Lawless didn't get very far.

Lisa wanted to work in wrestling. Ricki let her work as a valet once, using the name of Tara. A slender, long-legged 19-year-old dressed in black fishnet stockings and a few scraps of clothing, she drew more heat standing ringside than his bloated carcass did in the ring. Ricki never let her work again.

Peach State Wrestling promoter Ben Masters says: "He had to find some excuse to avoid taking her with him. He always got a blowjob in the parking lot after the shows, and you can't pick up rats with your wife along."

Wrestling is how a lot of ugly men get laid a lot more often. One masked wrestler/promoter, for whom Jim worked during his last year, explains the perks of wrestling: "We were in a little auction barn, with a crowd of under 200 people. A really cute woman sat ringside. She was wearing an extremely short skirt and, quite conspicuously, no underwear. Ricki and I were tag-teaming. Every time one of us tagged in, we'd quickly work our opponent to the ropes and onto the mat in front of her, in order to get the best view. She enjoyed the attention."

In November 1986, three months after

Jim and Lisa's wedding, the marriage began to go bad. Ricki Lawless got a concussion while wrestling at a TV taping for All-Star Championship Wrestling in Valdosta, Georgia. For almost a month, he didn't know who or where he was. His mother-in-law describes his condition: "He would sit and stare. And after a while, I'd say, 'Jim, go home.' And he'd answer, 'You mean I'm not home?'" Lisa thought the concussion was the result of his accidentally hitting the floor. The show's promoter, Grady Odom, disagrees: "I have reason to believe it was intentional. Somebody may have caused him to hit his head. Jim wasn't liked by a lot of the wrestlers down here, because of his arrogance. His mouth. A lot of people just didn't want to have anything to do with him."

About the same time Ricki Lawless got a concussion, Lisa got pregnant. He had said before the marriage he wanted six kids. Once she got pregnant, he decided he didn't want any. So he ran.

The couple first separated in February. Ricki Lawless was courting the cousin of a promoter. One night after an NWA show

at the Omni in Atlanta, Ricki brought his girlfriend into Malone's restaurant, a post-match hangout for the wrestlers and wrestling fans. He knew his mother-in-law would be there.

In the parking lot, he insulted his 13-year-old sister-in-law, Nannie. Crying, she ran into the restaurant.

The next day, Lisa threw her husband out. A month later, Lisa became ill, was hospitalized and lost her job. She decided to rejoin her husband, who had moved to the tiny town of Oglethorpe in Macon County. To pay the rent on their apartment, Ricki sold Lisa's car. Shortly thereafter, in early May, he said he had to go to Maryland to get some inheritance money. He took the couple's remaining vehicle, promising he would return to Oglethorpe the following week. Lisa didn't see him again until early October, six weeks after the baby was born.

Ricki parted away the inheritance money. He promoted a few independent wrestling shows in Langley Park, Maryland, calling his promotion North American Championship Wrestling. Ricki also put himself in the main event, at the top of the card. The undercard consisted of his own poorly trained wrestling students. The shows were, even by the standards of independent professional wrestling, truly dreadful.

(continued on page 100)



"Your special order just came in!"



GROW YOUR OWN PORN



First **HUSTLER** took the Polaroid into the bedroom; now we've got home video cameras between the sheets.

XXX How-To by Chuck Henderson



ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT KALAFUT

GROW YOUR OWN PORN

Be patient. The shooting process may take many days or weeks of countless on-camera orgasms; editing can take even longer.

Ever wanted to fuck in front of a camera to make an X-rated home video? What a seemingly simple way to spice up a humdrum sex life!

It's not as easy as it looks.

Plenty of pioneering perverts have bought \$1,500 video cameras to make their own triple-X home movies; but they end up with two hours of tape and about 15 minutes of action.

The rest is wasted: Getting up and down, turning the camera on and off, too-dark shots, off-center shots, shots that were missed entirely. Plus, some sensualists find that making the movie spoils the sex; the camera becomes a distraction. So now the camera sits on a shelf in the hall closet, dust on the lens. A \$1,500 hat rack.

There is a way to enjoy making triple-X home movies. Anyone can have fun doing it, and own a tape worth watching when the project is finished. All it takes is time and planning.

It doesn't take a studio full of expensive equipment, but a few things are essential. Most important are a camera and lots of blank tape. Another must-have is a good-quality tripod. Cheapskate carnalists may try

to set their cameras up on the bureau braced by a couple of bookends—it doesn't work.

A second VCR is required for editing. Either rent another VHS, or (preferably) buy a new or used Beta machine.

Making a homemade sex video requires four basic steps. The finished product won't be as fine as a studio production, but it'll be surprisingly good.

Above all, remember to be patient. Studios don't expect to finish a feature-length movie in one session, and neither should amateurs. The shooting process may take many days or weeks of countless on-camera orgasms; editing can take even longer. The finished tape will be worth all the time and effort.

Besides, these "shooting sessions" aren't exactly *work*.... Look at the whole process in detail, taking the steps in order:

1. *Learning the camera.* Intimate knowledge of the equipment is essential. Read the manual carefully; then shoot some experimental movies just to learn the ropes.

A creative pervert makes practice interesting and ends up with something worth keeping too. One type of sex video can be shot directly—the actual tape in the camera

will be the finished product. This is the *solo-girl video*, featuring a woman by herself.

A good introduction to the solo-girl genre is the simple striptease. The girl dresses up in her sexiest lingerie and puts on a good rock tape; then she strips as the director dick records the action on camera.

The first few times are just to fool around with the camera and learn: Nookie neophytes experiment with the zoom lens, and move back and forth to determine how far away they must be to get an entire body on the screen. They set up the tripod and observe on the monitor, noting where she is in relation to the camera.

Even the most game girl will be self-conscious and uncomfortable at first. The solution is to make several tapes. She'll relax with practice, secure in knowing that she can tape over a performance she doesn't like.

The next step is into the bedroom to tape the twat-owning partner as she plays with herself. Get lots of close-ups of her facial expressions as she masturbates, preferably with a nice, big dildo. Have her pump herself off in various positions. Notice the effect of different kinds of lighting on different poses. Keep this tape; the close-ups of her face can be edited into the finished video.

Make lots of these tapes, in various costumes and settings: the kitchen counter, the backyard, the backseat of the car. Shower stalls are good, but be sure and keep the camera dry. (Hint: To get the "wet look," oil is a good video substitute for water.)

Once the emerging erotic auteur can aim the camera without looking through the viewfinder, and get exactly what he wants onscreen, he's ready.

2. *Planning.* During practice, sit down with the muff and plan. First make a general script, listing what kinds of activities she will allow to be captured on the tape and in what order. Here's a conventional example:

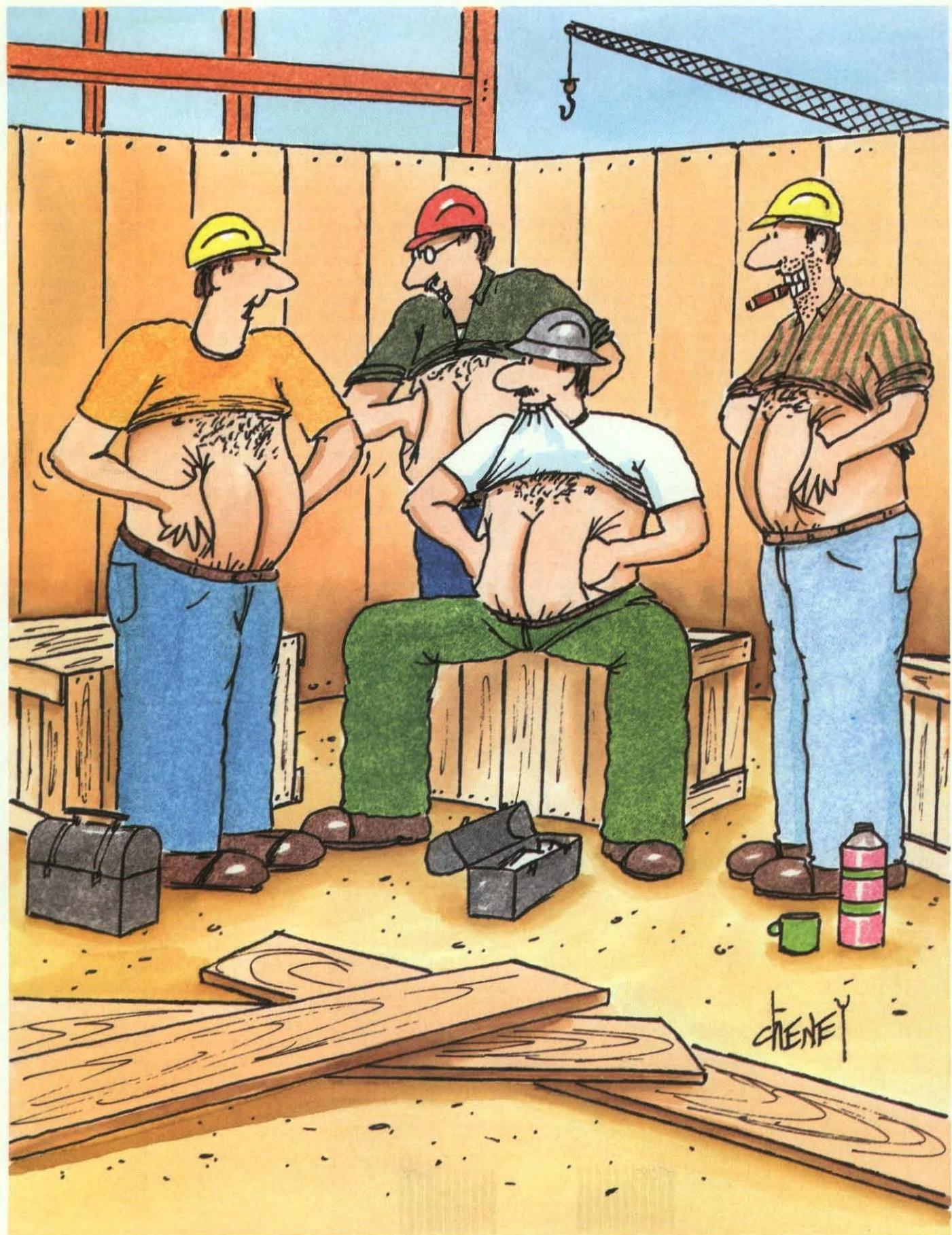
- A. Caressing each other on the couch
- B. Long, sensuous blowjob
- C. Extended pussy-eating session
- D. Fucking, missionary position
- E. Fucking, doggy-style
- F. Fucking, woman on top
- G. Cum-on-face shot

When the woman has been nailed down to the general plan, break each scene down into individual segments, like this:

- F. Fucking, woman on top
- 1. Insertion shot, from rear; cock sliding in slowly as she guides it with her hand
- 2. Close-up of her face as it slides in
- 3. Side shot, showing all of both bodies
- 4. Close-up of swinging, bouncing tits
- 5. Close-up of his delighted face
- 6. Close-up from the rear, showing in-and-out action
- 7. Shot from side again
- 8. Her face again
- 9. From rear again



"Whew! Talk about stink!"



"Oh, yeah? Well, my old lady's box looks like this!"

GROW YOUR OWN PORN

Once a couple gets into the woman-on-top position, they need only glance at the monitor to make sure the action is centered, then just fuck!

And so on, as many as you like. If dialogue is desired on the tape, it should be written in at this point. There's no need to script ejaculations such as "Oooh," and "Unnnh," and "Deeper," but an actual conversation requires planning at an early stage.

Once a plan is complete, figure out which segments can be taped at the same time. In the above script, segments 1, 6 and 9 are all shot from the same angle; 2 and 8 are both of her face; and 3 and 7 are both from the side. This information can be molded into a modified "shooting script" that groups the camera angles into a logical order for taping, like this:

F. Woman on top

- a. Insertion, from the rear (1)
- b. Action, from the rear (6)
- c. Same as b (9)

This one group of segments, (a), (b) and (c), can be taped without moving the camera.

Now: Plan a separate lovemaking session for each group of similar segments.

Don't try to get more than two, or maybe three, segments in one session. Getting up and down to change camera angles and focus interferes with enjoying the sex

and destroys the spontaneity of the action.

It takes dozens of sessions to complete the finished product. What's wrong with that? Get used to fucking in front of the camera. Don't rush, have fun with it, and be sure to keep plenty of blank tape on hand. Build up a "library" of tapes that can be edited into several movies, not just one.

3. *Shooting*. Set up the camera, if possible with a monitor hooked up so the pump action can be viewed onscreen without leaving the bed (or couch, or kitchen table). Plan to get just one set of segments the first time. Later, with more experience, fuckers can change the camera angle in the middle of the action and try for two or three.

Take a little time to prepare before each shooting session. For example, set up the tripod at the foot of the bed, then position the pussy for the "woman-on-top, from the rear" sequences. Focus the lens on her ass, at the desired level of close-up. Remember to allow for the additional weight of the second body sinking into the mattress.

Pay attention to lighting. Many modern cameras do well with ordinary room light, but an older one may need a small photo-

flood or two to make sure the close-ups are adequately lit. *Don't* put the floodlight too close to the camera or to the action; place it several feet away, at an angle, or risk a flat, washed-out look on the screen.

When ready, start the camera and make love in a normal fashion. The camera will become unobtrusive, almost forgotten after a while, which is good. Ease into foreplay, doing whatever turns on the juices. A surprising amount of unplanned material will be discovered when the tape is reviewed. Don't rush to the planned shot; allow time for spontaneous detours.

Once a couple gets into the woman-on-top position, they need only glance at the monitor to make sure the action is centered on the screen, then just fuck! A variety of rhythms and motions makes for several different types of shots to choose from during editing. Deep, slow strokes, fast-and-hard, circular motions, rocking motions—all look different onscreen.

When the performers are satisfied—in both senses—eject the tape and put a fresh one in the camera to prepare for the next session. The used tape probably won't be full; 30 to 45 minutes of time on each cassette is about right.

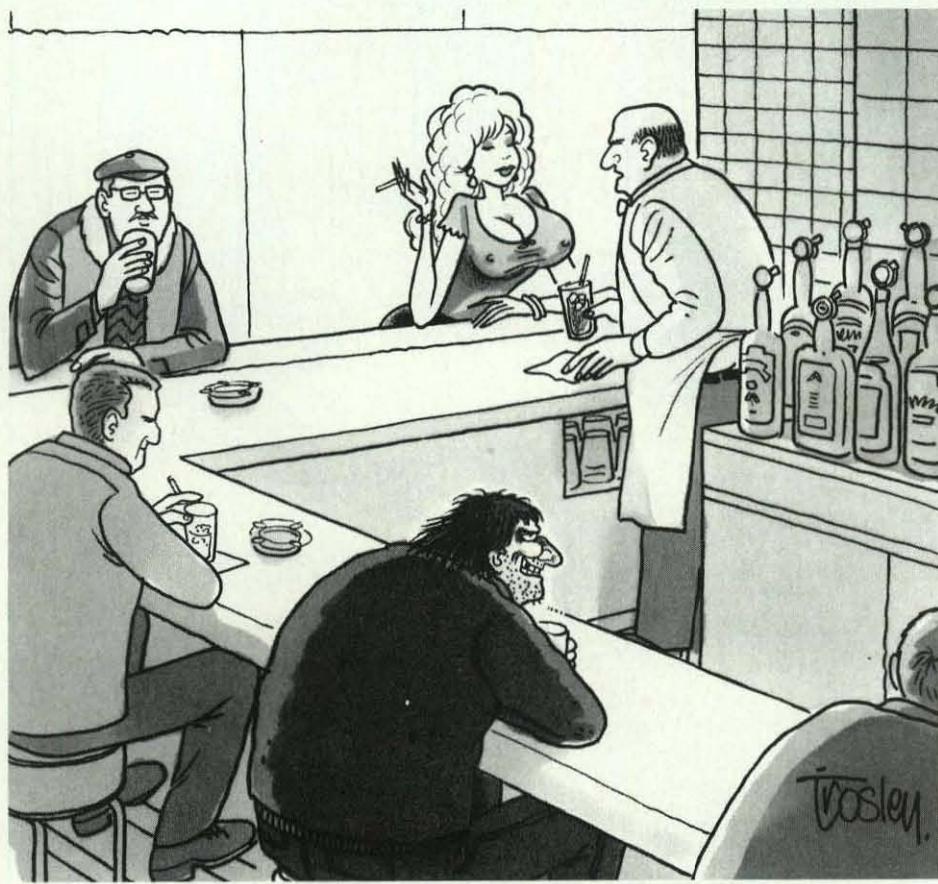
Keep shooting tapes short. If possible, buy the short tapes when purchasing blanks—T60s in VHS, or L250s in Beta. A four-hour tape filled from end to end will require too much fast-forward and fast-reverse to locate the segments worth editing. That abuse is hard on the tape, and it makes editing excruciatingly difficult. It's easier to keep material on short, separate tapes. Be sure to label them carefully.

Pick another group of segments for the next shooting session and proceed as before. For face close-ups, take turns taping each other masturbating—also use the solo-girl tapes made earlier. Don't forget to shoot the "transition" sequences—changing from one position to another, and so on.

Wet-shots are a special problem. Classic cum-squirting sequences take careful planning. Arrange each session around the best way to get the ejaculation on tape without moving the camera. Trying to hold back a boiling load and change focus at the same time can be a real drag. Spurt-shots are spread out over many different tapes this way, but any other method could be torture.

Several of these spout-sputting sequences can be edited together to get an impossibly long "shoot-a-gallon-of-goop" effect without repeating the same screeze segment over and over (though that works well too). Keep all these scum-squirter segments on the same tape; any time a goonch needs to be skimmed, it's right there for handy access.

One important point about shooting is to watch out for continuity. If the sheets are



"This is from a secret admirer who'd like to lick the residue in the inner crack of your asshole!"

PROCTOR..



"Now Clyde will see if you've got any drugs up your ass...."

GROW YOUR OWN PORN

Watch out for the "mysterious changing nail polish." If possible, ass pimples should be kept unchanged from scene to scene.

pale green in one segment, white in the next, then blaze orange in a third, it'll be a distraction when the tapes are reviewed.

Make sure to have the same objects on the bedside tables, and be sure to wear the same garments (if any) or jewelry when the cameras roll. Partners should check make-up and hairstyles, not forgetting to watch out for the "mysterious changing nail polish." If possible, ass pimples should be kept unchanged from scene to scene.

4. Editing. This is the heart of the process. When enough muff-auling material has been gathered, start assembling the finished product. How much is fucking enough? The more, the better. Ten or 12 hours is about right, if all the planned sex segments are on tape, shot in satisfactory, quim-enhancing quality: adequately lit, centered, with varying action.

All shooting tapes should be reviewed before editing begins. This takes a lot of time, but it's important. Write down all the scenes worthy of being used, what tape they're on, and approximately where they are on the tape (use the tape counter).

Buy the best-quality tape available for

the "master" tape, the one the movie will be assembled on. Very little expensive videotape-editing equipment is required to put your movie in final form. All that's needed is another VCR, preferably a Beta machine.

Nobody wants a Beta—few tapes are available to rent for them; the tapes can't be shared with anyone who has a "normal" VHS machine—but Beta does have one advantage. VHS tapes copy onto Beta with practically no loss of picture quality—and incidentally, without worrying about copy-protection devices. (That's right—a Beta machine can copy rented VHS tapes easily.)

Hook the machines together using a set of dubbing cables, available at any video or electronics shop. The AUDIO OUT jack on the back of the VHS machine plugs into the AUDIO IN jack on the back of the Beta; do the same for the VIDEO OUT and VIDEO IN jacks with the other cable. Run the TV OUT cable from the Beta machine to a TV set, and everything's ready to go.

Run the master (Beta) tape forward for a few seconds to create a blank "leader." If a title card is to be used, put it in now.

Find an opening scene on the VHS

(shooting) tape and stop it at a point just before the beginning of the part to be copied. Use the PAUSE button, keeping the VHS in PLAY mode. Put the Beta machine on RECORD and press PAUSE.

Release the PAUSE on the VHS, and an instant later release the PAUSE on the Beta. Recording has started. Releasing PAUSE buttons at the same time often causes a smearing effect, much like what will happen to a wife's panties as she views hubby's handiwork.

At the end of the first segment, press PAUSE on the Beta to stop recording. Locate the next segment on the VHS tapes, play it back, and release the Beta's PAUSE at the point transfer begins. That's basically it.

After transferring the first two scenes, check the work by playing back the master tape. Adjust the tracking control on one machine or the other to get a best copy.

Practice will get the starts and stops timed accurately. With some machines, PAUSE actually erases a bit of the material previously recorded. Delay cut-off a bit, experimenting until it's right.

Most videotape recorders erase the tape a few inches ahead of the recording head. Blank tape always follows any material just finished recording.

Assemble the scenes *in order*, according to the master script. Review the work every few scenes; if there's a problem, it won't be as difficult to do over again. Don't burn out. Edit for an hour or two at a time, and spread the job out over several days.

When the editor is finally done, he puts the tape away for a few days. A common syndrome is to be sick of it by the time it's finished. After a rest, the tape will prove surprisingly potent on some Friday night.

A bonus to keeping the original shooting tapes is having ream material that hasn't been used. Practice, and a library of material to draw on, eventually allows the cinematic slimer to make a movie almost entirely from stored material alone, using the camera only for new ideas.

Label the finished product carefully, and be sure to punch out the plastic tab on the cassette. This prevents accidentally recording over testicle treats with some mediocre Movie of the Week.

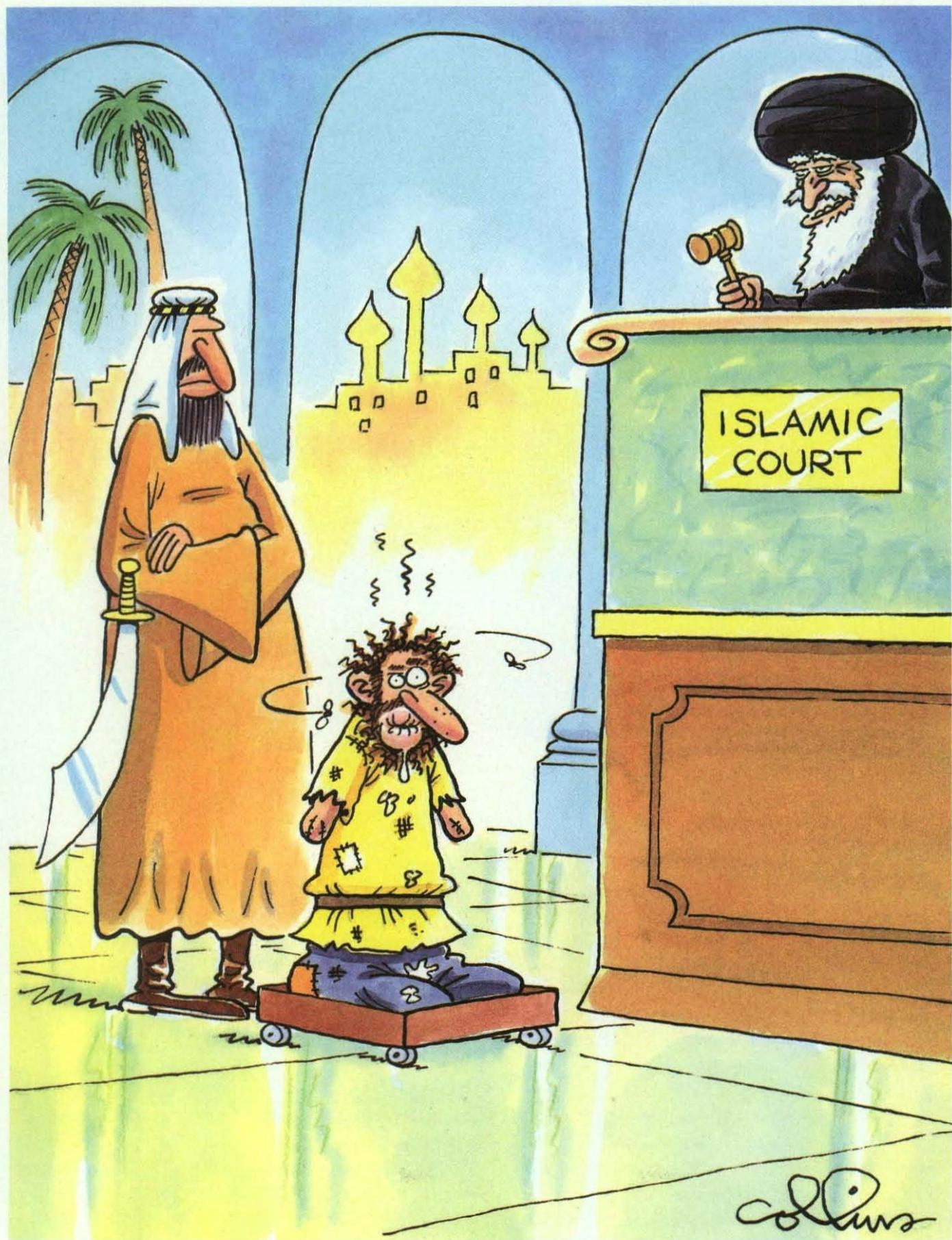
Needless to say, keep *all* your private tapes—shooting tapes included—in a safe place. Burglars have been known to steal video collections while they're picking up TVs and VCRs. Bashful exhibitionists who don't want to find themselves fucking on TV screens coast to coast should be careful with their cassettes.

On the other hand, anyone who does want to be a sex star on the amateur level can join any of various tape-swapping clubs. With these techniques, and some unbridled lasciviousness, anyone can be a hit!

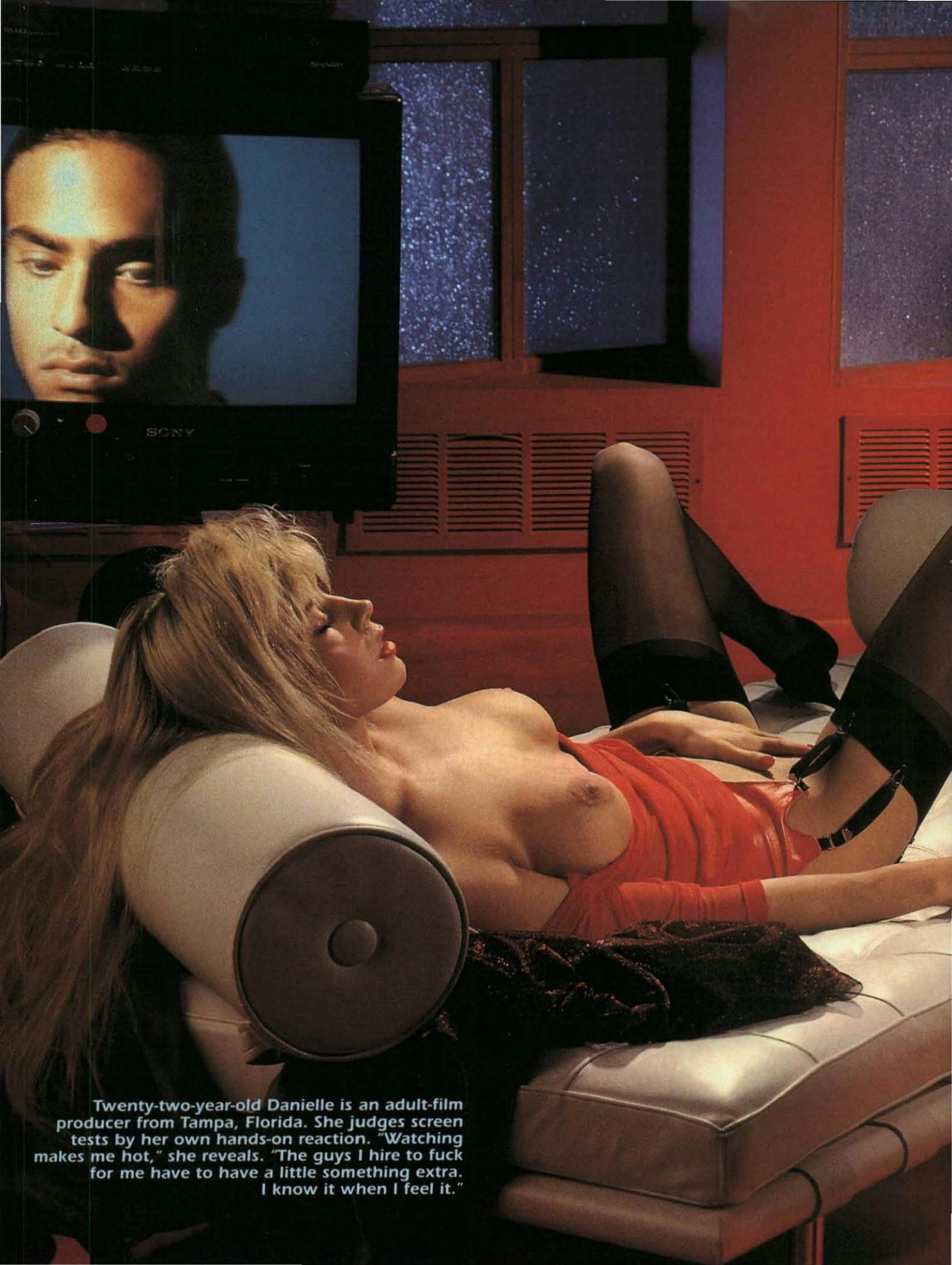
John Billatt



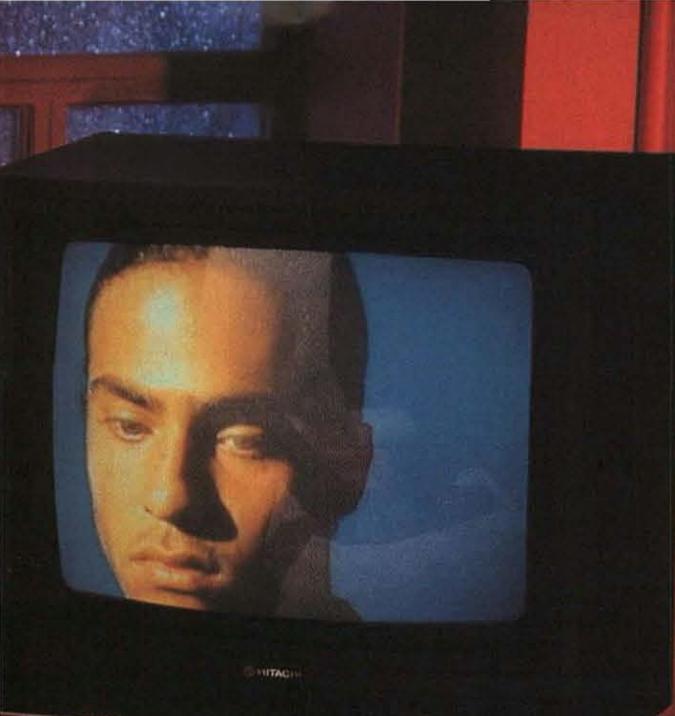
"Henderson, may I have a word with you, please?"



"Masturbating again, Abdul?"



Twenty-two-year-old Danielle is an adult-film producer from Tampa, Florida. She judges screen tests by her own hands-on reaction. "Watching makes me hot," she reveals. "The guys I hire to fuck for me have to have a little something extra. I know it when I feel it."



Danielle VIDEO ACTIVE

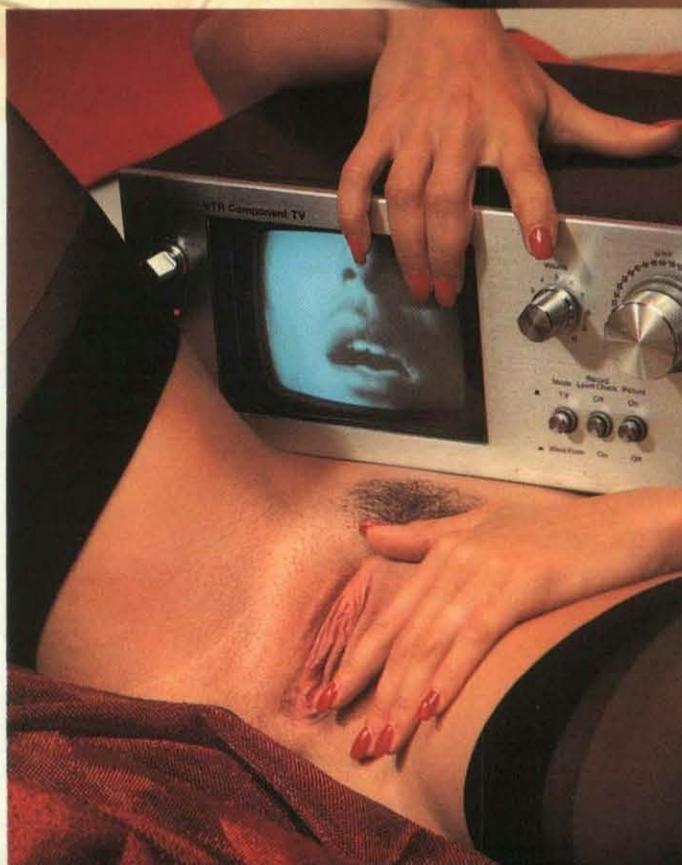
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



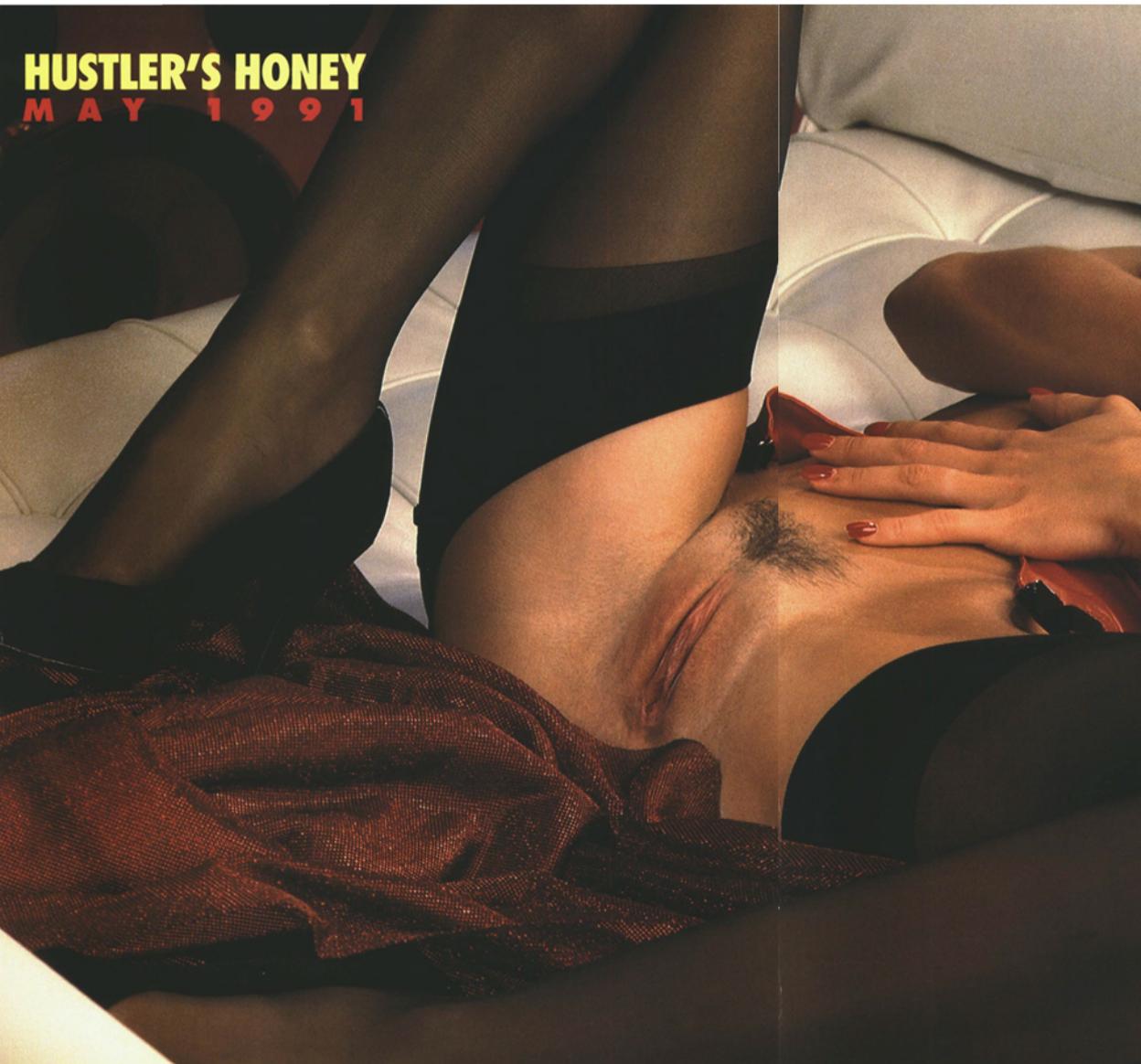








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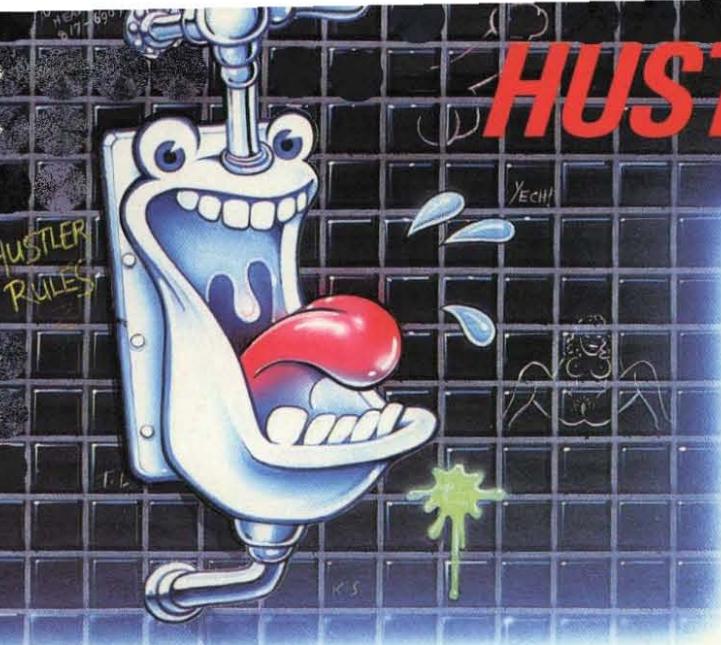
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HUSTLER HUMOR



Two very drunk hillbillies were driving along a mountain road when suddenly they blew a tire, lost control of the car and went sailing over the cliff's edge.

As they plummeted downward, the hillbilly on the passenger side screamed hysterically, "Oh, my God, Clem, we're gonna die!"

"Aw, don't worry about a thing," Clem reassured him, looking below. "There's a stop sign at the bottom."

The farmer was whitewashing the interior of his country outhouse and had the misfortune of falling through the opening. Standing knee-deep in shit, he hollered, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" at the top of his lungs. The local fire department responded to the alarm on the double, with tires squealing and sirens screaming as they skidded to a halt in front of the privy.

"Where's the fire?" called the chief.

"Ain't no fuckin' fire," replied the farmer as they hoisted him out of the two-holer, "but who the hell would've rescued me if I'd yelled, 'Shit! Shit! Shit!'"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *adolescence* as: the stage of life between puberty and adultery.

A biker went to a shrink to find out why he was always feeling so depressed. The shrink, after questioning him about his job, family, childhood and hobbies, asked the man, "How long is it since you've had sex?"

The biker sat back and thought for a minute, then reached in his pocket and said, "It's still about eight inches—why do you ask?"

Three middle-aged ladies were sitting on a park bench, discussing their husbands.

"My husband's like a sportscar—fast and sleek," said the first one.

The second one remarked, "Mine's more like a Rolls-Royce—smooth, soft and polished."

The third looked up rather dejectedly and said, "Shit, my old man's like an old Model-T—you gotta start him by hand, then jump on when he finally gets going!"

The old biker had taken to being courteous in his later years, especially to women. One day when airing his views, he remarked that he'd never seen an ugly female.

A woman standing near him with a very flat nose, waffled cheeks and no lips overheard this and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but can you look at me and honestly say that I'm not ugly?"

The noble tramp gazed at her and replied, "My dear lady, like the rest of your sex, you are an angel fallen from the skies. It's not your fault that you happened to fall on your fuckin' face."

After 20 years of obedience to his vow of silence, a Trappist monk was called into the abbot's study and told that he could utter two words. "Bad food," he said softly. His superior nodded and dismissed him.

Twenty years later, the monk was called again by the abbot. "No heat," the monk said, head bowed.

By the time he was called again, a new, younger abbot had been appointed. The monk, an old man now, entered the study waving his cane. "I quit," he declared.

"So be it," the abbot said. "I hear you bitch too much anyway."

Question: Where does an Iraqi soldier run during a U.S. air raid?

Answer: All the way down the back of his pants.

The Pope and a lawyer died at the same time and were standing at the gates of heaven.

Saint Peter said, "We've been expecting you two—your rooms are ready." Then he said to the lawyer, "Excuse me while I take the Pope to his room; I'll get right back to you and show you your own quarters."

"Hey, would you mind if I tagged along?" asked the lawyer.

"Not at all," said Saint Peter.

They arrived at the Pope's room. It had a twin bed, a single chair, a little table and a small radio.

It looked like an everyday motel room.

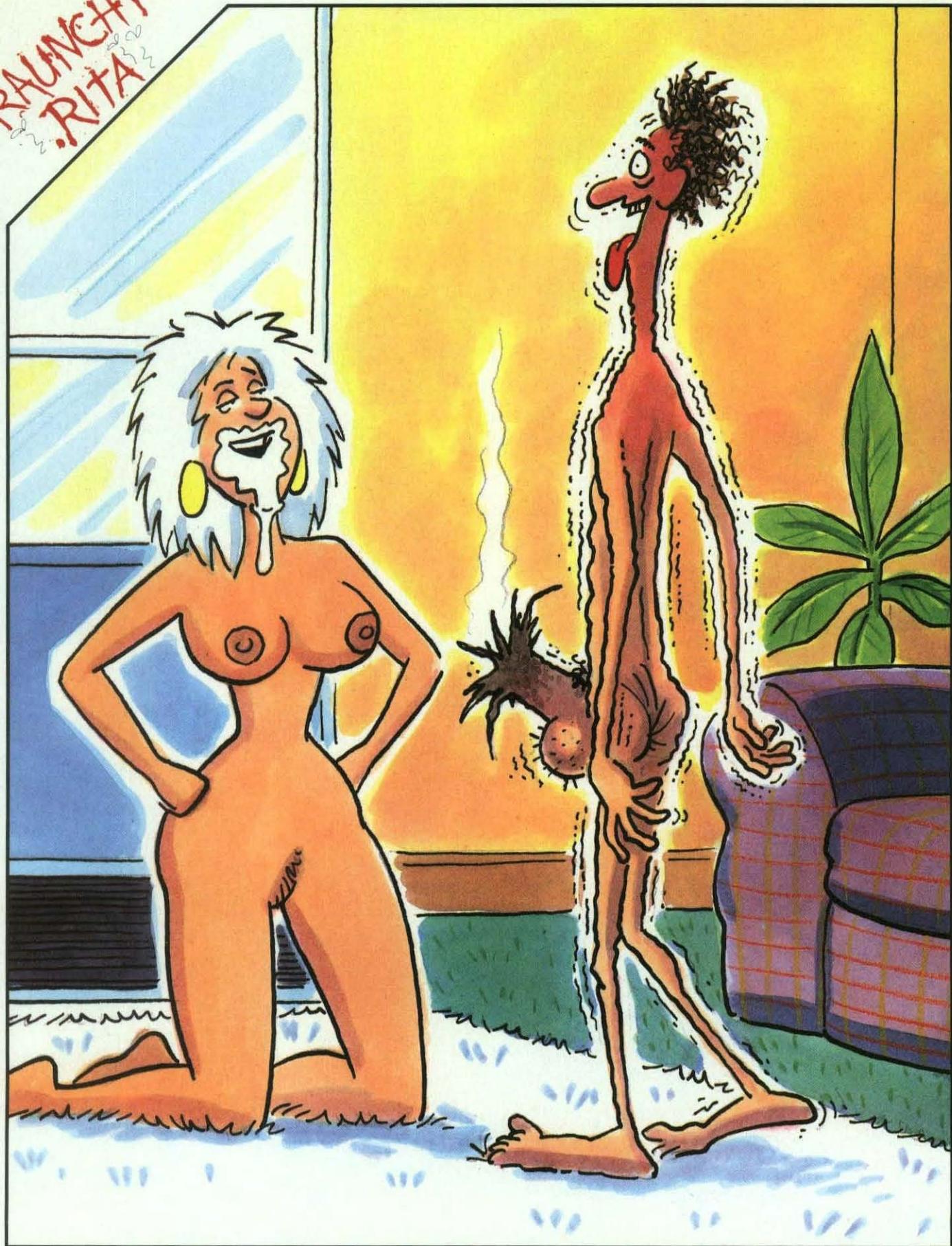
Saint Peter then took the lawyer to his room, and the attorney was shocked to see a huge suite with a spacious balcony, a king-size bed, a spiral staircase and a wide-screen color TV with remote control, stereo, VCR, the works.

"This room is terrific!" exclaimed the lawyer. "But why does the Pope have a dinky little room when I get this fabulous penthouse?"

"Well," said Saint Peter, "we've had many Popes up here, but you're the first lawyer to ever make it!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

RAUNCHY
RITA



"Good blowjob or not? Enquiring minds want to know!"

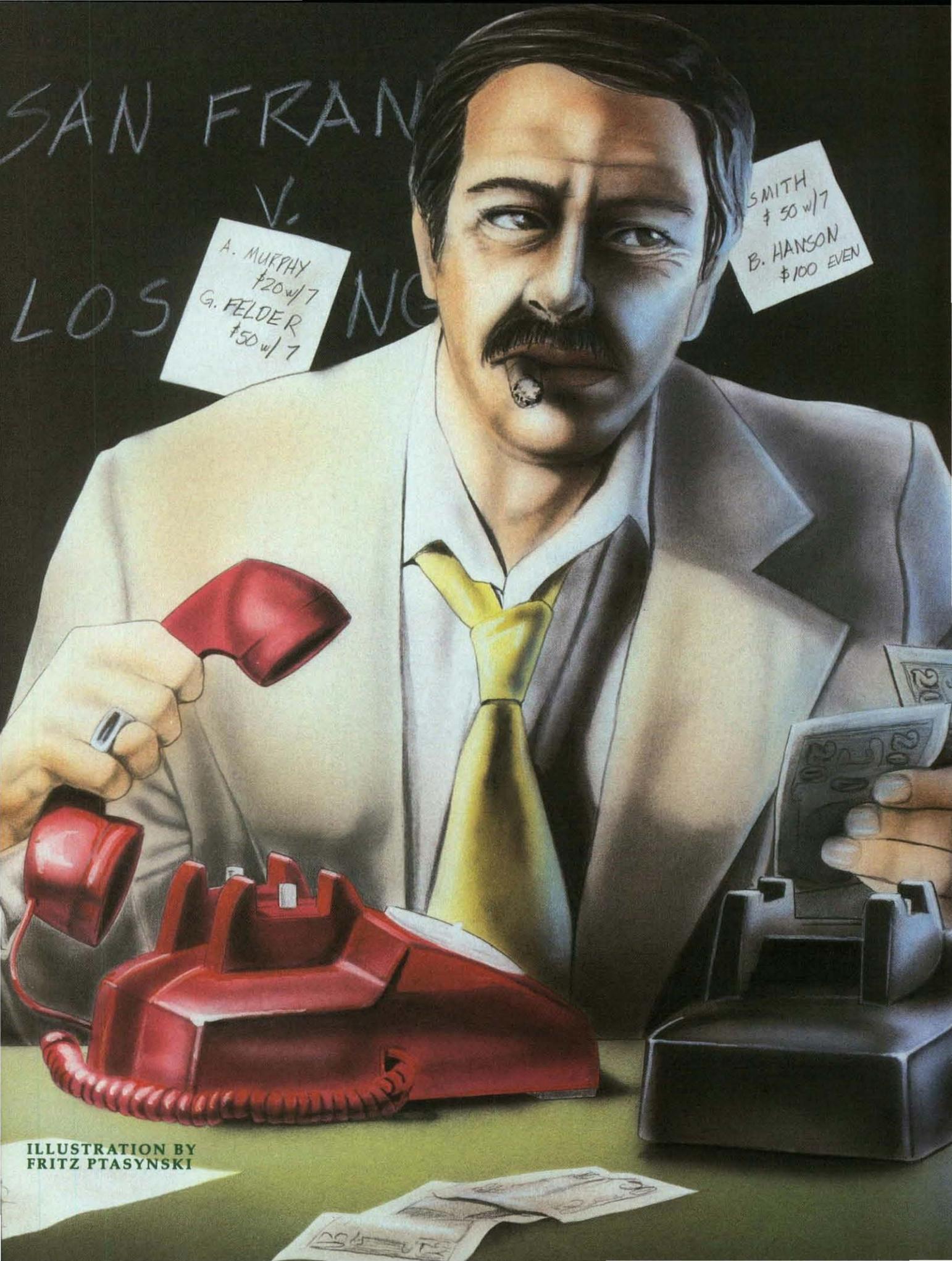
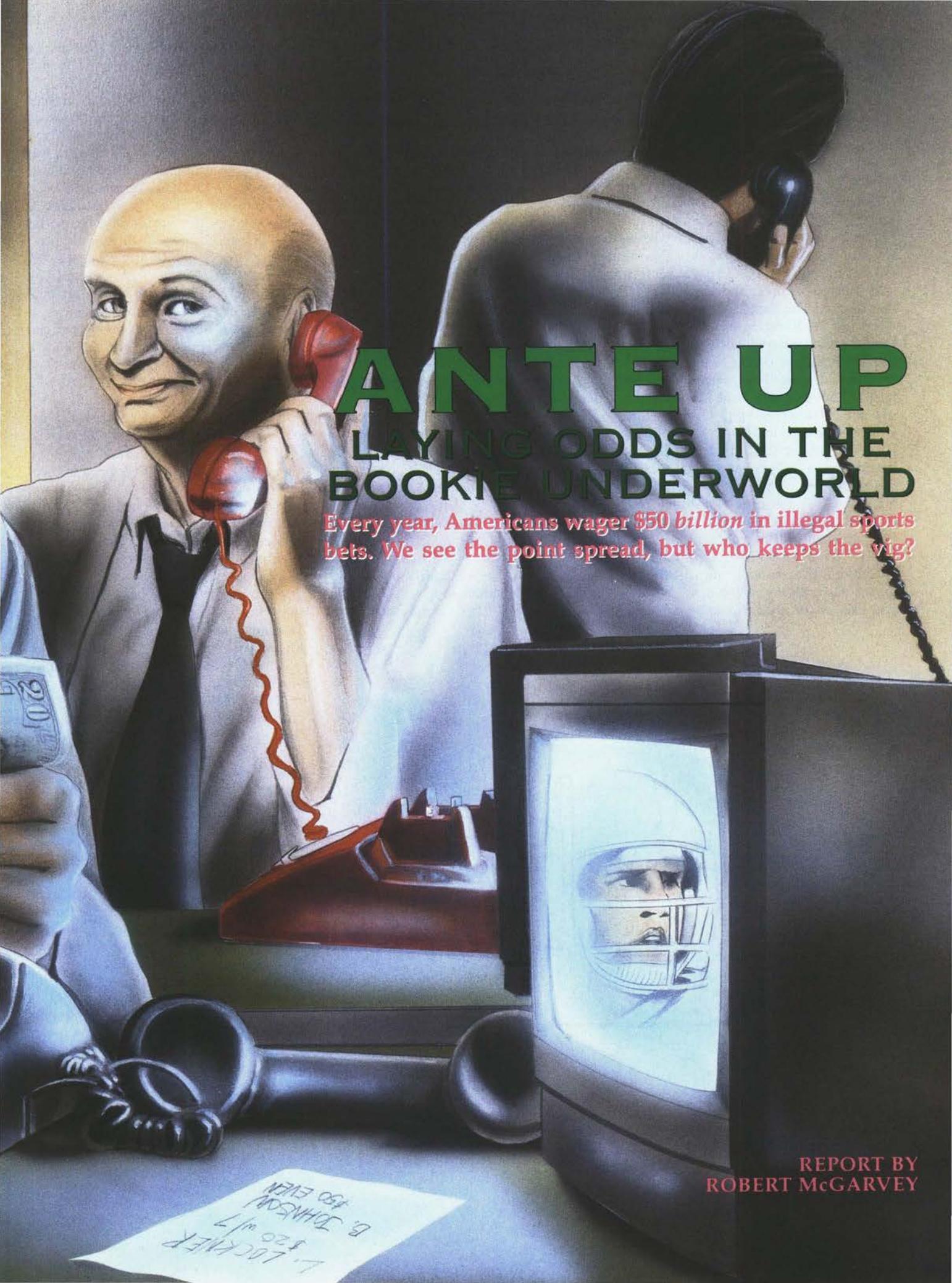


ILLUSTRATION BY
FRITZ PTASYNISKI



ANTE UP

LAYING ODDS IN THE BOOKIE UNDERWORLD

Every year, Americans wager \$50 billion in illegal sports bets. We see the point spread, but who keeps the vig?

REPORT BY
ROBERT McGARVEY

ANTE UP

In truth, sports betting is against the law. But nowadays the unofficial police attitude is to wink at it—and that's the truth nationally.

Like every morning at 7:30, John Reardon hustles down to the lobby of his modest triple-decker apartment building on Green Street in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He moves faster than usual, in a tattered, brown, terry-cloth bathrobe, anxiety on his unshaved face. Grabbing his *Boston Globe*, he pulls out the sports section, snaps the pages open and lets out a yell: "Fucking-A! The Giants pulled it out, 3-2!"

Living 3,000 miles from Candlestick Park, Reardon ordinarily doesn't care about the San Francisco Giants or the team they beat, the Los Angeles Dodgers. But he had wagered \$80 that the Giants, behind pitching ace Rick Reuschel, could beat the Dodgers despite their one solid pitcher, Ramon Martinez. With that winning bet, Reardon says, "The Giants made me \$70 last night. I'm up \$767.50 for the week." He relaxes. A part-time taxi driver, he'll take today off. "I'd be nuts to fight the traffic," he explains. "I'm making as much betting as I'd make in a nine-hour shift."

Reardon thumbs to listings of today's games and pitching match-ups. "Who do you like today?" Reardon asks, immersed

in study of team won-loss records, home and away, pitchers' earned-run averages, and last-minute injury reports. Minutes later, his decisions made for the day, a quick call is placed to his bookie and, that business handled, Reardon shaves, dresses and heads to a neighborhood saloon. He'll pass the day shooting 9 ball.

Every morning in America, Reardon's every step is mimicked by another 100,000 or so regular gamblers, who make part or, in rare cases, all their living from betting on sports. They firmly believe that through superior knowledge of the teams they can consistently come out on top.

During the National Football League season and for special events such as the World Series, Reardon and his fellow pros have company, as several million part-time gamblers get down betting action. Baseball and football may be America's sports, but sports betting is the nation's enduring hobby. Every year, a mammoth \$50 billion is bet on sporting events—illegally. Another \$10 billion or so is legally bet at race tracks and in sanctioned Nevada sports-betting parlors. "It's a funny business,"

says a Los Angeles Police Department vice cop. "Everybody does it, but it's still against the law."

In truth, sports betting is sort of against the law. Laws prohibit betting on football, baseball, basketball and boxing everywhere except in parts of Nevada, but nowadays the unofficial police attitude is to wink at it—and that's true nationally.

"Gambling games," says *Bookies & Bettors* author Richard Sasuly, "go so far back that the races vanish in antiquity." Ancient Greeks and Romans feverishly bet on chariot races. What's more, according to Sasuly, "Nowhere does the Holy Bible take a stand against gaming."

Bettors run little risk of prosecution, and bookmakers, if caught, generally face a nominal fine, typically \$100. "If you want to place a bet," says the same L. A. cop, "and you can't, you're not trying."

"Go into ten bars. In half of them the bartender, if asked nicely, will know a man who could help you place a bet. He'll give you a phone number, and you've got a bookie. Old-fashioned saloons—no dance floor, no band—and old-fashioned barber shops with the poles in front. Those are where you connect with a bookie," says the cop.

Betting between friends doesn't involve a bookmaker. You take the Rams for \$50 and give up four and a half points to a buddy across the bar who wants Minnesota. When the game ends three hours later, the loser ponies up the half-century, and that's that.

But what if you want the Tigers and, since you're in Detroit, nobody wants the opposition? A bookie will gladly book your bet. "I got started betting with friends," says John Reardon, the Cambridge cabbie. "Wouldn't do it now," he adds. "Two problems, maybe three. First, you got to find somebody who wants the other side of a bet. Ain't always easy. I've cleaned up betting on Clemens two years running, and in Boston there's not a soul who'll bet against the man."

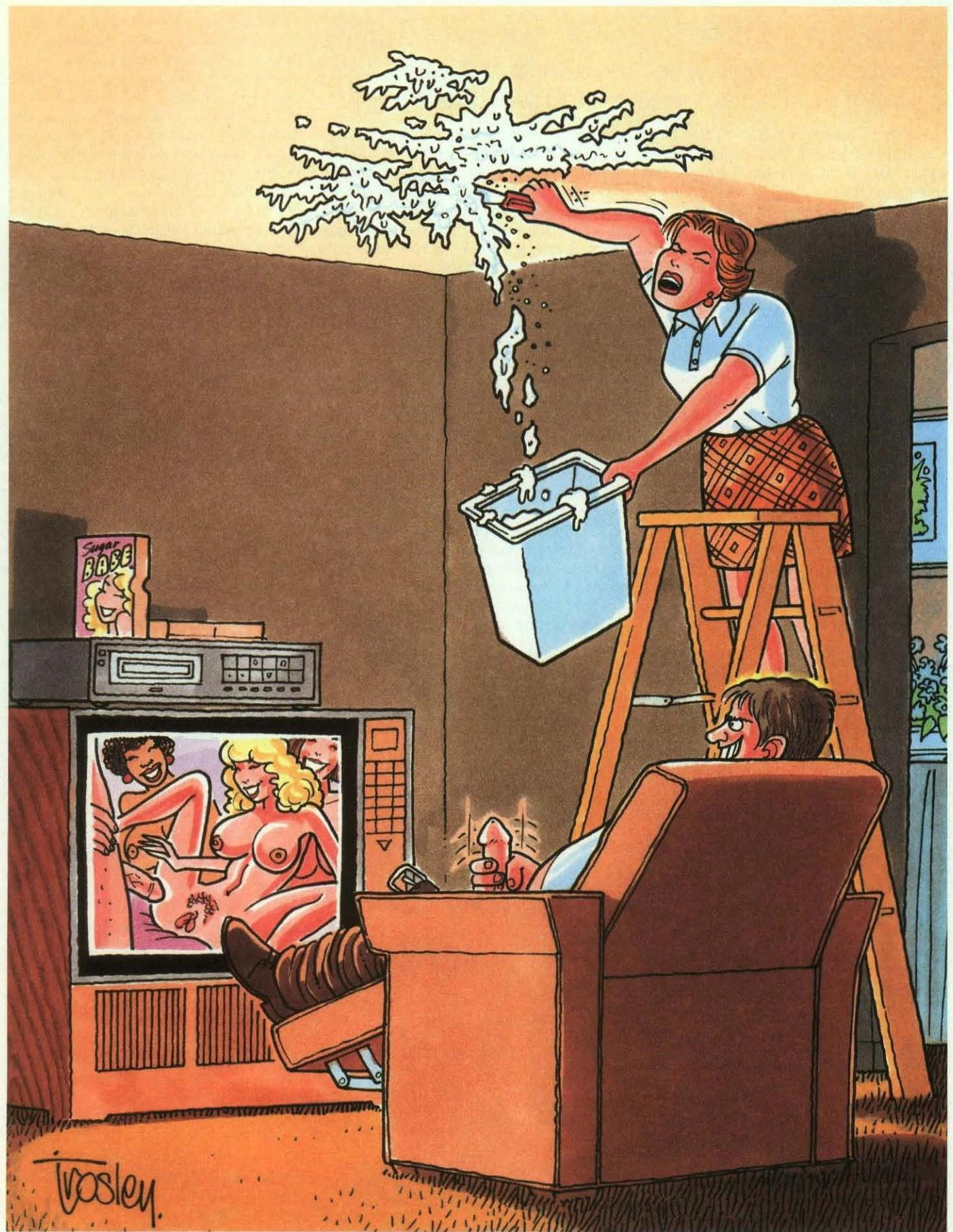
"The second reason I won't bet with a pal is, if he loses, you have to collect," Reardon continues. While there are stories, some true, of bookies welshing on winning bets, it happens so rarely as to be discountable. Says researcher Sasuly, "Bookies take for granted that they are in a competitive business and must pay off promptly."

"The third thing comes out of the others," Reardon goes on. "I look for good bets. I got a motto: 'Never bet against an even chance.' When I bet, I want a little edge. I usually get it. This year, I'll clear 25 or 30 grand. Even if a buddy wants the other side, do I want him to take it? Not if it's a buddy. With a bookie, hell, that's his business. Besides, he lays-off the action he doesn't like. He wins coming or going."

Ideally, a bookmaker's books always



"I take it you're not a big fan of anal sex...."



"I'm getting sick of you sitting there watching pornos night after night!"

ANTE UP

Running a book "is about the best way there is to make money," notes a crime expert. "The only thing better would be a license to print it."

balance. If he has \$1,000 on the N.Y. Giants, he also has \$1,000 on the Chicago Bears. But if he only has \$100 on the Bears, He'll *lay-off* \$900 of the Giants betting to a larger bookie. This action is transferred—via a phone call—as a block to the bigger bookie, with the two bookies splitting the *vig* according to terms they negotiate between themselves. Small bookies always have larger bookies with whom they have long-standing lay-off deals. Big bookies themselves typically lay-off unbalanced action on other large-scale bookies. That way, the bookie's books always balance. His profits come from a 10% surcharge, called *vig* or *vigorish*, on all losing wagers. Lose \$100 to a friend, and that's the whole of your loss. With a bookie, if you've bet \$100 on the Giants and lose, you owe \$110, the wager plus *vig*.

From a business-school perspective, the idealized bookie incurs absolutely zero risk. Gross profits equal 5% of all betting action, a sure route to wealth.

In practice, however, a bookie's operation doesn't always work so neatly. Most bookmakers let their books get out of bal-

ance in favor of teams the bookies believe will lose. If the bookie's right, he has that much more profit. If he guesses wrong, he pays winning bettors out of yesterday's winnings. If he guesses wrong too often, he's out of business—but that rarely happens. Running a book "is about the best way there is to make money," notes a Washington, D.C., crime expert. "The only thing better would be a license to print it."

Bookers may be gamblers, but don't expect them to take a chance on you. "You'll pay cash in advance for a long time, maybe forever," explains Reardon.

What if a bettor gets in over his head? "It don't happen," claims Arthur, a bookie who's worked the same neighborhood bars in Elizabeth, New Jersey, for the past ten years—a route he inherited when his uncle died. "I don't let you bet unless I know you're good for it." What about the loan sharks who make loans at back-breaking interest to down-on-their-luck bettors, according to just about every gambling movie ever made? "That's crap," Arthur spits. "I've never used muscle, and I've never had to."

Bookies vary from one-man operations to

elaborate phone-bank setups handling \$500,000 and up weekly. According to the *New York Times*, an average bookie setup involves five phones and three or four clerks, handling daily bets of \$3,000 up to \$50,000.

Experts scoff at the suggestion of organized-crime involvement in bookmaking. "It's astonishing how little evidence of mob control of bookmaking has turned up," author Sasuly says. "The very nature of this business works against it being taken over and centralized by anyone."

But some bookies are wired into heavy-duty types. Those books will gladly extend a loan to a bettor gone cold—at the customary 20% weekly interest charge.

"If you have to borrow to place a bet, you're off your rocker. Between the bookie's *vig* and the loan shark's interest, you're a loser before the results are in," says Gene Harlan, a Santa Monica, California, car salesman. "Last year one of our mechanics thought he had the scoop on NFL football. Every week he was in for a grand. This was a guy earning maybe 30 grand a year. He lost it all. He started stealing tires and parts. He got fired. I saw him on the boardwalk with the bums in Venice. His clothes were dirty, and he hadn't shaved in a week. He told me he was sleeping on the beach and hit me up for a buck."

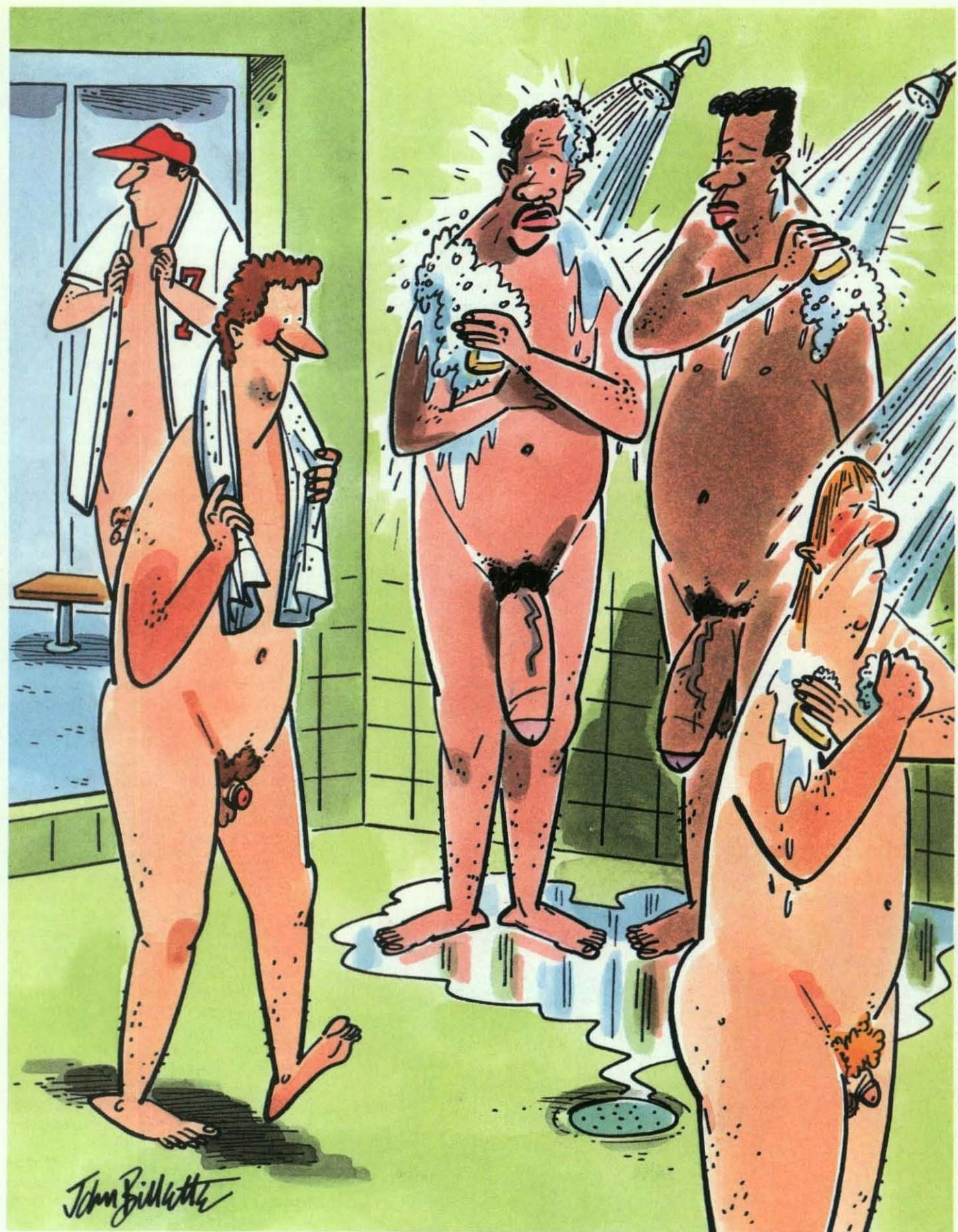
There are an estimated 1.1 million compulsive gamblers, according to research by the National Council on Compulsive Gambling. These men and women cannot pass up a bet, no matter how zany. They lose—and sometimes big—but their stake is more likely to come as cash advances on a Visa card than in loans from bookies. Most bookies are independents and, like Arthur in Elizabeth, New Jersey, they might stake you to a beer. As regards carrying you when you're losing, forget it.

However, there is a force that unifies sports betting in the U.S. It's the Las Vegas linesmaker. "At the heart of the [bookmaking] business, determining profit and loss for all bookies, is the line—that is, odds and point-spreads—created each morning in Vegas by a very select clique of linesmakers," says researcher Richard Zacks. When the local newspaper says the Cincinnati Bengals are seven-point favorites over the Pittsburgh Steelers, it's reporting the Las Vegas line on the game.

Although surrounded by mystery, the setting of a line is just a matter of research. Michael "Roxy" Roxborough, Vegas's leading linesmaker, reads dozens of newspapers and subscribes to computerized sports-information services. All available data is factored in by Roxborough before he clicks out the current line. But a line is not a reflection of the relative strengths of two teams. "The line," says Zacks, "is not meant to accurately reflect the probability



"Tell the Pope I already gave!"



"Sometimes I feel so sorry for white dudes!"

ANTE UP

"The Rams ain't gonna play better because you got cash on them. The winners bet facts, not gut feelings. They wait for the right opportunity."

that one team will beat the other. The line is designed to divide the betting public into two equal groups." Odds of 5-1 against mean that bookies expect five times more people to vote on the favorite, part of the bookmaker's quest for an evenly balanced book. Should the underdog win, bookies pay off five times the winner's bet; if the favorite prevails, bettors get their money back plus 20%; a \$5 bet gets the \$5 plus \$1 winnings.

For the average guy, it's a challenge, it's fun, and it's a way to maybe make some extra cash. "If you're good at it, you will come out ahead," says Whitey, a Los Angeles, California, bookmaker. Around 50 years old, Whitey has been a bookie for more than 20 years. He says, "Some customers just about always win. Some never win—them, I don't understand why they bother."

What separates Whitey's winners from his losers? "The winners follow a couple rules. They never plunge; their bets are always small, maybe \$50 or \$100 a game. These guys don't bet the farm, because in sports weird things happen. Who would've figured the Reds beating the A's in the '90

Series? My winners are cautious, and they do their homework. They don't make 'I wish' bets. You know, 'I wish the Rams would beat the Packers; so I'll put \$100 on 'em.' The Rams ain't gonna play better because you got cash on them. The winners bet facts, not gut feelings. Losers, they'd rather die than let a day go by without a little action. Winners wait for the right opportunity.

"You got to understand," Whitey continues, "it's hard work to be a winner. The guys who do it year in, year out, put in a full eight-hour day—seven days a week. They study the numbers. They read the papers. One guy has a damn computer.

"My customers are regular guys. They drive trucks, tend bar, work in offices. The movie stars want to put down ten grand on the Lakers; I won't book that bet. I'm a meat-and-potatoes bookie. Small bets on the old reliables, baseball and pro football, with a little on college football. Screw basketball."

Whitey is not alone at spurning most sporting propositions. Many bookies refuse all basketball bets, pro and college. Few will touch a basketball wager over \$1,000. "The problem is the fucking

blacks," Whitey says. "There's five guys on a team. In any given game, half are coked up. If these guys weren't playing ball, they'd be sticking up the local fuckin' 7-Eleven. How the hell can you figure a basketball game?"

Every few years sees a fresh basketball scandal, usually at the college level. It's an easy game to influence because one player can make a difference and, often enough, one player can be bought. In the late '70s, New York crime figure Henry Hill bought two starters on the Boston College basketball team who wired to produce the results Hill needed to win his bets.

Whitey shrugs. "If there's so much as a whisper about a fix, all my business goes down. Who wants to bet on a rigged game unless you're part of the rigging?" It took baseball—and baseball betting—years to recover from the 1919 Chicago "Black" Sox scandal, in which gambling legend Arnold Rothstein rigged the World Series.

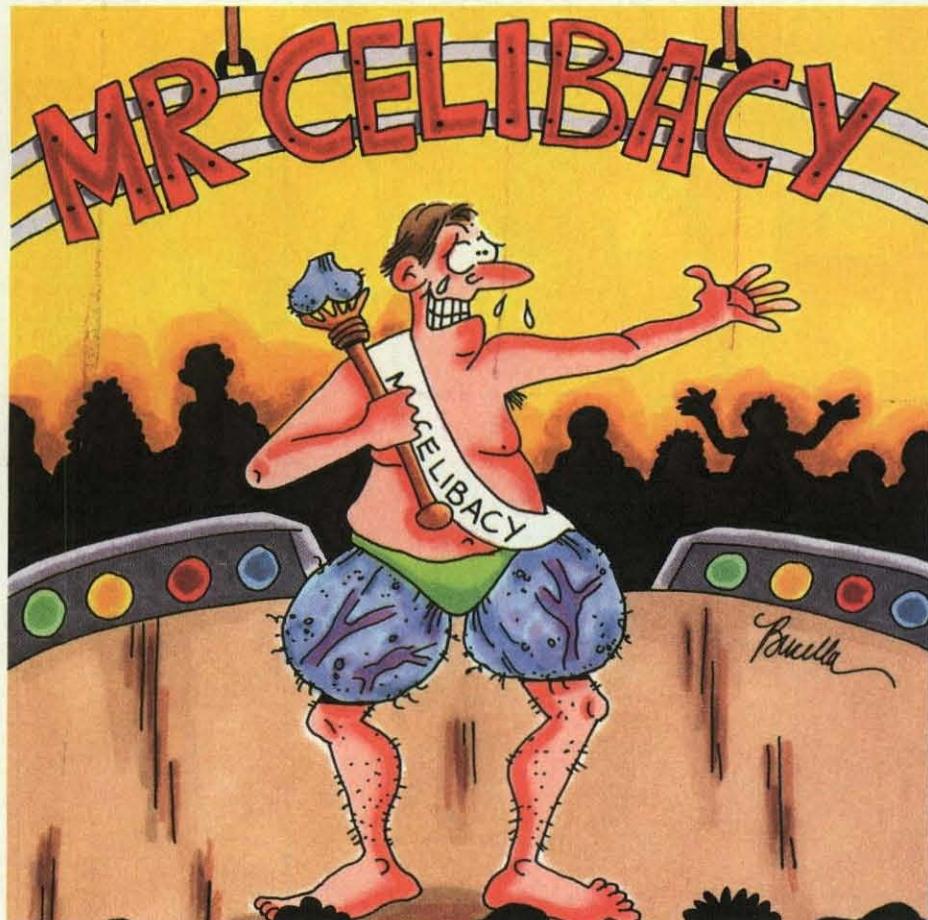
When it comes to horse races, the granddaddy of all betting, the problem, again, is that the threat of a fixed race is too high.

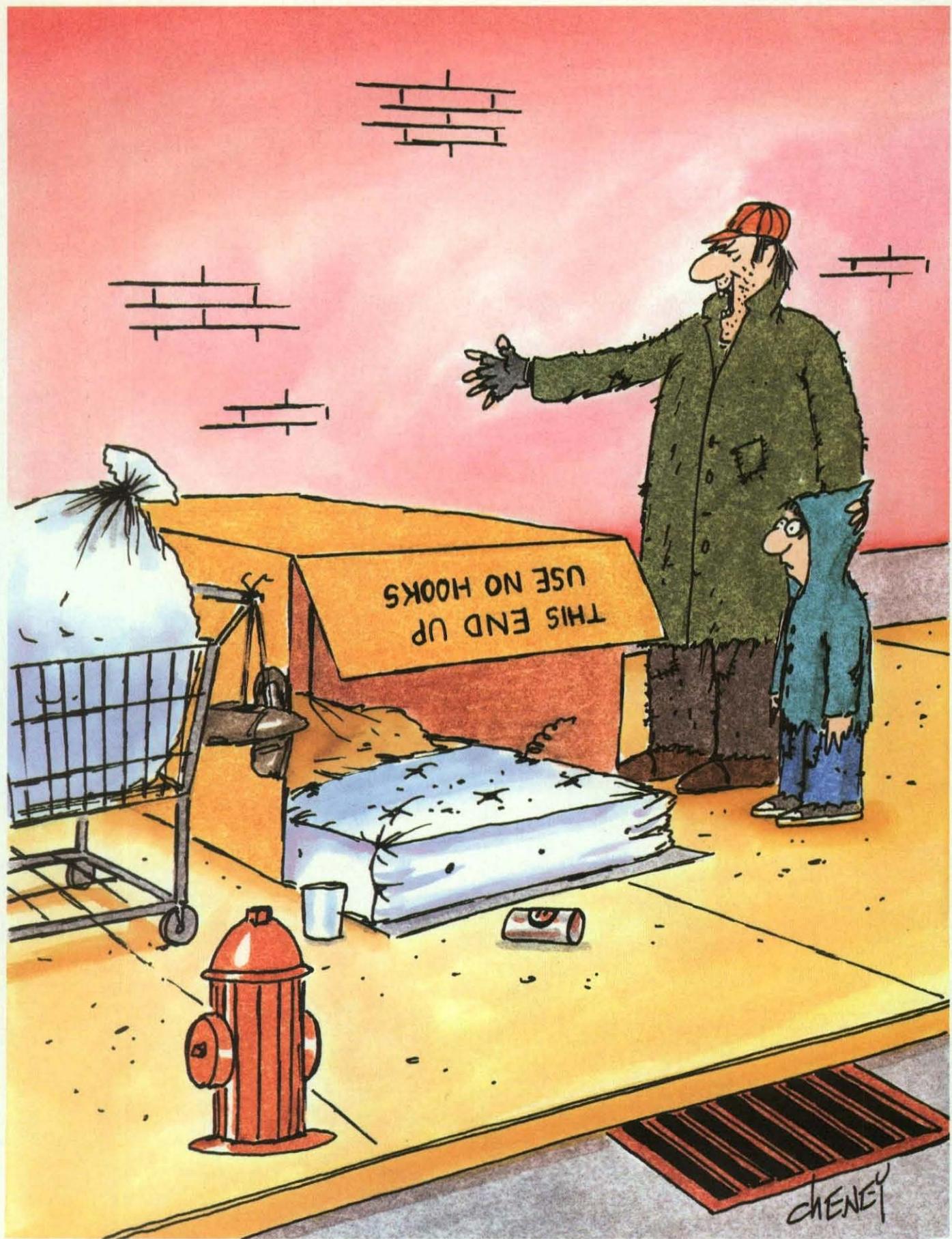
Parke Terry, a Sacramento, California-based politician/lobbyist, states: "Historically, there has never been a priority emphasis on enforcement of a number of things that go on...from [illegal] medication [of horses] to questions of race-fixing."

Joe Boudreau, a psychotherapist practicing in West Los Angeles, California, takes a different view. "Just about every weekend I'm out at the track. I'll bring \$300. Sometimes I win. Overall, I'm down a couple grand so far this year, which is about average for me. I don't care. I love the ponies, the track, the action."

Does Boudreau bet with a bookie? "I've done it," he says. "But for me, it's being at the track that's fun."

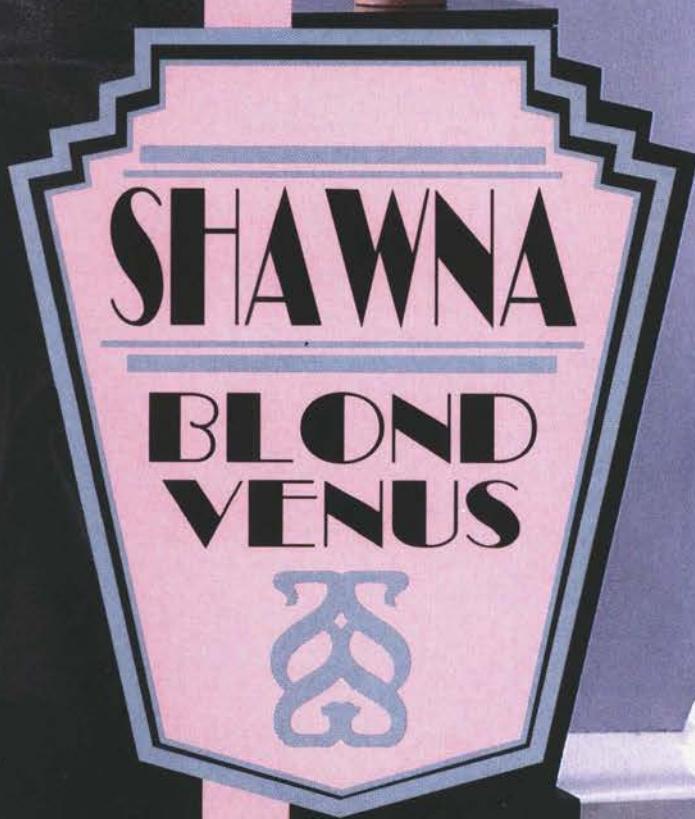
Meantime, back in Massachusetts, it's Saturday night. There's a sour look on John Reardon's face. "I can't fucking believe it," he wails. "The Mets had it all—the home field, the better won-loss percentage, the better pitcher. They get creamed, six runs to one. How do you figure it?" With the bookie's vig factored in, Reardon dropped \$197 on the game—but, he smiles, the afternoon wasn't all bad. "I had another \$100 on the University of Texas at El Paso against Hawaii. Gave up two points, but UTEP won by a couple touchdowns." Where's El Paso? Reardon has a foggy idea. "It's in Texas some place. Who cares? The stats told me it was a lock," he smiles. "My bookie tried to knock my bet down to \$50—he never heard of El Paso either. But there's a Vegas line on it. So I lost almost \$100 today. Big deal. I'm up \$799 for the week. And it beats working, buddy."



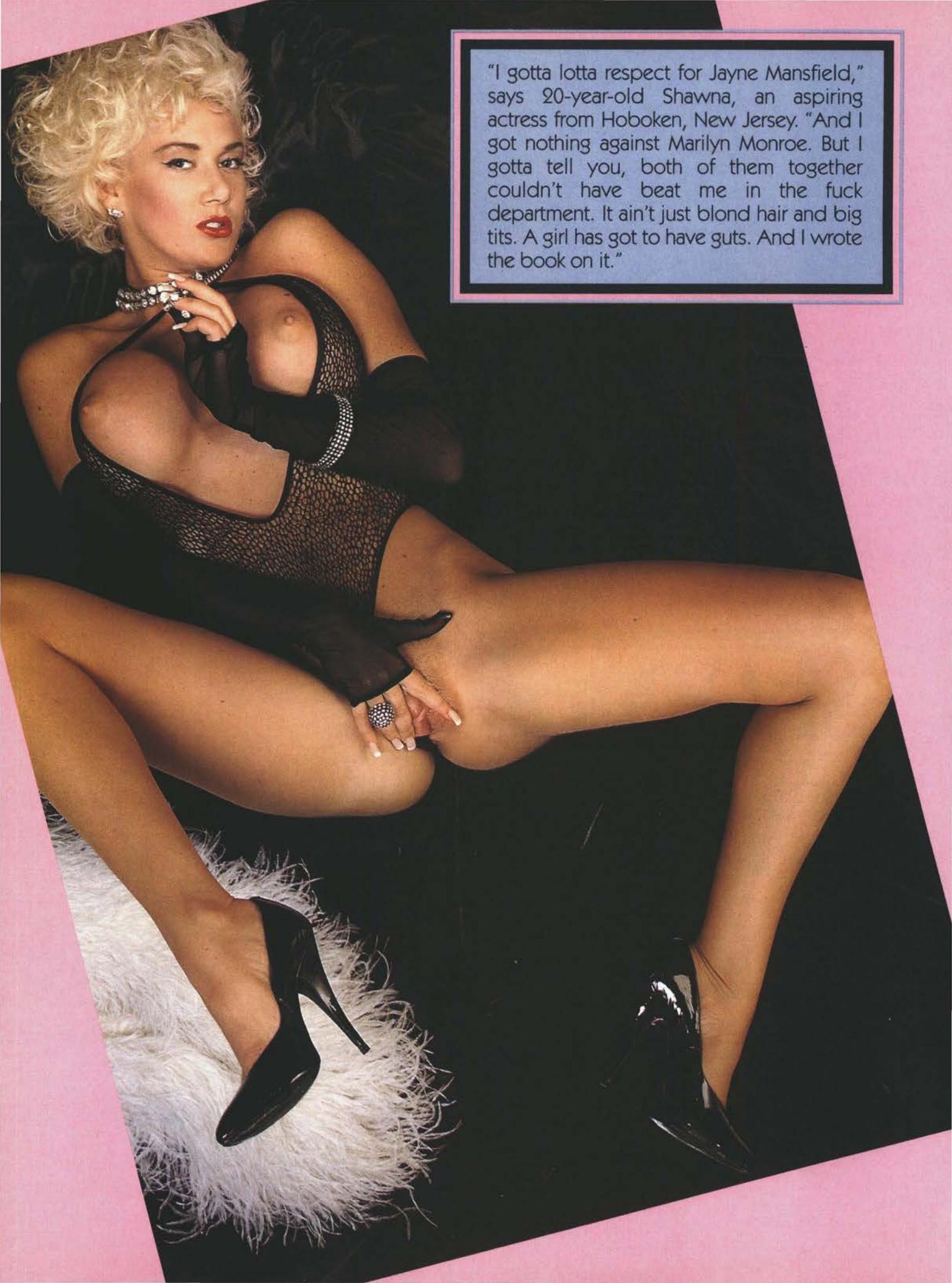


"Some day, son, all this will be yours!"





PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



"I gotta lotta respect for Jayne Mansfield," says 20-year-old Shawna, an aspiring actress from Hoboken, New Jersey. "And I got nothing against Marilyn Monroe. But I gotta tell you, both of them together couldn't have beat me in the fuck department. It ain't just blond hair and big tits. A girl has got to have guts. And I wrote the book on it."







RICKI LAWLESS

(continued from page 65)

Ricki hit Lisa, opening up her face. He attempted to strangle her with a coat hanger. The next day, Lisa returned home to mother.

Lisa balked at the prospect of a life on welfare in Oglethorpe, Georgia. In January 1987, she and their infant daughter, Alexis, rejoined Ricki in Hyattsville, Maryland.

This reconciliation didn't work. Ricki would take Lisa's earnings for drugs, women and unexplained expenses. Sometimes he was violent. He seemed to be getting crazier: According to Lisa, he would sometimes wake up from a bad dream and remain in the dream state for an hour or more. He would yell, "Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" and then scream, "Don't leave me!" He had nightmares about being in a war zone. She would wake to find him delusional, crawling across the floor, trying to avoid enemy fire.

In late May, they were destitute. Ricki claimed to have a paycheck from a show he had wrestled, but refused to cash it. One night the baby needed milk. Lisa was scrounging through drawers and in corners on the floor of the apartment, trying to find loose change. They argued. Ricki hit Lisa, opening up her face. He attempted to strangle her with a coat hanger. The next day, Lisa borrowed \$500 from his uncle and re-

turned home to mother, now living near Charlotte, North Carolina.

Ricki Lawless moved to Baltimore, into the tiny Locust Point one-bedroom row house owned by his uncle. He acquired use of a worn-out boxing ring at a city-owned gym. Together with wrestlers Joey Maggs (Joey Magliano, currently working for the USWA in Memphis) and Dave "The Surgeon" Coleman, he opened a wrestling school. Would-be trainees would make a down payment of \$500, and Ricki would beat up on the trainees so badly the first time they entered the ring, they never returned.

Ricki wanted more than he could afford to buy.

* * *

Detective Gus Vassilaros of the Baltimore County Police Department contacted Baltimore Homicide Detective Mark Tomlin. Vassilaros had been investigating a 7-Eleven robbery that occurred in Baltimore County on November 27, 1988. During the robbery investigation, Detective Vassilaros turned up information implicating the perpetrators of the 7-Eleven robbery in a mur-

der in south Baltimore in late November.

Tommy "Loco" Shelor, 26 years old, was a career criminal. According to Tommy's partner, Raymond Michael Swartz: "Incarceration was the main part of Tommy's life. He'd been in the Maryland Penitentiary most of the time since he was 18. In August 1988, he went home on medical parole. He was in Washington County Hospital, and they found he had cancer of the stomach, and he was paroled."

Ricki Lawless finally tried to hit on the wrong woman. Lawless had pursued one of Shelor's girlfriends, following her after work, trying to get her to come to his house. Ricki told her he was a drug dealer and could give her money and drugs.

The girlfriend told Tommy that Ricki was harassing her. She wanted to get this guy "straightened out." So on the night of November 30, 1988, Tommy and Ray went to Ricki's house.

Ray Swartz had come to Baltimore the preceding summer. In November 1988, he began hanging out with Tommy Shelor. Ray had never met Ricki Lawless before he shot him. According to Ray, Tommy handed him a shotgun and told the 6-4, 355-pound Swartz to provide "backup" while they persuaded Ricki Lawless to stop hitting on Tommy's girlfriend.

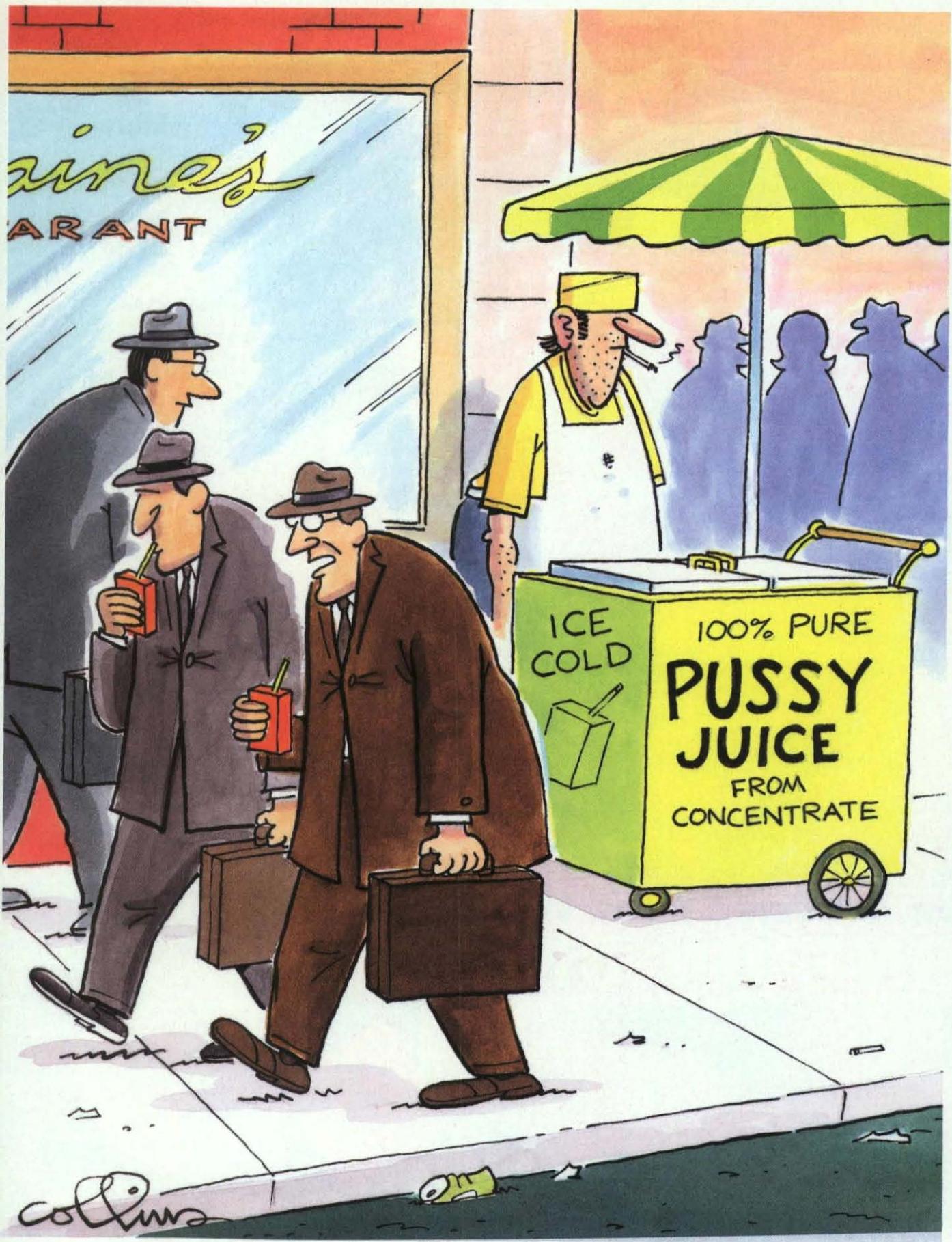
Shortly after 11 p.m., Tommy and Ray went to Ricki's door. Ray knocked. Ricki opened the door and saw Ray's shotgun. He screamed inarticulately and grabbed the barrel with both hands. The shotgun fired, removing Ricki's finger. He continued to struggle. Seconds later, Tommy fired the .32 through Ricki's heart. Tommy and Ray turned and ran to Ray's car.

On December 3, Ray Swartz was arrested for driving a car that wasn't his. The shotgun and the .32 were in the vehicle. On January 23, 1989, Tommy Shelor was arrested, caught in the act of shooting Baltimore County police officer Barry Sweitzer.

On May 6, 1989, Tommy Shelor committed suicide at the "Super Max" (the Maryland Adjustment and Correctional Center) in Baltimore. As a result of his participation in murdering Ricki Lawless, Ray Swartz is serving 15 years for second-degree murder at the Maryland Correctional Institute in Hagerstown, Maryland. Concurrently, he is serving a 20-year sentence for robbing the 7-Eleven of \$80 three days before killing Ricki Lawless.

Ricki Lawless worried about ever turning 30. He said it would be the worst thing that could ever happen to him. But sometimes he still spoke of plans for the future, about quitting wrestling to become a movie star, or a bouncer, or a drug dealer. Thirty, however, was a problem he never had to face. He was 27 when he died.





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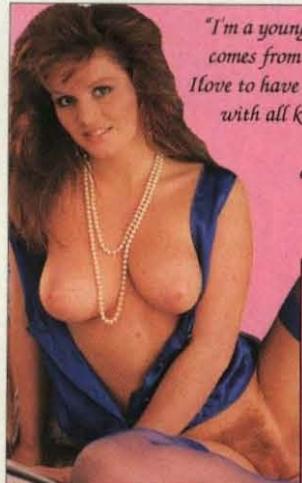


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Photo by Friend



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Largo, Florida, is home to 20-year-old Renee. She's an exotic entertainer who masquerades in public with the ordinary hobbies of swimming and sunbathing. Her fantasy is to have a man that loves to lick and caress every inch of her on a dark beach all night. The all-night sucker may have been invented just for her.

Saucer-nipped, 24-year-old Princess proves that pink on pink is just enough of a good thing. She's a model from Chicago, Illinois, and riding horseback is her favorite hobby. Making love in the rain on a bridge is her fantasy, but it's hard to think of Princess outside.

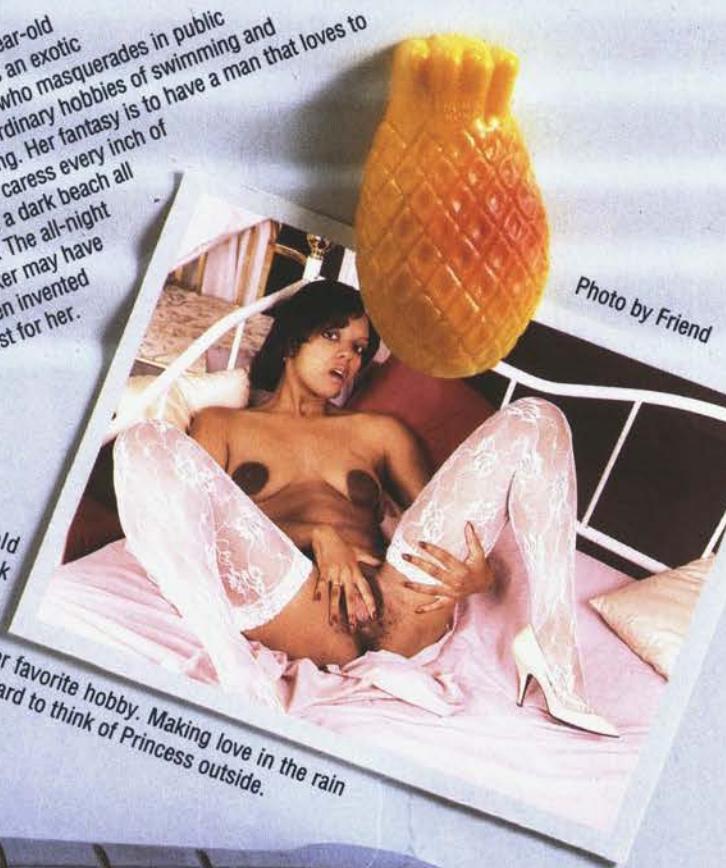


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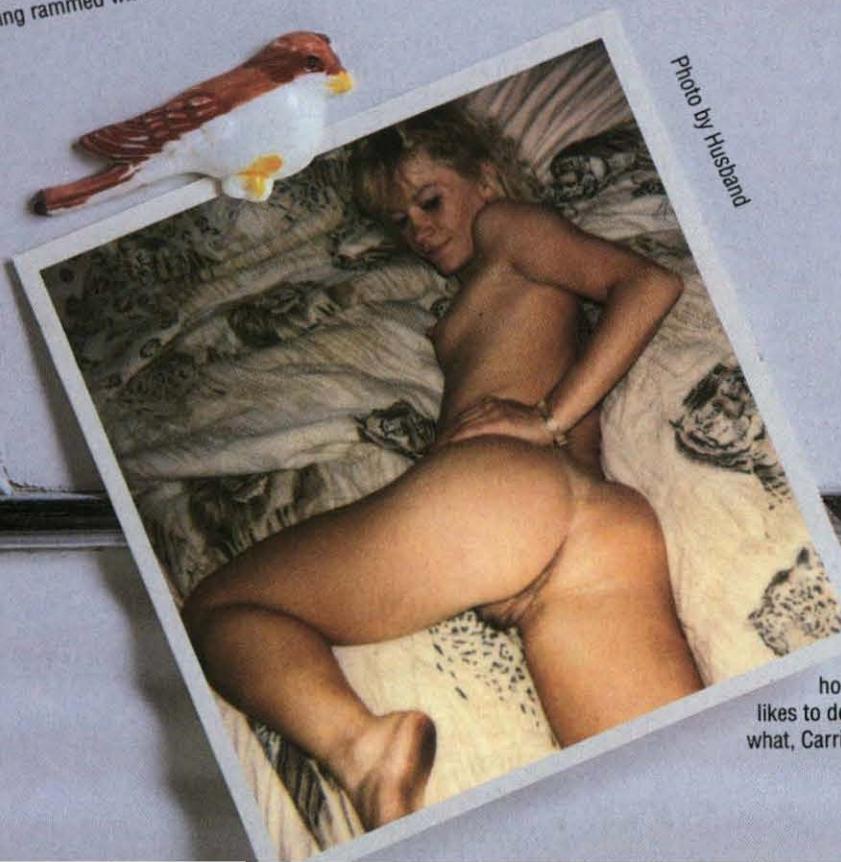
Twenty-year-old Honey is as sweet a young thing as comes in Greenfield, Indiana. She's a travel representative whose hobbies include swimming, skating, horseback riding and having sex on the beach. Her fantasy involves playing with a running-water hose and being rammed with a 12" dick. Wow.

Photo by Husband



Sexy Lacey hails from New Orleans, Louisiana. She's a 23-year-old student who says that when her mind is out of the gutter, she likes to play putt-putt golf and tennis. Her hot fantasy is thinking about thousands of guys jerking off to her picture in *Beaver Hunt*.

Photo by Husband



Buffalo, New York, is home to 26-year-old Carrie, a cosmetologist and exotic dancer who digs sunbathing, horseback riding and driving fast. She says she likes to do it on planes, trains, buses and Jacuzzis. Do what, Carrie? Everything?

Cream-complexioned Lisa is a 28-year-old cashier from Antioch, California, where stock-car racing and clothes shopping brighten her weekends. Lisa says being a centerfold for *HUSTLER Magazine* is her hottest fantasy. Beaver Hunt is happy to oblige.



Photo by Husband

Writing, music and sports keep 28-year-old Donna looking young. She's a housewife from Granite, Oklahoma, and her fantasy is to take every macho man and seduce him to the point where he cries like a baby. At which point, hopefully, she uncrosses her legs.



Photo by Friend

Photo by Boyfriend

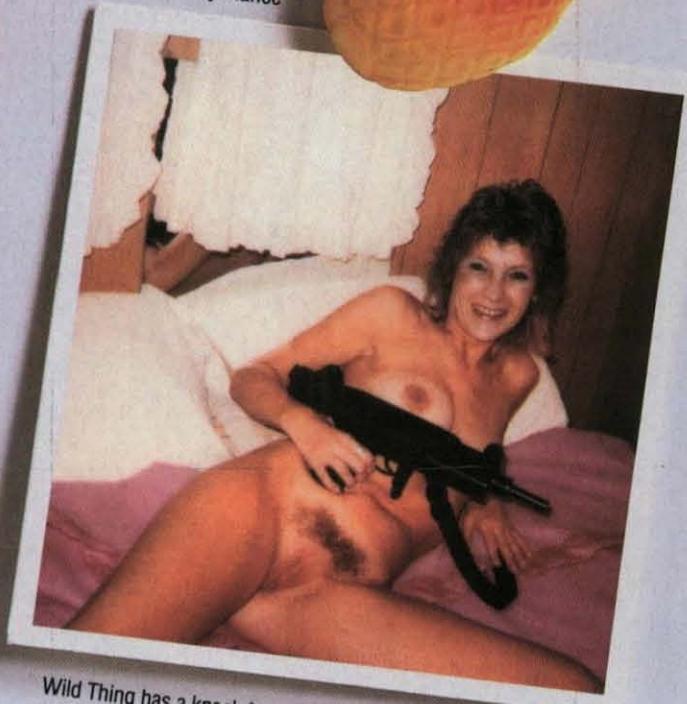


Blondie is a 29-year-old bartender from Mobile, Alabama. Her interests include race cars, sunbathing and sex, and her fantasy is to make a *Beaver Hunt* layout. Turns out that's an easy one, Blondie. What now?

Photo by Husband



Photo by Fiance



With a figure like hers, 38-year-old Jan has no qualms about revealing her age. She's a medical-care assistant from Indianapolis, Indiana, who keeps herself fit by dancing and working out. Making love to her husband on a desert island is her fantasy. She doesn't have to be the only woman around to be in a class by herself.

Wild Thing has a knack for getting her way in the bedroom. She's a 28-year-old housewife from Celina, Ohio, who manages to work swimming and roller skating in between sex, sex and more sex. Her fantasy is to make love to her fiance on a beach by moonlight. Sounds tame. Maybe it's accessible only after artillery exchange.

Photo by Husband



Jewelry sales is the occupation of this 23-year-old ruby. Stephanie comes from Daytona, Florida, and shopping and wind surfing are her hobbies. She says her sexual fantasies are all taken care of, and gives us a fuck-eye view of exactly how.

Twenty-one-year-old Abigail is an appointments secretary from Anderson, Indiana, whose after-hours schedule includes billiards and sex. Abigail's fantasy is to get a speedboat into the middle of a crowded lake and have her boyfriend eat her pussy while everyone else watches and masturbates. Which qualifies for the hottest Beaver Hunt fantasy for May.

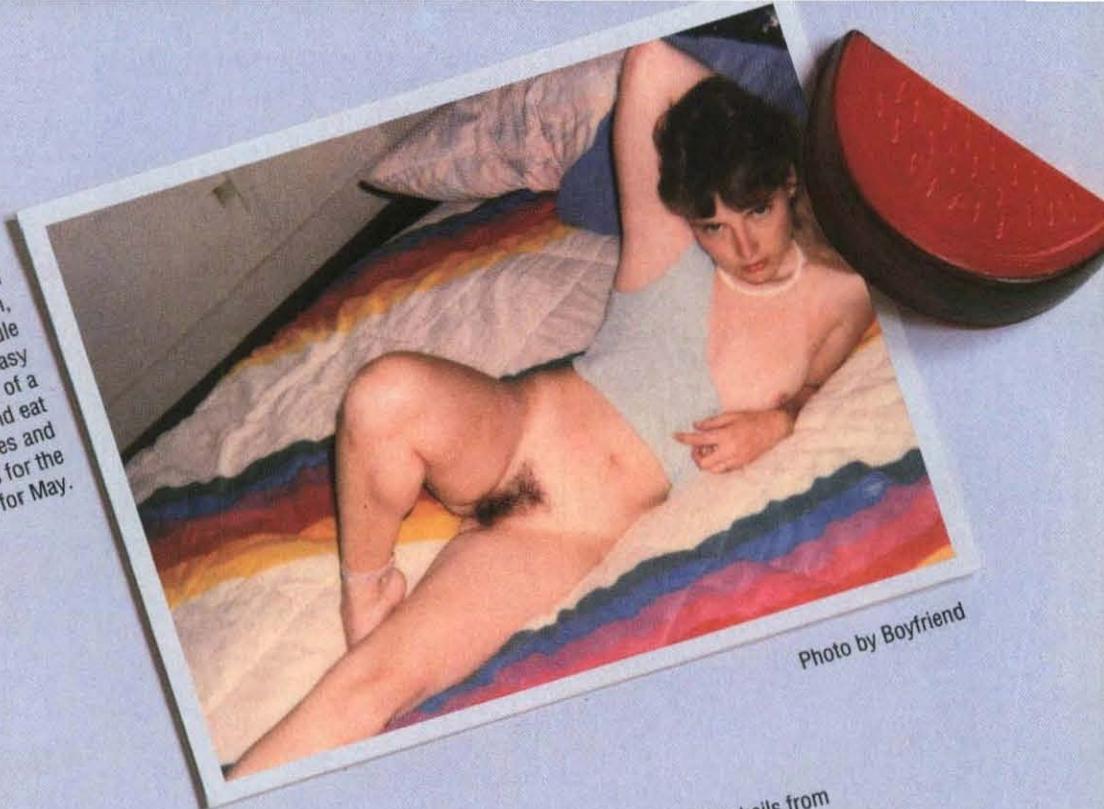


Photo by Boyfriend

Handy with a razor and happy to show it, 29-year-old Debbie hails from Fredericksburg, Virginia. She's a housewife, and her hobbies include cross-stitching, sunbathing and sex. Debbie doesn't list a fantasy. If shaving's any indication, her reality is hot enough.



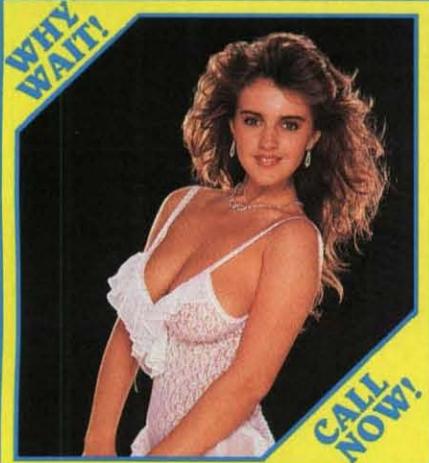
Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband



Twenty-year-old Candy is shy about everything but her knockout, statuesque build. She's a model from Jacksonville, Florida, who enjoys jogging, swimming and tennis. Her fantasy is to perform a striptease in a nightclub full of men. That is, when she's worked up the nerve to face 'em.

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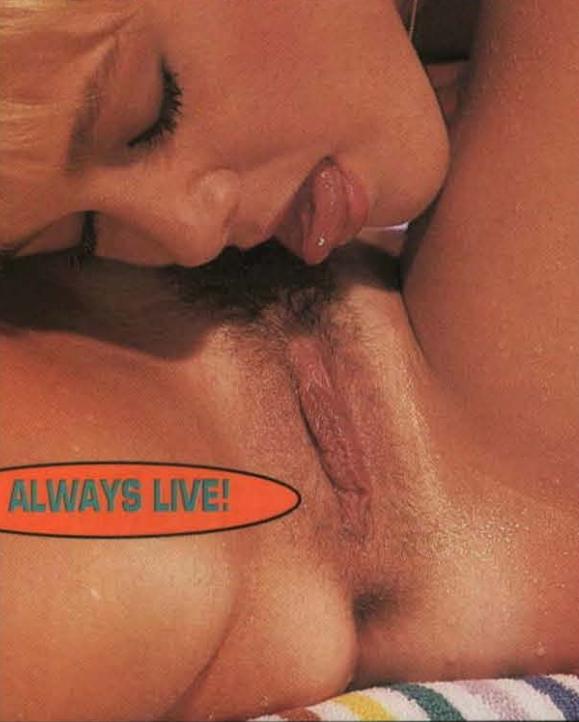
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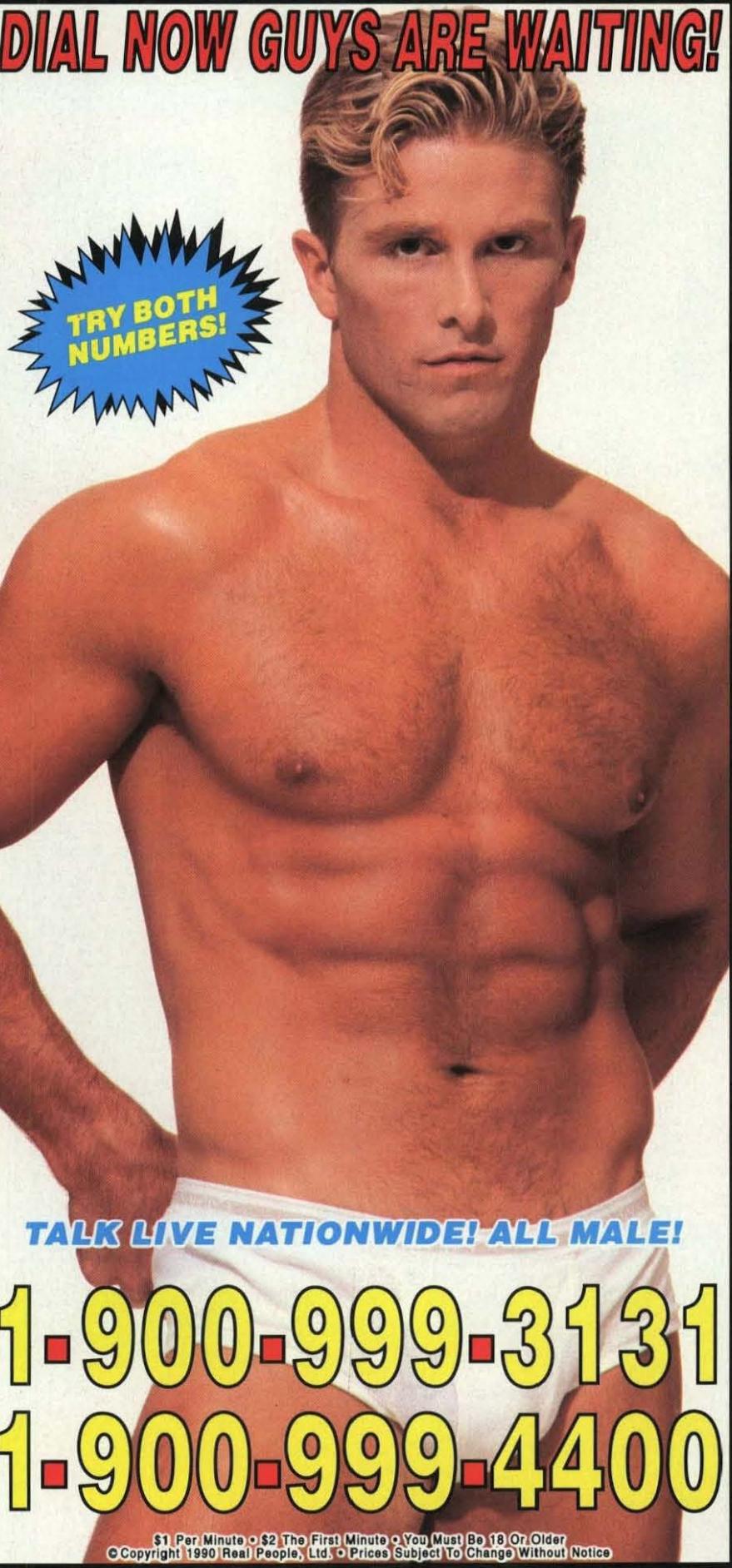
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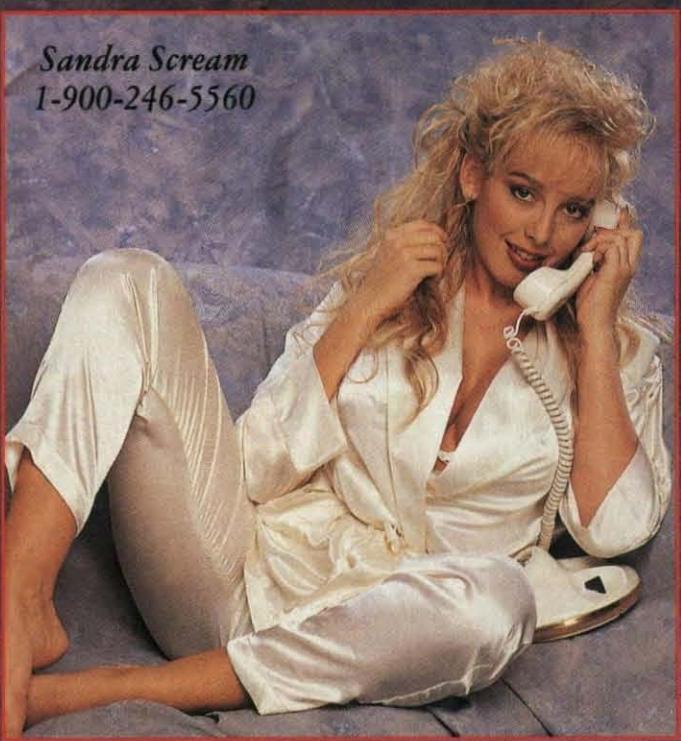


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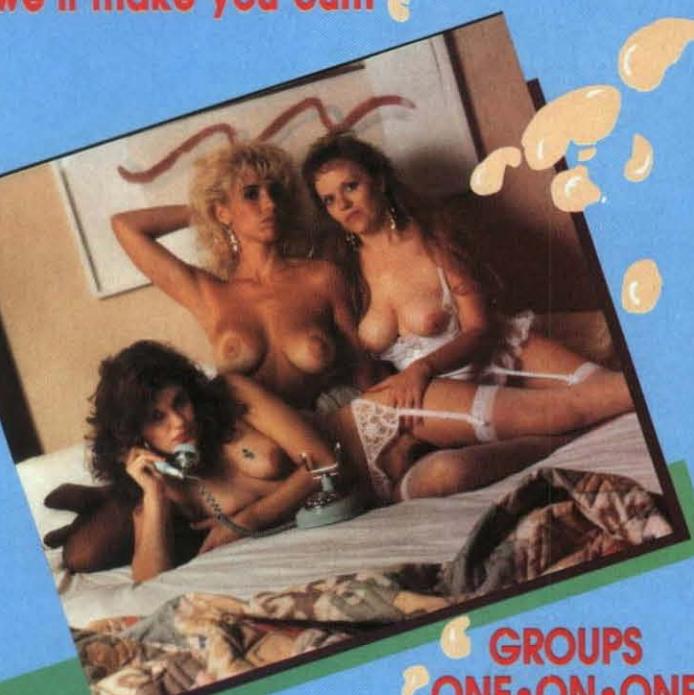
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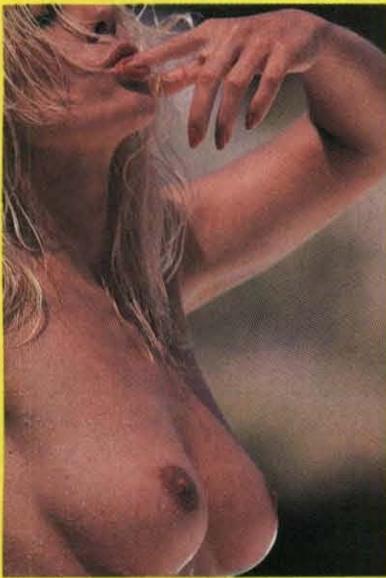
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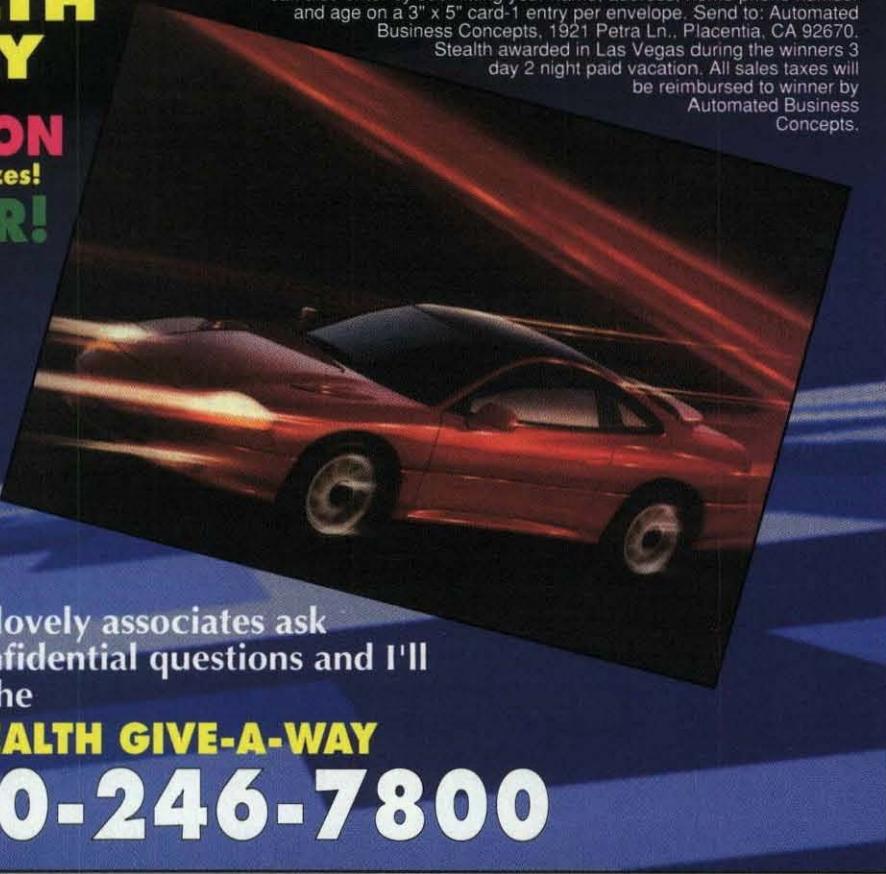
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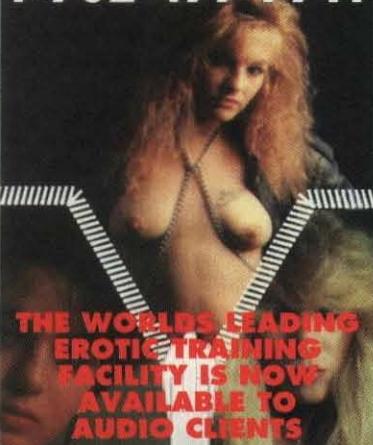
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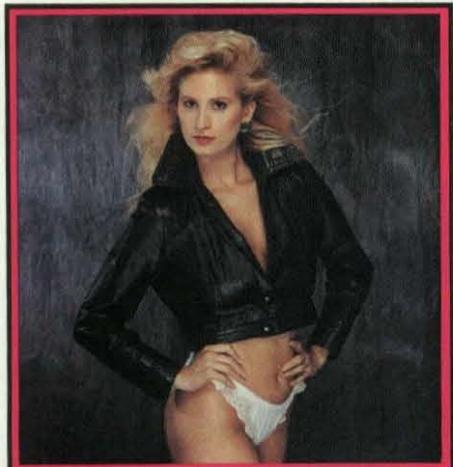
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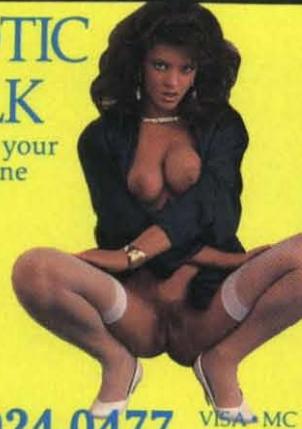
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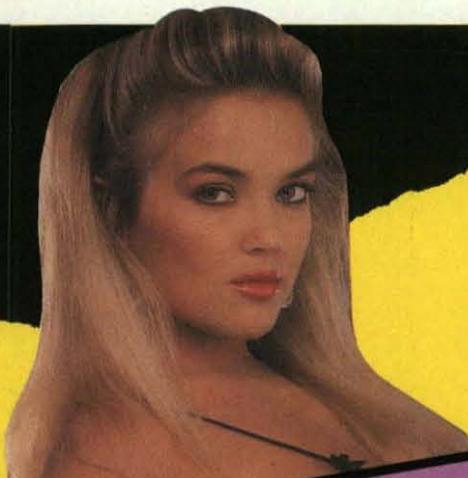
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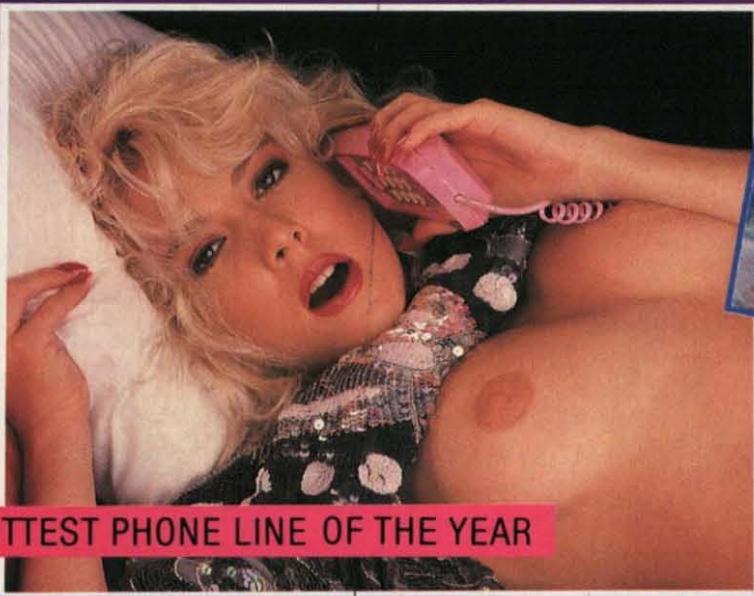
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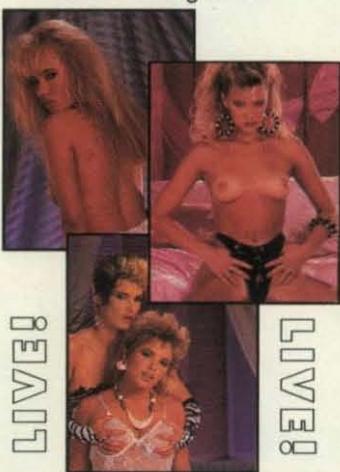
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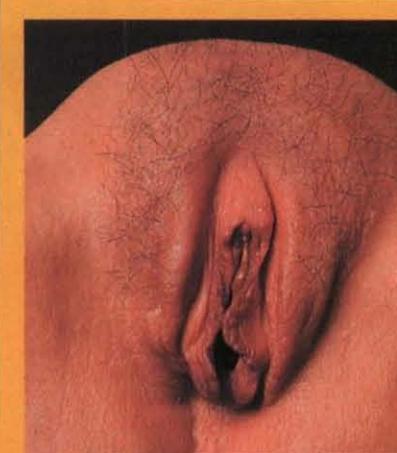
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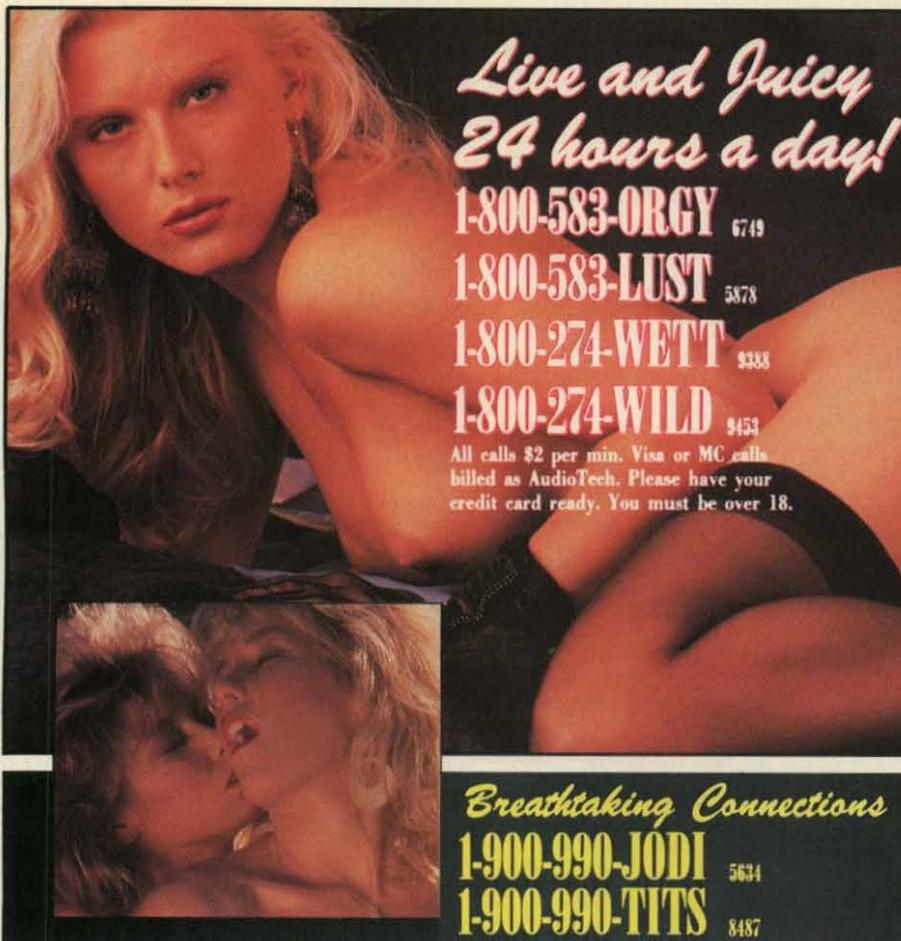
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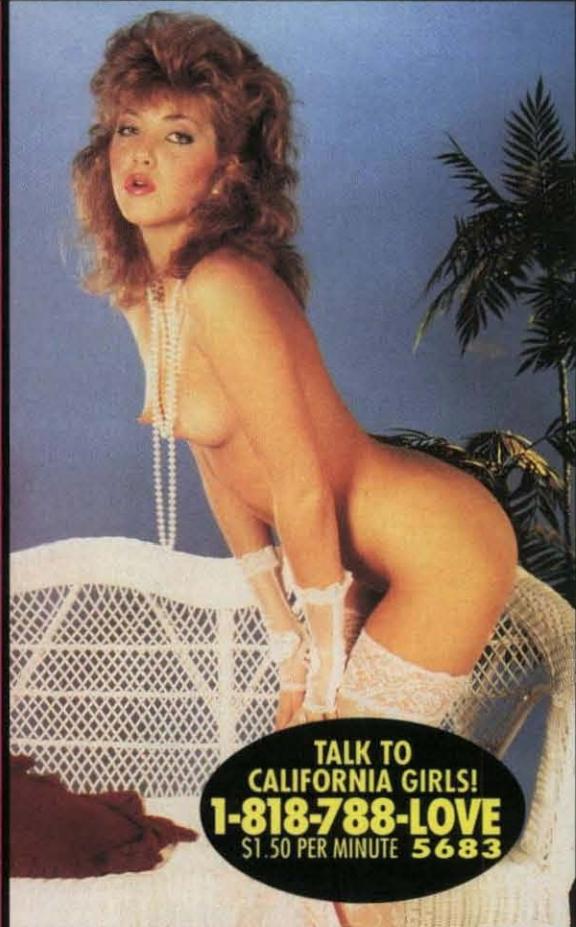
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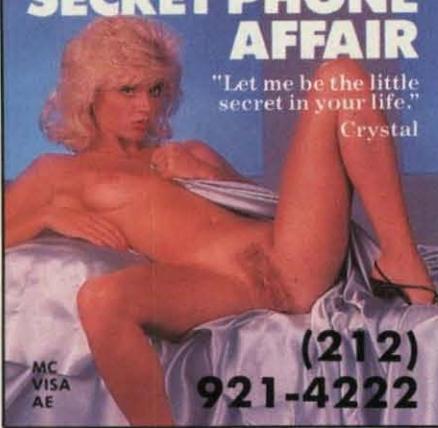
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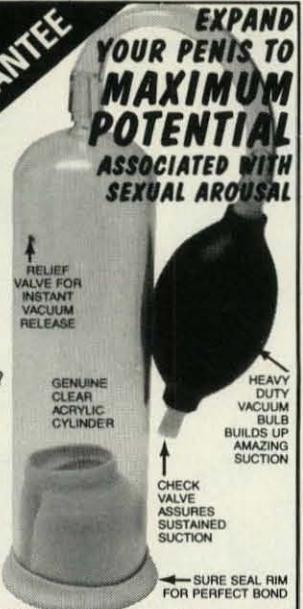
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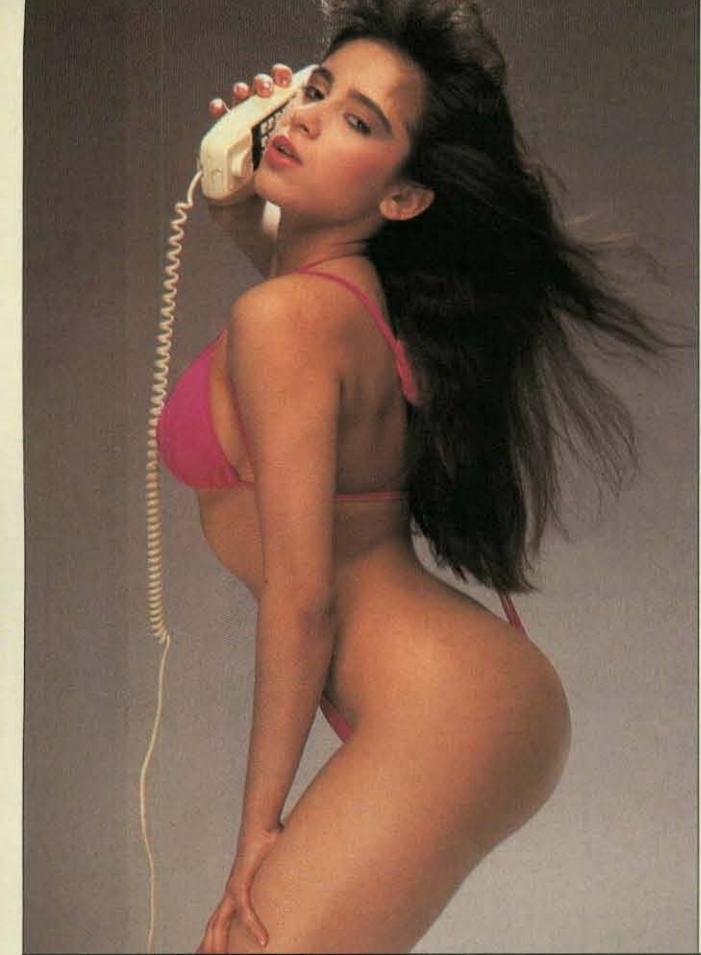
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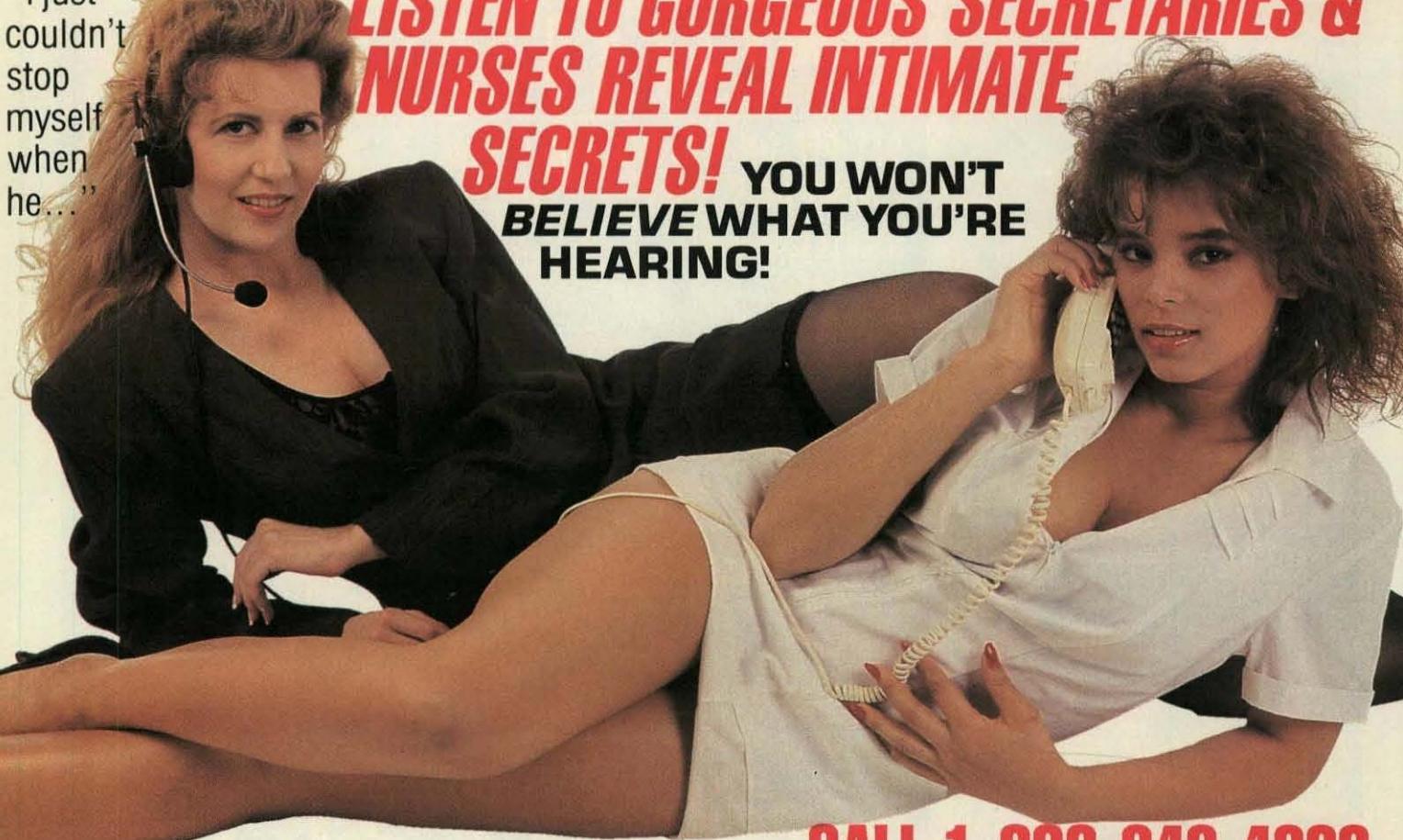
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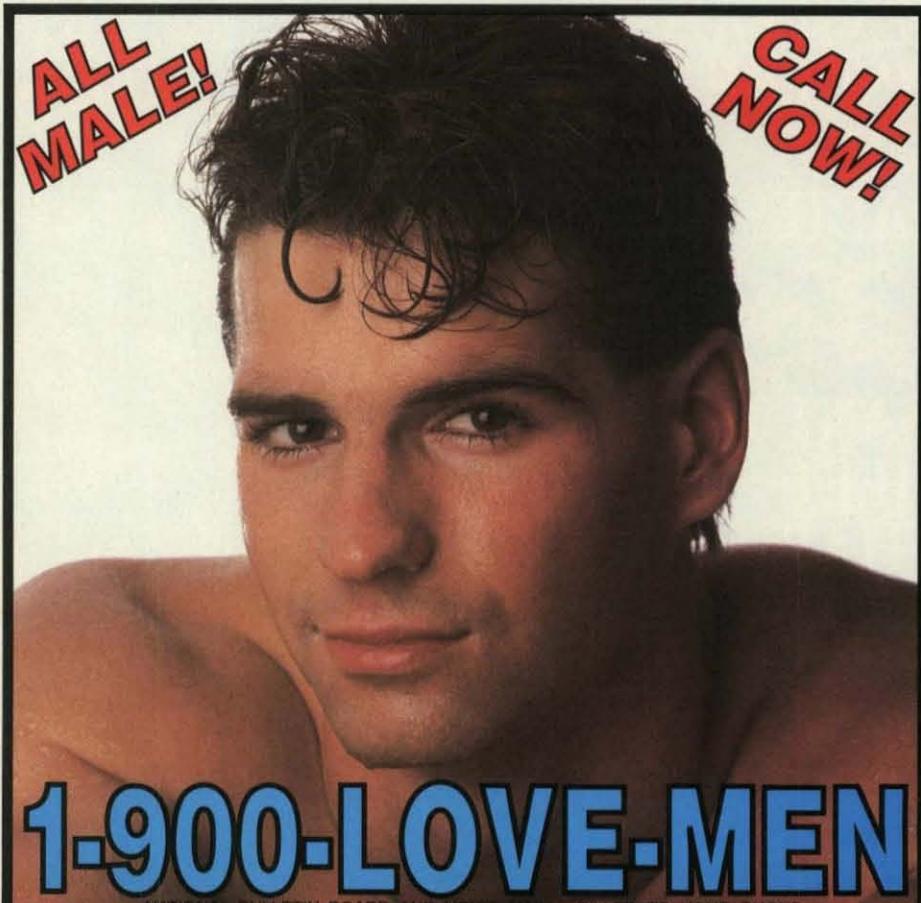
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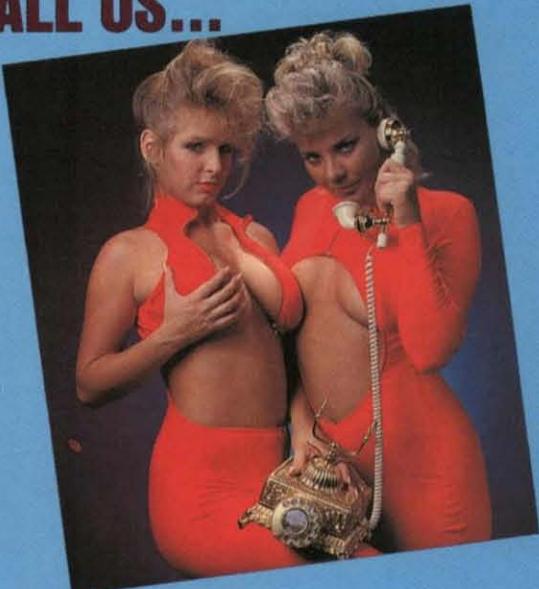
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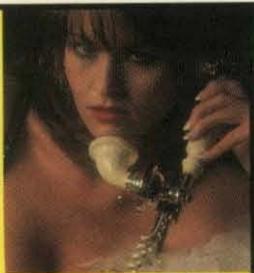
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Butt's
For You"**

**"Slip into
something
comfortable"**

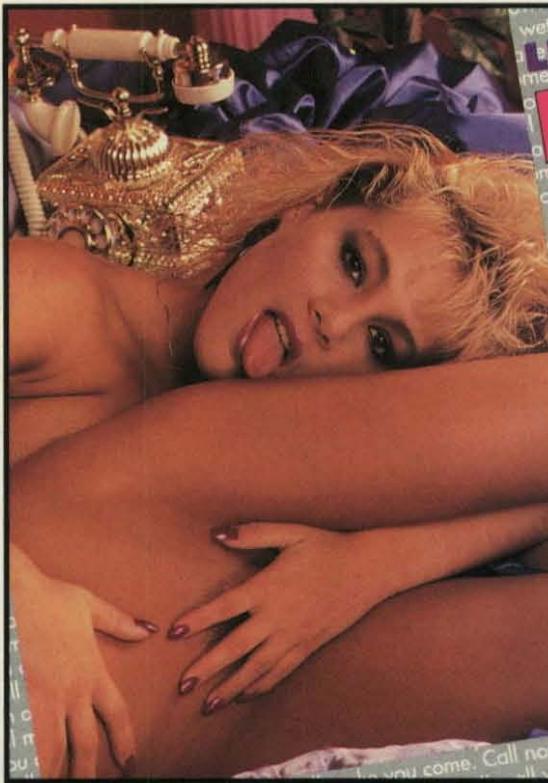
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Only 98¢ per 1/2 min. discreetly billed to
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- NEW PHONE ADS UPDATED DAILY!**

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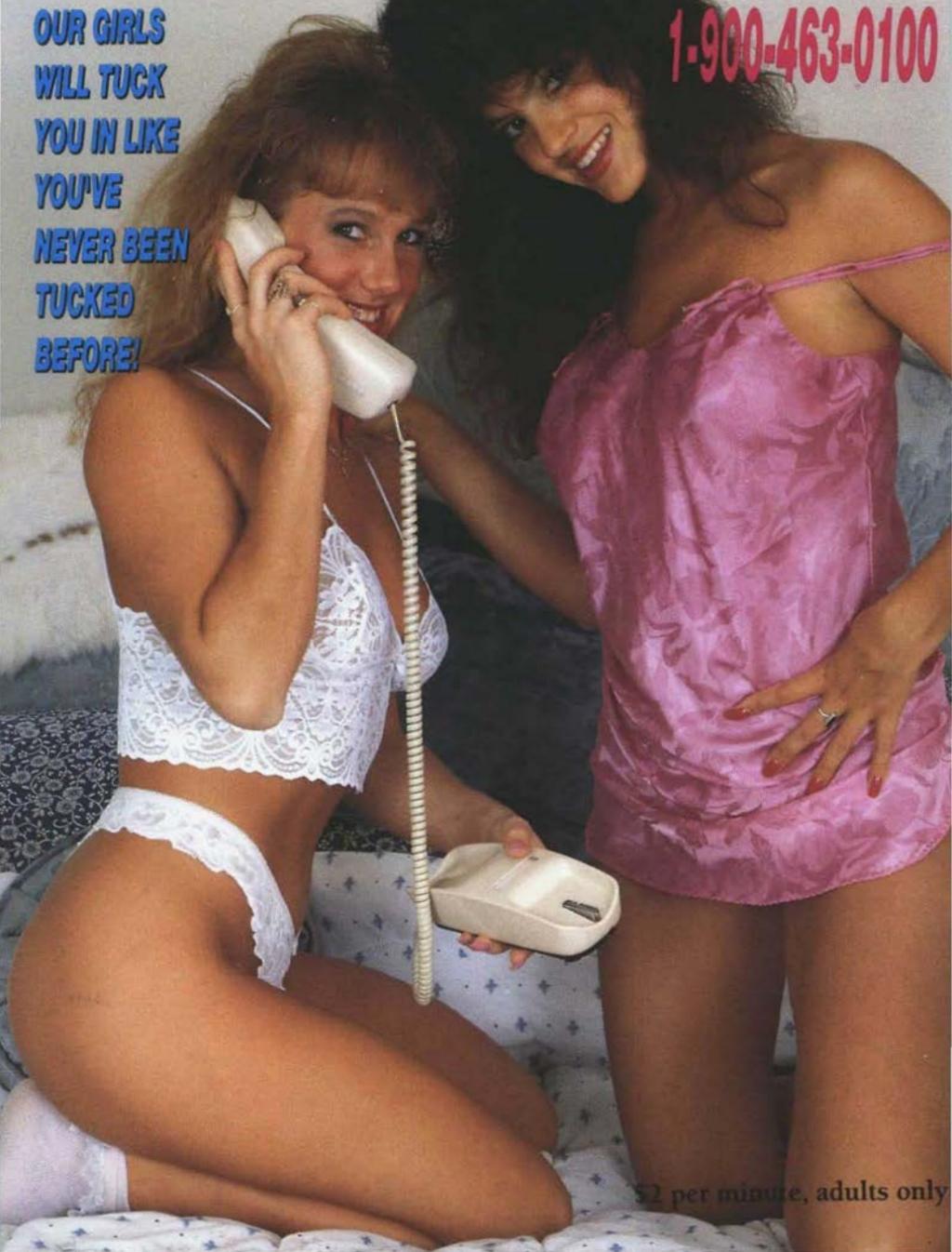
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TUCKED
BEFORE!

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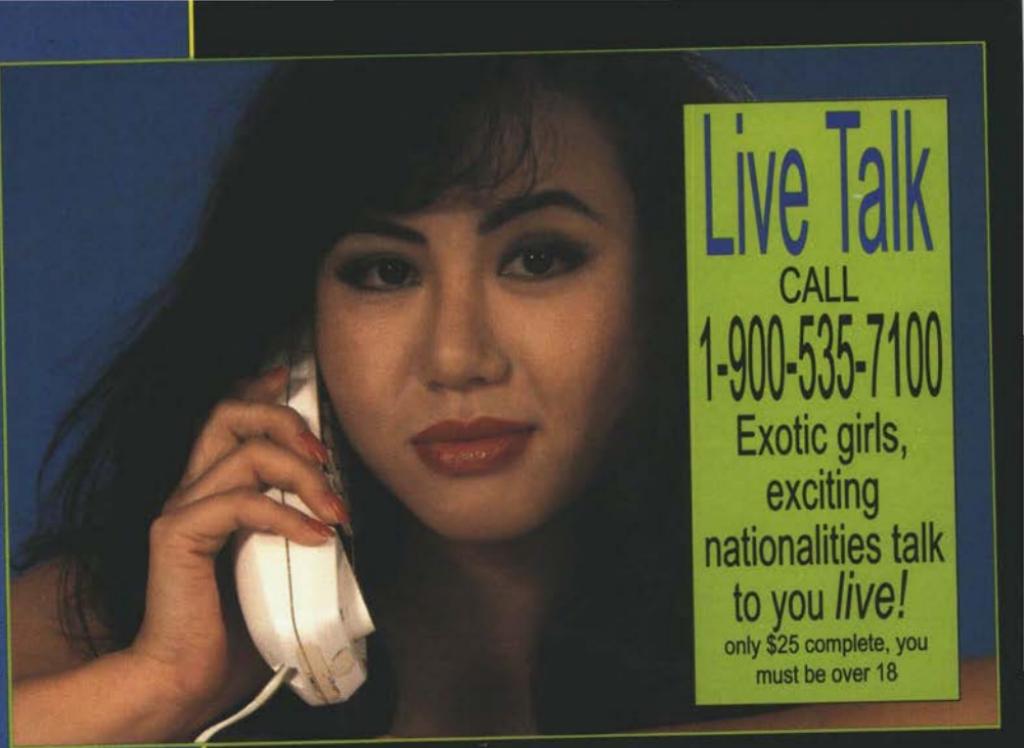
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*Oriental girls and exotic babes of all
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international romance line.*

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just \$2 per minute, adults only





Live Talk

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Exotic girls,
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to you *live!*

only \$25 complete, you
must be over 18

Oriental girl fantasies

Find out what they are.

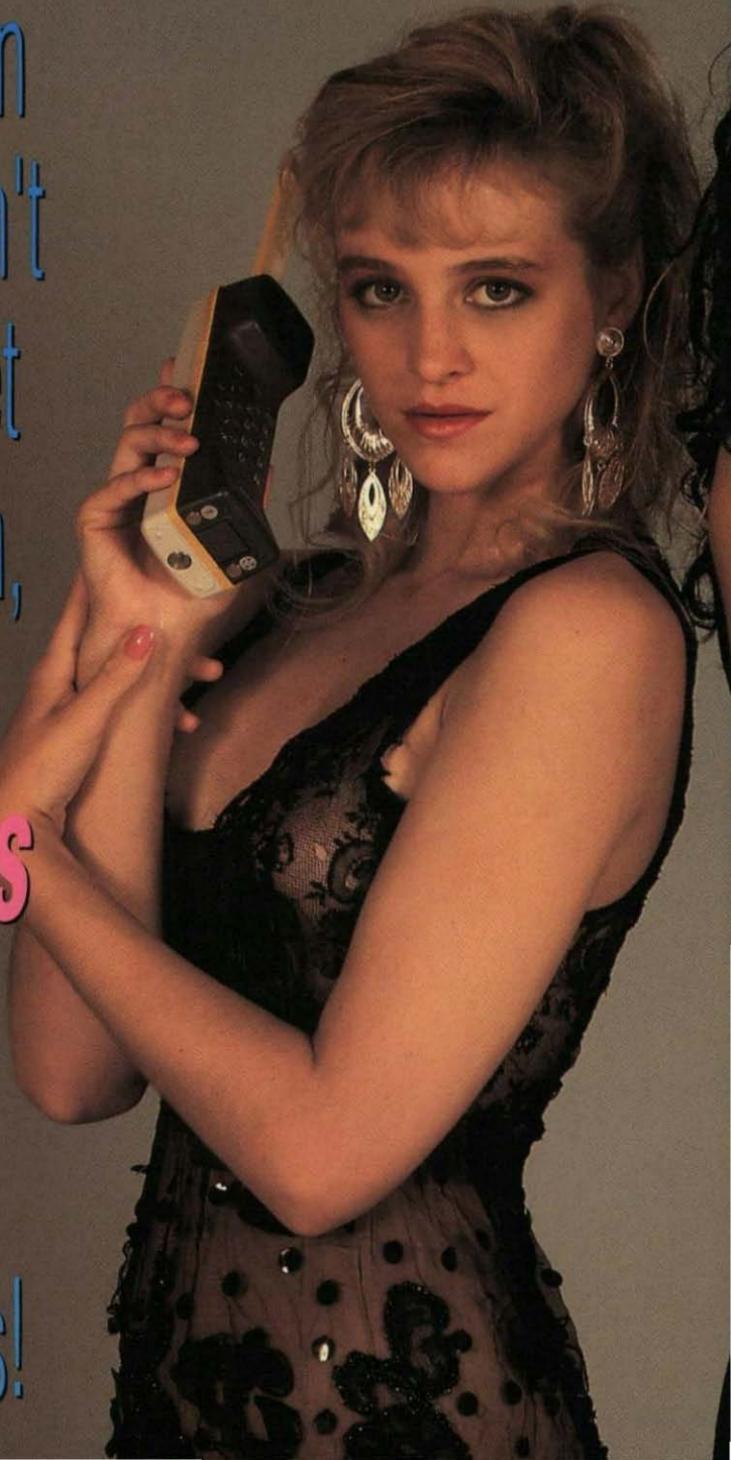
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For men
who can't
ever get
enough,
have
2 girls
fulfill
your
dreams!





*Girls who
like to share
tell all!*
Overhear the torrid
affairs of a
passionate pair.

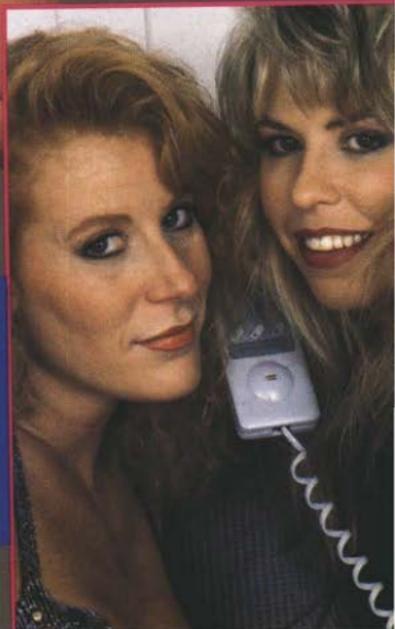
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*Cozy roommates want to share you.
Young, friendly ladies who think 3 is more
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ADULT DATING,
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**1-900-246-KISS
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Find out what women really dream about, hear
their most private fantasies

\$2 A MINUTE. ADULTS ONLY

ADULT ACTION

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Ladies who know the score,
want dates and good times

\$2 A MINUTE. ADULTS ONLY

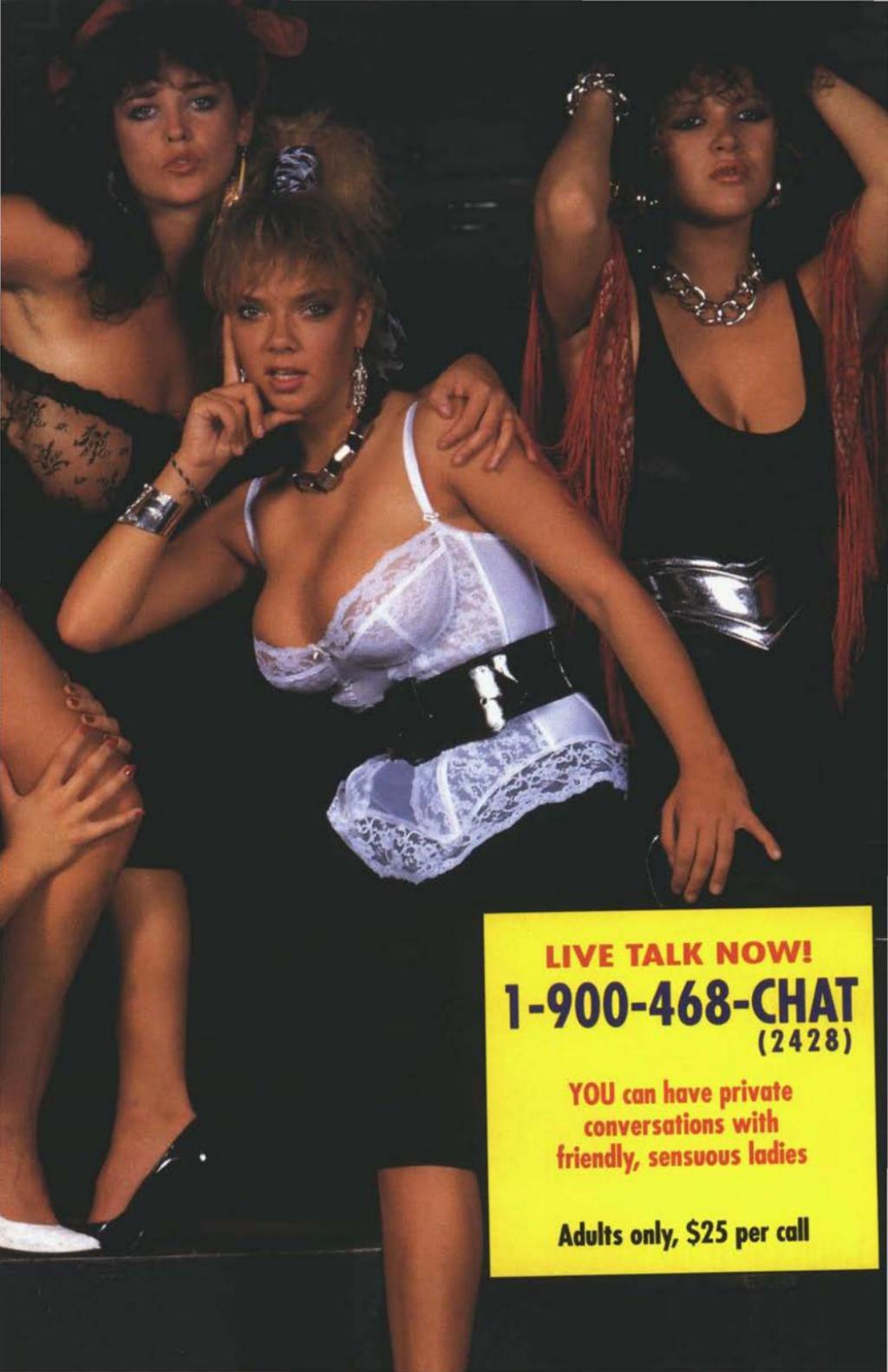
BLISTERING HOT DATELINE

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Get the names and numbers
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talk and personal meetings

\$2 A MINUTE. ADULTS ONLY





LIVE TALK NOW!

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**YOU can have private
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friendly, sensuous ladies**

Adults only, \$25 per call

There are no men at this party! They need to meet you!

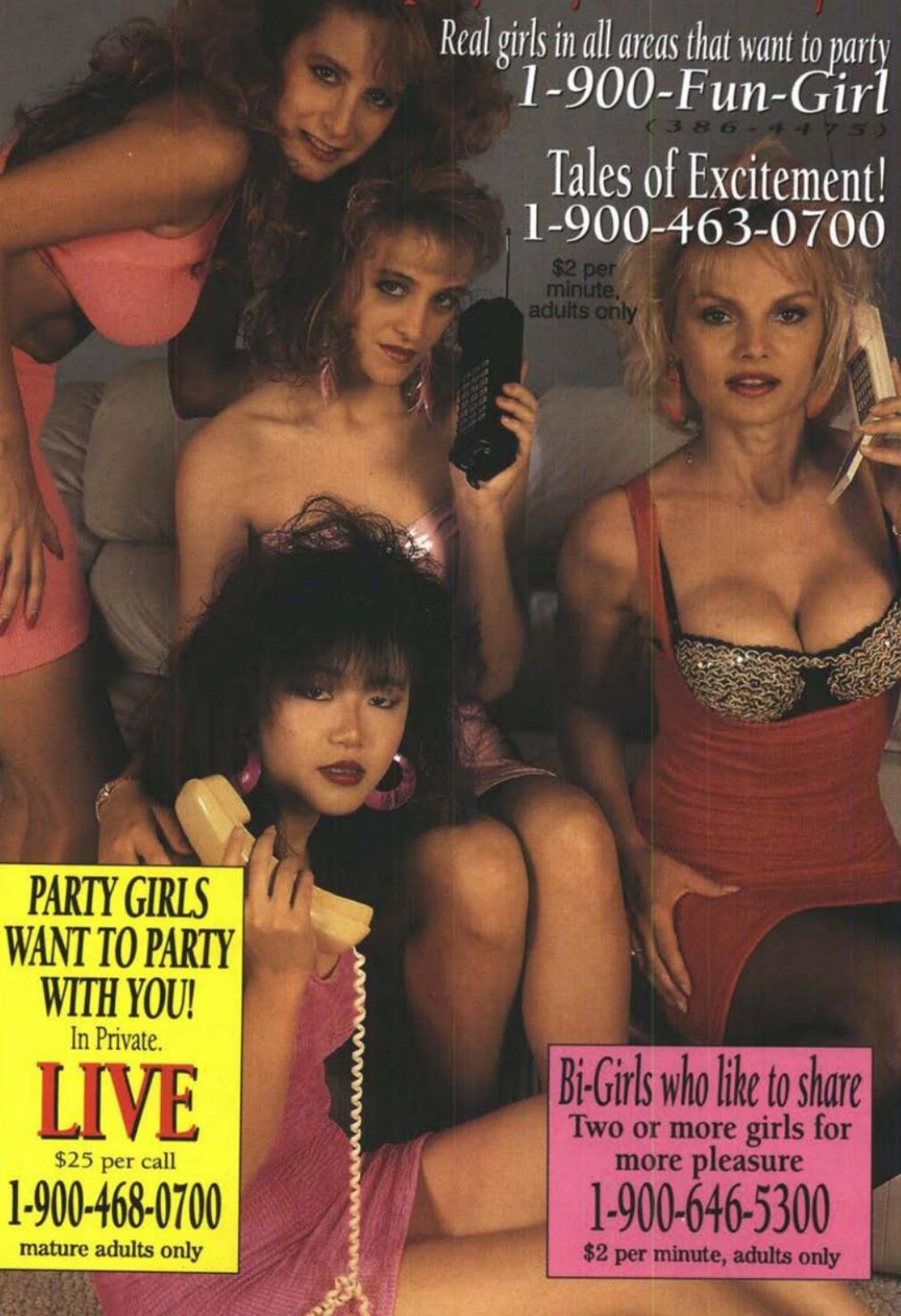
Real girls in all areas that want to party

1-900-Fun-Girl

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Tales of Excitement!
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\$2 per
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WITH YOU!**

In Private.

LIVE

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mature adults only

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Two or more girls for
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Baby!



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55 min

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Only!



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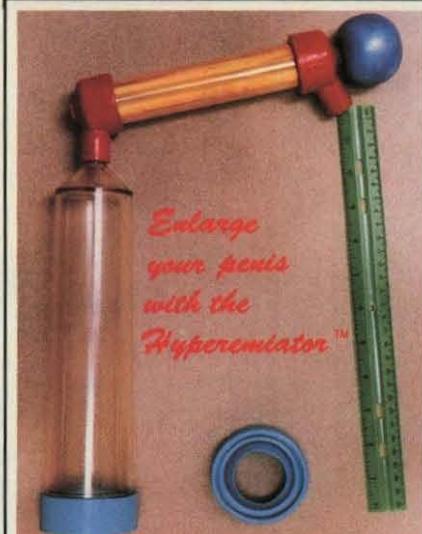


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FOXY YOUNG
GIRLS

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Enlarge
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You can now buy this beautifully designed heavy duty HYPEREMIATOR™ (Organ Enlarger) direct from the Factory. Shipped very Promptly and Discreetly packaged.

This amazing new design and technique has been tested thoroughly thru the years by our factory and many thousands of user's and proven effective and safe.

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- Intensify excitement and desire.

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**THIS UNIT IS A WELL
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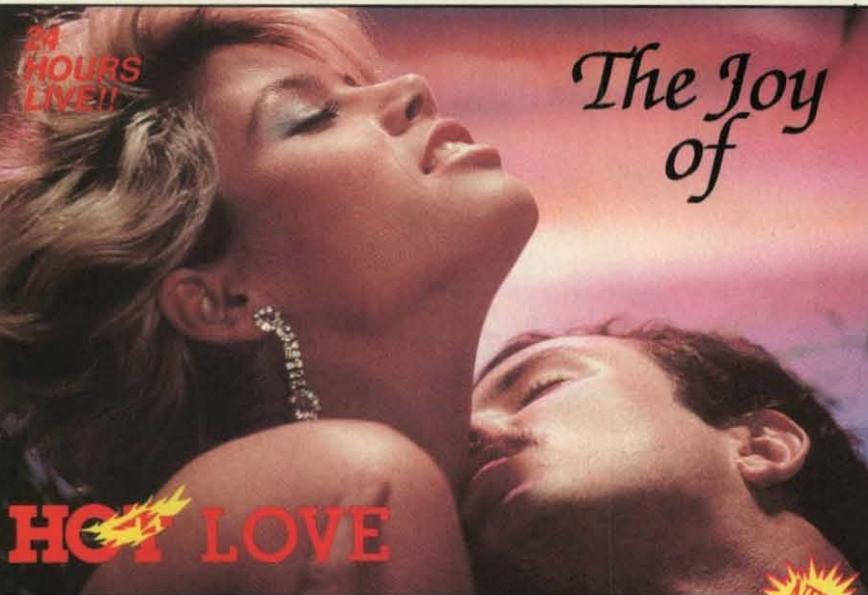
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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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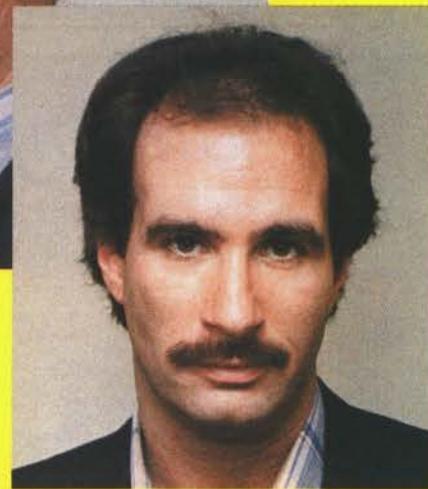
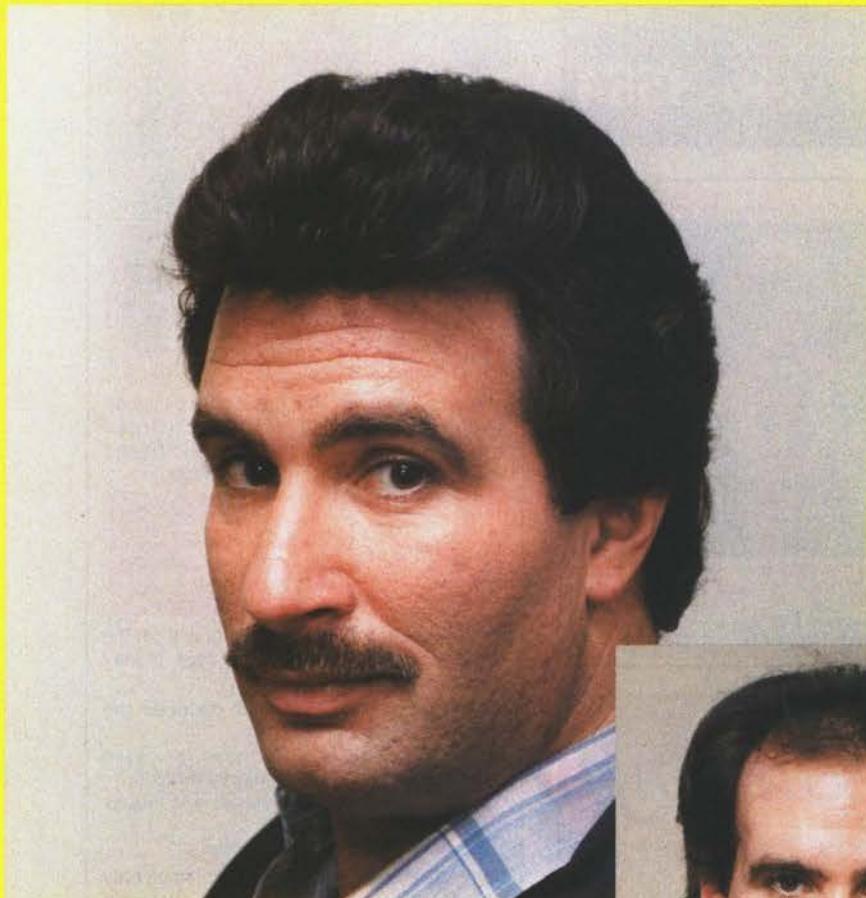
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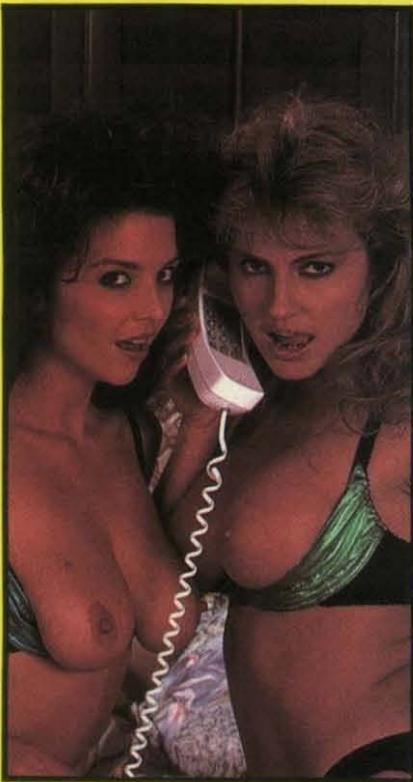
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**Saloon Queens
Confess: 1-900**

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Kitty 990-2545
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Penelope 329-8767
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\$5 per min

GIRLS AND MORE GIRLS!



**I WANT TO PARTY WITH
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I'm LUSCIOUS, I'm HOT,
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ALL WHERE IT COUNTS!
I'LL STIMULATE YOUR LIFE!**

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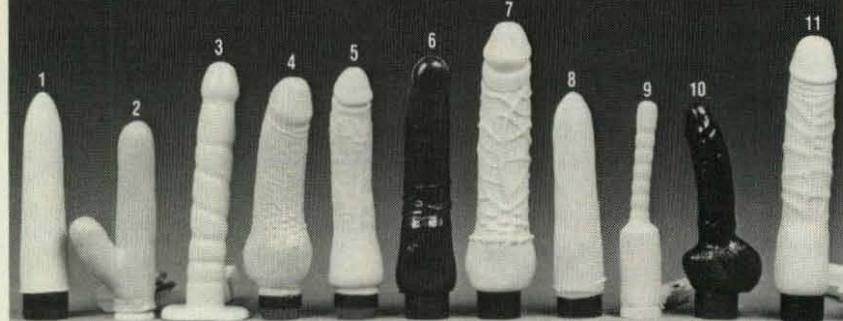
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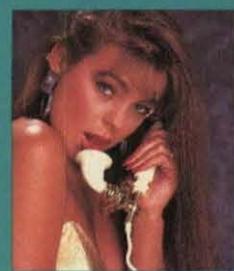
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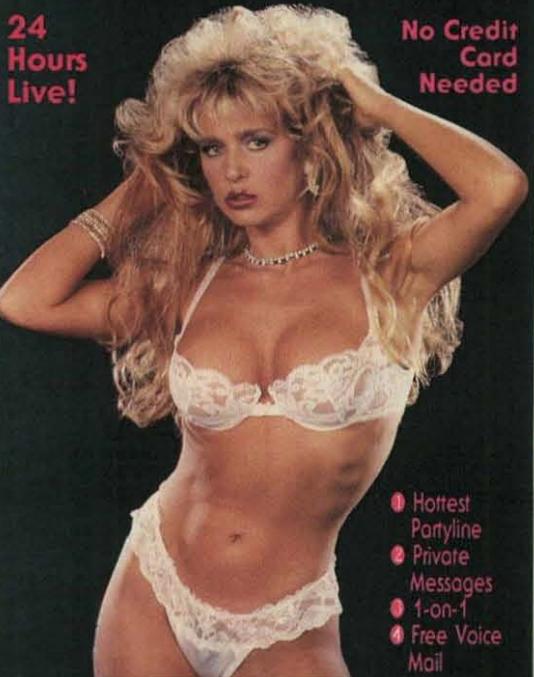
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Confessions

24
Hours
Live!

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8462

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999-TARA
8272

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You Must Be 18

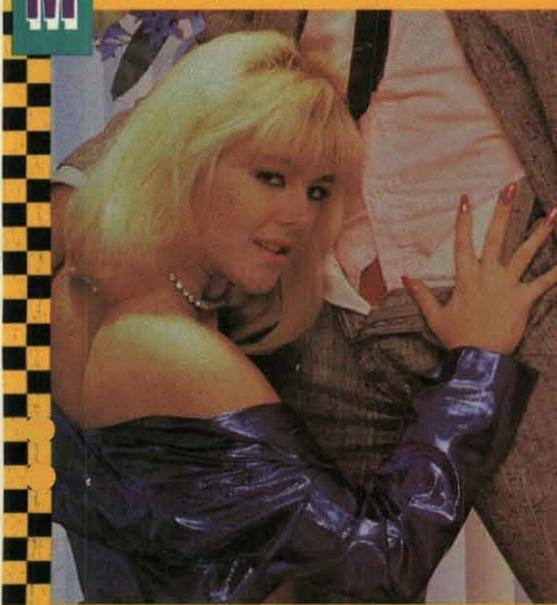


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HOT DATES NOW!

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44
M6A2T8C2H4

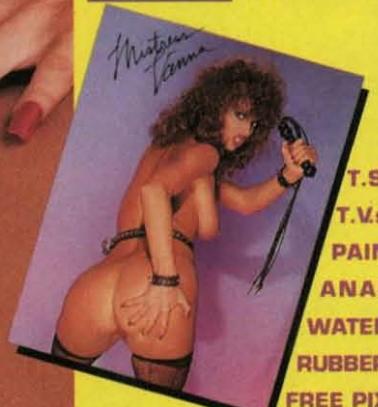
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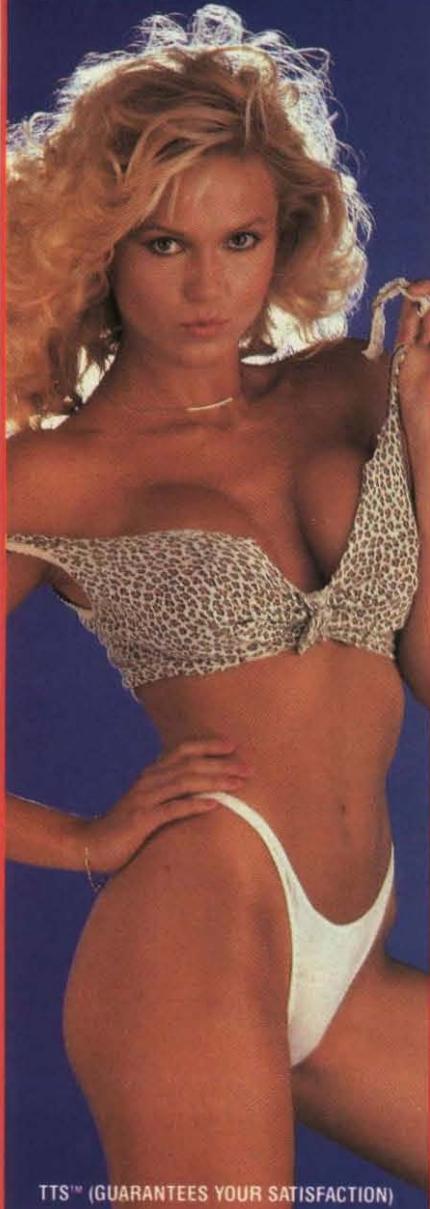
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Vicki

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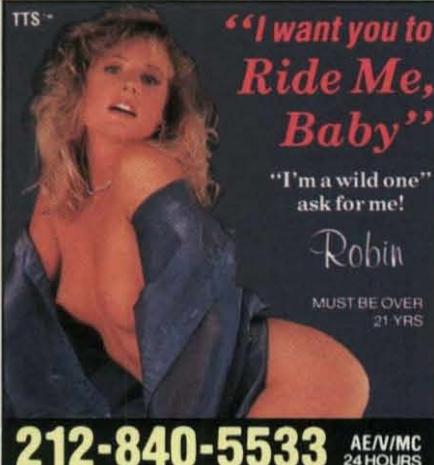


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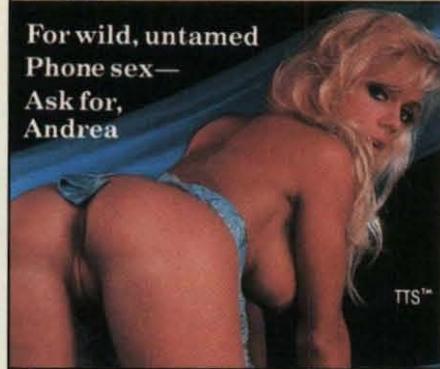


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THEM
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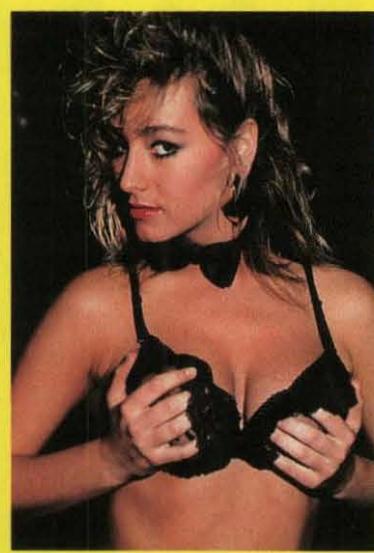
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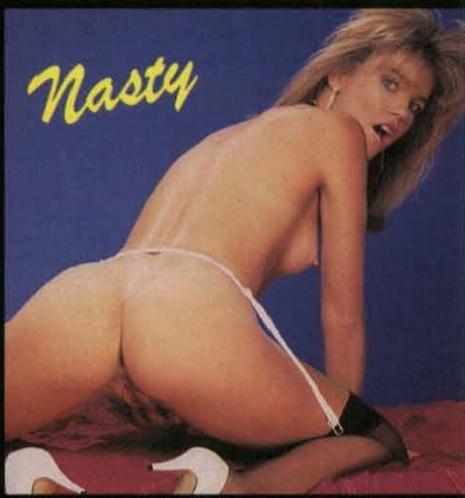


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- **ONE ON ONE**
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**THIS IS THE ONLY PHONE NUMBER
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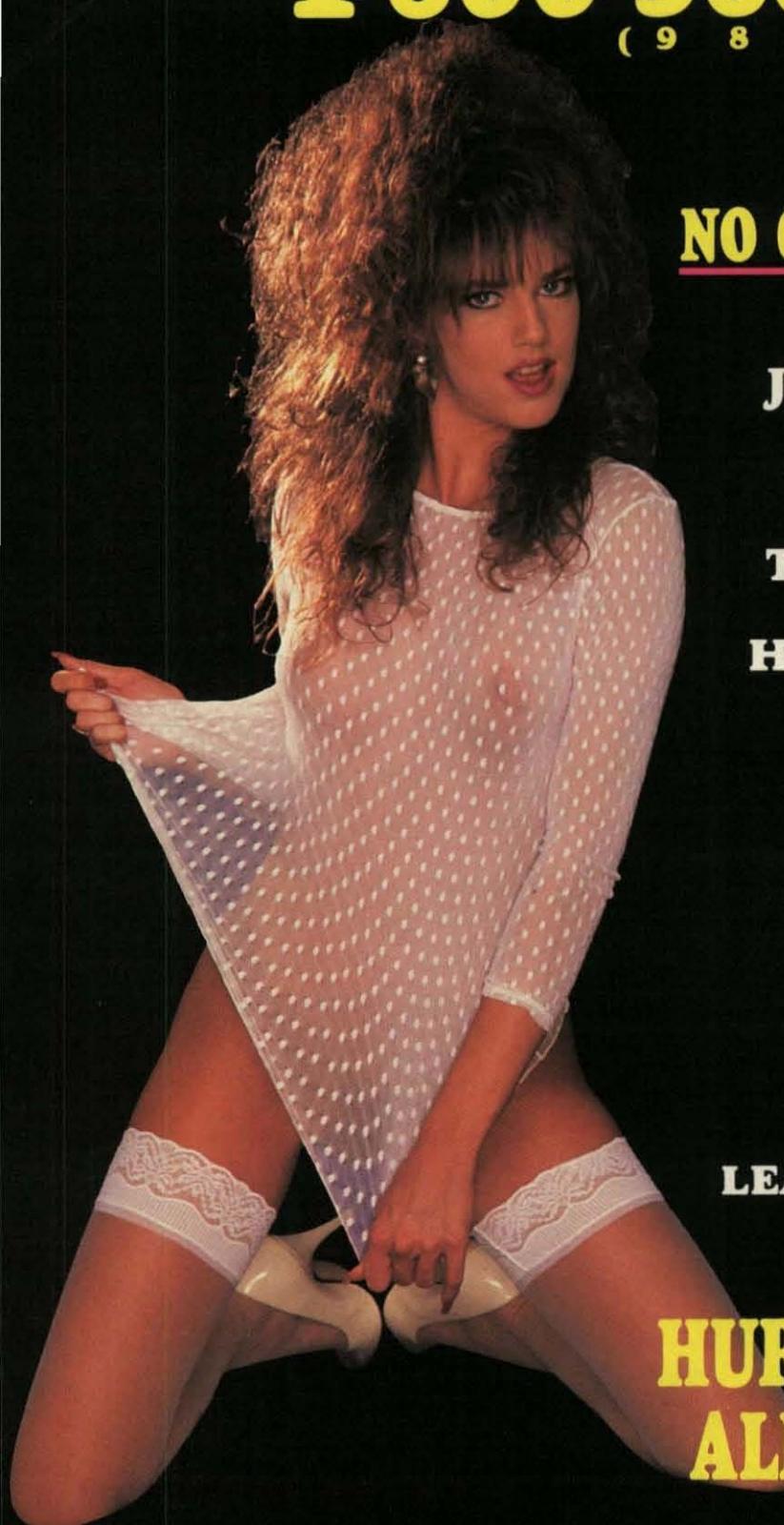
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**JOIN THE PARTY LINE
OR
GO OUT ONE-ON-ONE
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YOU
HAVE ALWAYS WANTED
TO MEET**

**HEAR PHONE ADS
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\$1.95 per minute

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THE LINE YOU'LL CALL OVER AND OVER AGAIN

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\$2 per minute**



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You'll see...

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CALL
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I'LL ALWAYS
GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU
CAN'T
ALWAYS
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DIRECT CALL BACK

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I want to be Butt Fucked
by your big, stiff cock."

"I love it up
the Ass."

M.C.

VISA

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**Mistress
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**World Famous
HEDONIST**

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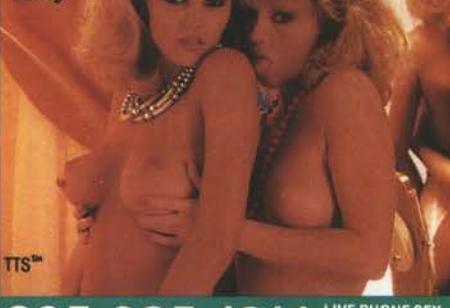
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760-8171**

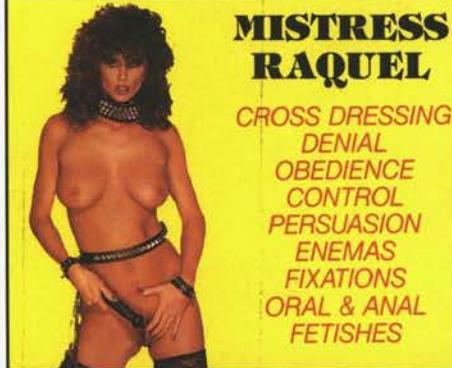
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"Call us baby, we're hot!"

Emily &
Amy



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24 HRS AE/V/MC



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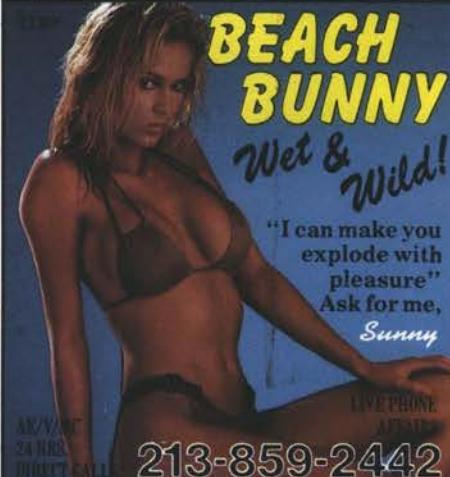
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M/C, VISA, AMEX DIRECT CALL BACK UPON REQUEST



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CALL CORNHOLE CONNIE**

ASK FOR
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**BEACH
BUNNY**

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"I can make you
explode with
pleasure"
Ask for me,
Sunny

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**CALL
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I'LL ALWAYS
GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU
CAN'T
ALWAYS
GET!**

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DIRECT CALL BACK

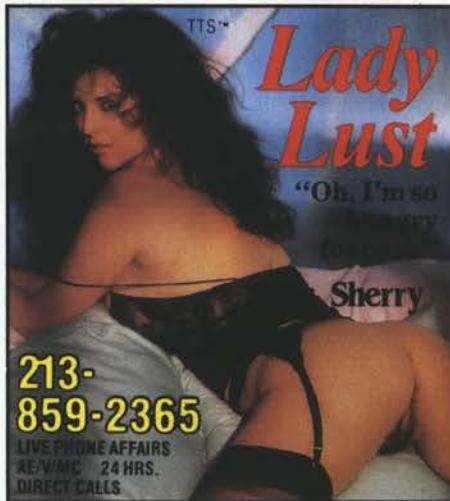
M/C, VISA, AMEX UPON REQUEST



**I'M HOT,
AGGRESSIVE
AND
I WANT YOU!**

**I'M WAITING, WENDY
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**Lady
Lust**

"Oh, I'm so

Sherry

**213-
859-2365**

LIVE PHONE AFFAIRS
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DIRECT CALLS

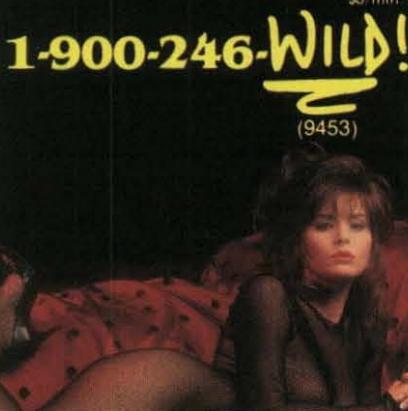
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Sample \$3, 10 photo set \$11
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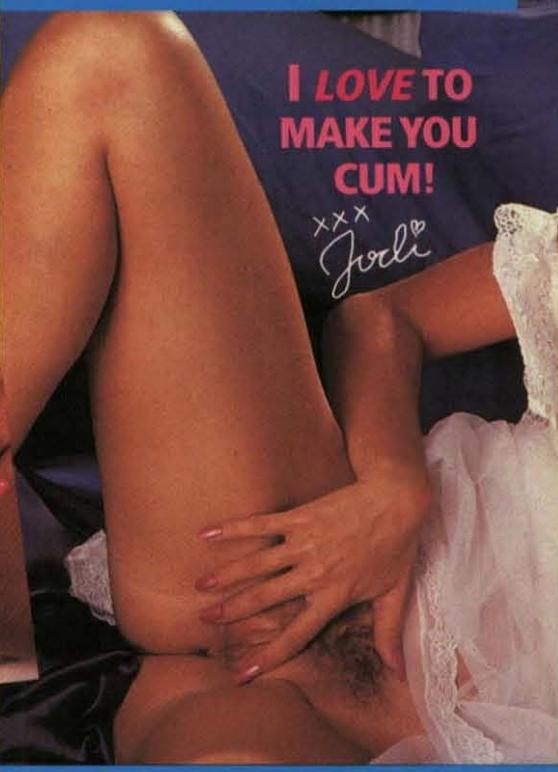
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your
fantasies
with a
sexy,
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woman.

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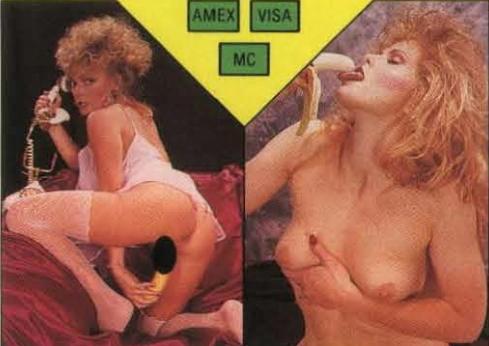
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ALL NUMBERS: \$2 PER MIN. ■ CHARGED TO YOUR PHONE BILL. ■ 18 OR OLDER.

Phone Personal Ads

ARRANGED BY AREA CODE

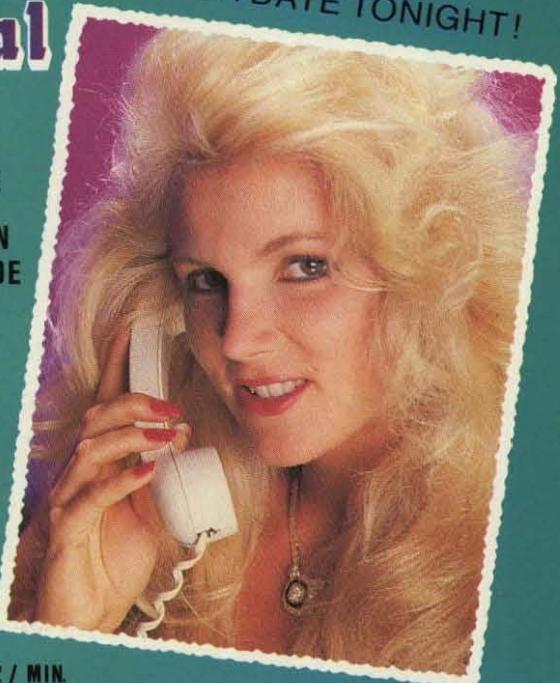
MEET SINGLE WOMEN IN
YOUR AREA OR NATIONWIDE

RECORD YOUR OWN
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AT LEAST 50% FEMALE
CALLERS IN MOST AREAS

WOMEN REPLY IN YOUR
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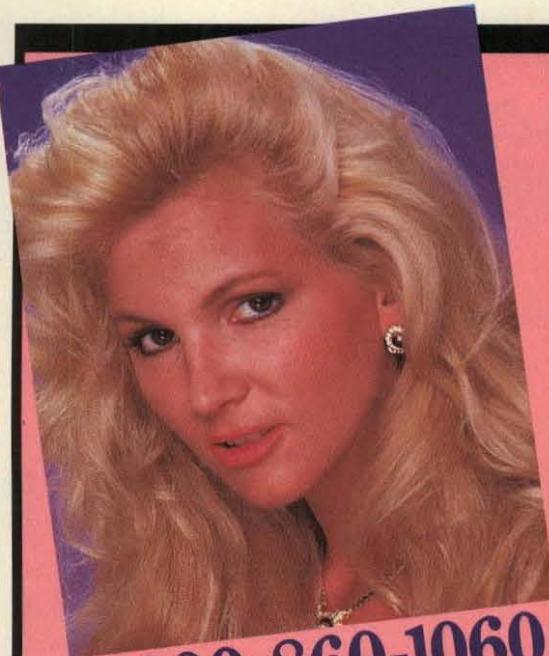
CALL TODAY
HAVE A DATE TONIGHT!



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WOMEN'S PHONE NUMBERS - \$2 / MIN.

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*Talking Personal Ads
Arranged by Area Code!*



OUR GUARANTEE!

All personal ads are from real women who want to meet men in your area—No Phonies, No Games!

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

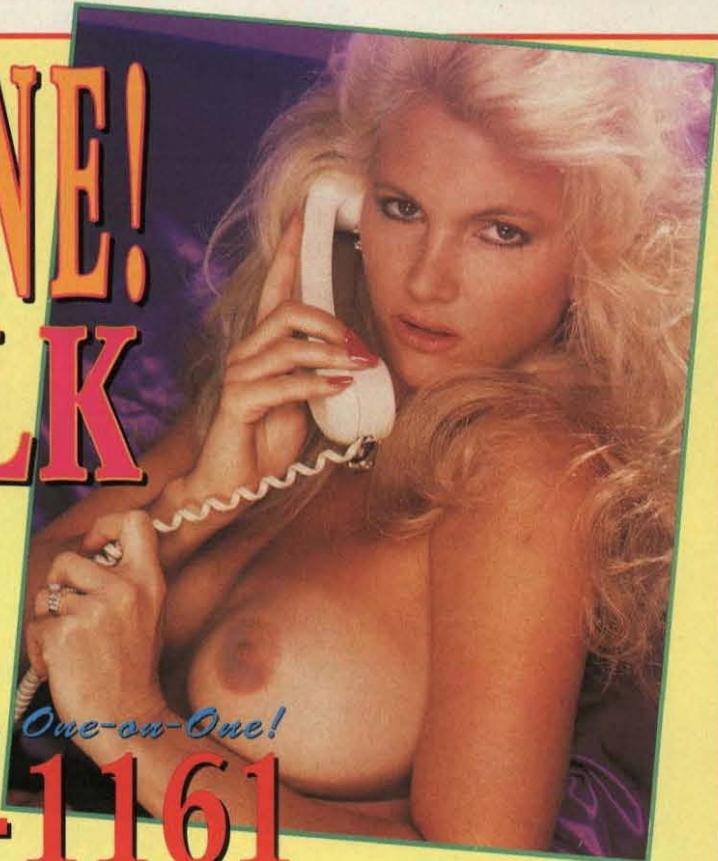
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Call Now and Talk Live to a Beautiful,
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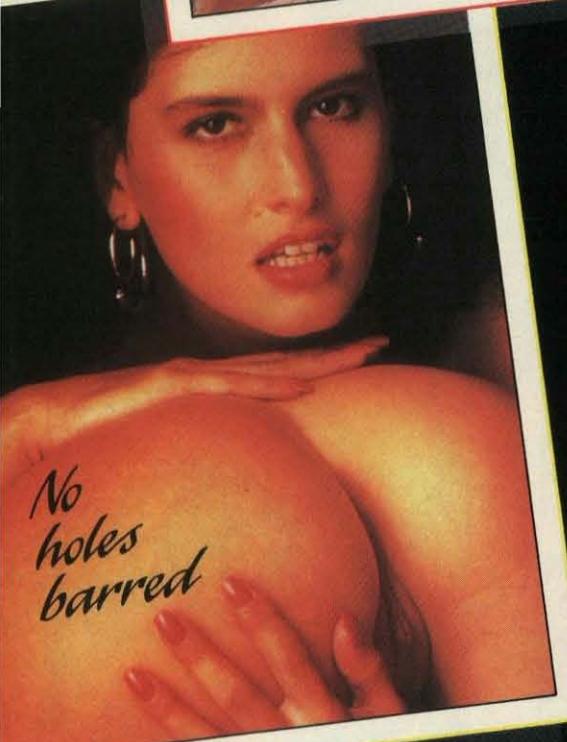
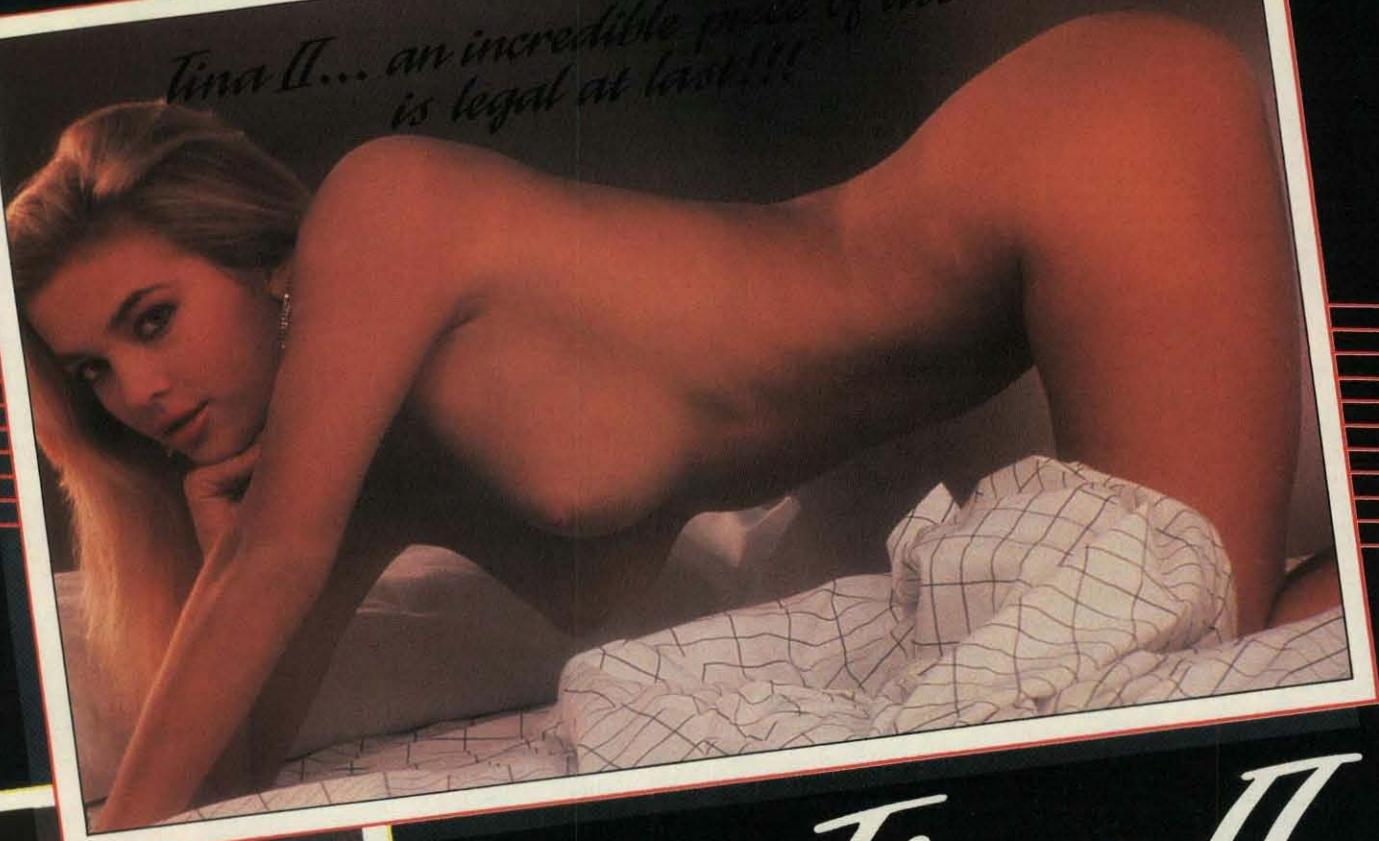
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Confessions, call:

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*No
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999-*Tina* *the Original*
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Billed as Info Net Mktg. & Beta Entertainment

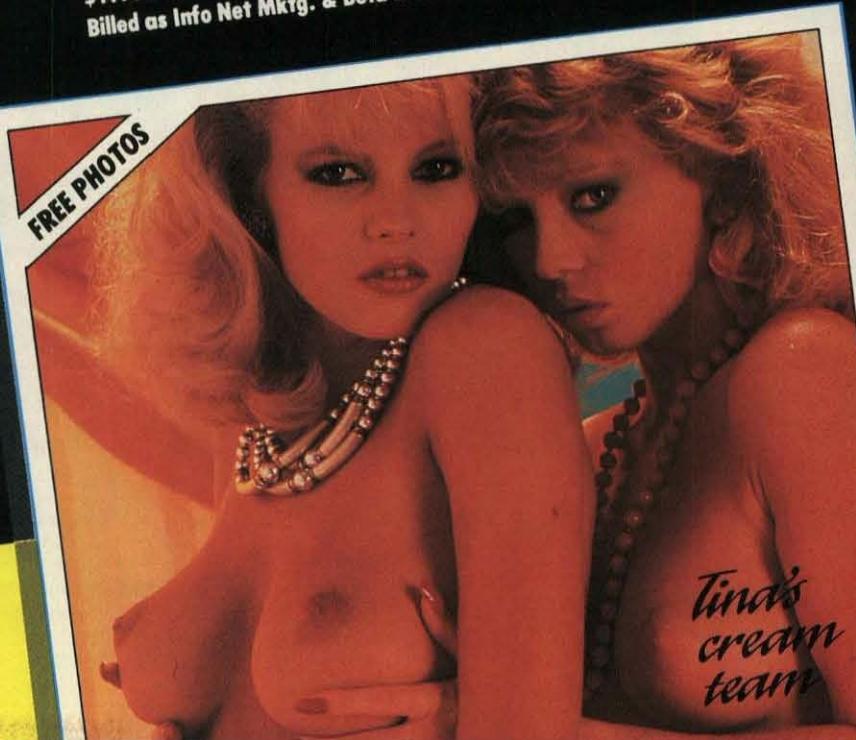
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1-800-777-Gina
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Billed as Network Res. & Voices Intl.

ALSO TRY: 1-900-999-TARA
8272

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18 Inches of cock

WORLD'S BIGGEST TITS

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SUCKING MY OWN DICK

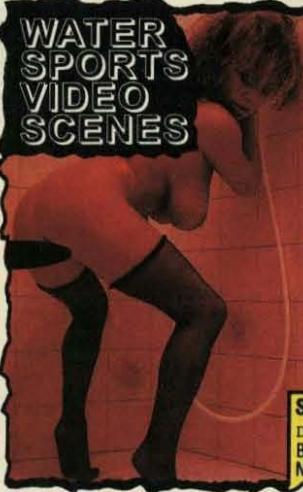
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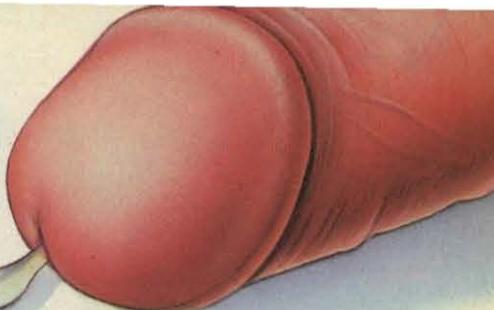
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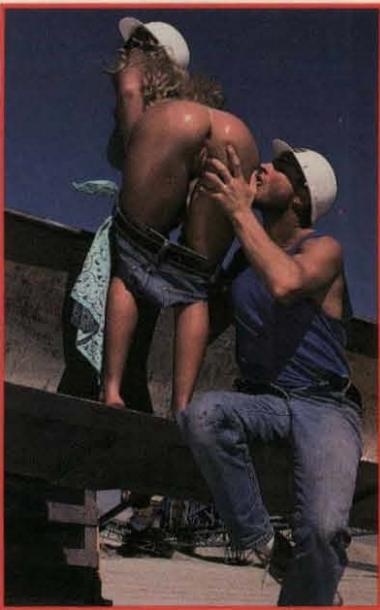


HOT AND HEAVY

HUSTLER blows into June with a lapload of fleshworks for the heaviest, juiciest come of the year. A black-haired, button-nippled bed wetter wrings herself sopping; a gold-coated lioness wraps her colossal, standing tits around the leakiest dick-rig in any construction yard; a tawny, long-haired sun-worshiper dips into her own private pool for a dizzy taste of pink; and two lingerie-rippers match tits and ass tit for tat in a savage, erotic standoff between the pussy-eating powers of blonde and brunette. HUSTLER in June is mind-blowing. That is, if your mind's between your legs, where it ought to be.

ISLAM SEX SLAM

The Bible of the Middle East, the Koran, has warned men for centuries that women will destroy civilization if given the chance. Islamic culture witnesses the most gut-wrenching human oppression imaginable—all directed toward their ladies. Rampant incest, sexual slavery and the bloody ritual of clitoridectomy are among the present-day Sand Belt brutalities uncovered by writer Kus Khazam in *Blood and Sand*, a gritty eye-opener not recommended for the faint of heart.

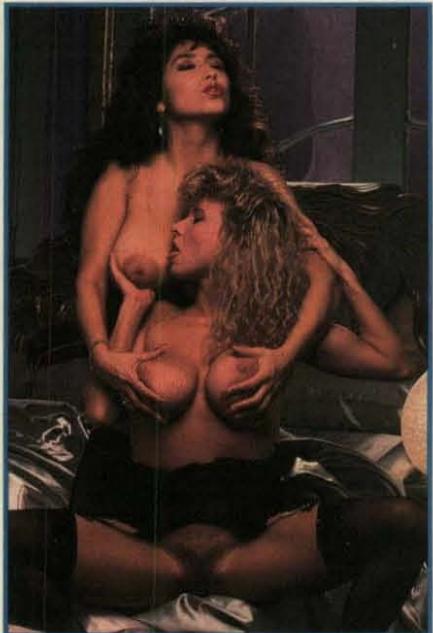


LIBERTY OR DEATH

When law-abiding William Morales was dismembered by a homemade pipe bomb, the FBI discovered he was a leading member of an underground movement resisting American colonization of Puerto Rico. Learn about the man the FBI called one of America's deadliest terrorists, whose legendary handless escape from prison led him to permanent exile in Cuba, in writer Roberto Santiago's *A Man for One Reason*, a tale of extraordinary sacrifice and guerrilla patriotism.

FUEL FOR THE FIRE

Most men come into the world intact. Soon after, many feel that something's missing. Writer Adam Parfrey deals circumcision a retaliatory blow in "Blade Runner," our *Sex Play* for June; flesh-fancier Johnny Mescal brings home the tit-sweat and pussy-smiles of the annual porn-star convention in Las Vegas in *Squack off the Rack*; *Hot Letters* jacks for postage; *Beaver Hunt* flashes for neighborly gashes; *Bits & Pieces* steps in funny shit; and *Feedback* is the only news that matters. Light up in June.



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